

JAZZ ABDUCTION

DEDICATED TO –

Katherine Trowell
Betsy Schott
Sonja Reneau
Talissa McCormick
Ron Underwood
George Nikas
Mark Bass
Sam Lewis
Steven Hamsness
&
Casey Seijas

“Of the portents recorded in ancient tales many did happen and will happen again.”

-Plato

The Jazz Abduction ♪ Preamble

“These are a few of my Favorite Things”...

The sound of the great horn of the Queen Elizabeth II, as she leaves the harbor.

Now, *That* was a voyage! “The Floating Jazz Festival”, Autumn of 2000 A.D....

That’s when the “Jazz-Abduction” began. I don’t know the latitude or longitude. More than likely we hadn’t even left the Bermuda Triangle. I can’t even say exactly how it happened. Maybe in these pages (as they take form), the secret will be revealed.

Much like Von Eschenbach, in the introduction to his “Parcival”, I must declare that “this is not a book”. It’s really an attempt to blend Art and Life. My imagination will be *my* fig leaf. Let’s hope what lies beneath will be worth viewing!

I suppose I can’t get much more esoteric than that. So, without further hoo-haw, let’s get on with it!

This story is nestled in a Time, but without Time as well, neither is it hampered by Space. Here comes, the “A-Train” in the disguise of a luxury-liner cutting her way through the wide Atlantic Ocean....

Jaff Seijas / January,2001



How I was Abducted

There was a wonderful dinner served that night on board the QE2. I remember, as I left the dinning room, savoring a parting crystallized ginger, that truly, a good dinner at sea, is like the end of a perfectly satisfied life.

Little did I know that my life, as I knew it, was about to end, only to begin again, transformed by a subtle shift of consciousness.

There was a performance, given by Diane Schuur, that sassy lassie of jazz vocalese. I was comfortably sitting, in a padded chair, very close to the stage. It was only our second night out at sea, and it appeared that the auditorium was full with passengers eager to meet and greet.

Miss Schuur came to the stage amid cheers and hearty applause, and without fanfare “wowed” us with a delightful opening number, “Red Cab to Manhattan”.

When the show had ended, I was strangely excited, and left my friends to go for a walk on deck in the brisk night air.

The moon shone down, the waves were soft hills of purple velvet. There, and then, something like a tear in time, a ripple of the cosmos, rolled over me, or around and through me. It was as if, some giant hand had turned up the volume of a mammoth dimensional stereo. In an instant, something I can only describe as “Vibratory” shook me from head to foot. The night seemed to lighten with a golden glow. A mellow mood of intoxication blended with a heightened awareness of all senses pervaded my body and mind.

Then it was over, as suddenly as it had begun, leaving me with certain knowledge that even though, by all appearances, I was physically unchanged, spiritually, I was translated into quite a different being.

Only much later, when back on dry land on an afternoon outing, strolling around the ancient site of Canterbury Cathedral, did I become fully aware of the magnitude of that bizarre experience. I had been abducted by a numinous and autonomous Entity. A spirit of Art. Another version of me had been created to receive the complex and detailed information this fabulous Being generated. I had become a part of a huge network of free-wheeling spiritual energy, whose sole purpose is to maintain the joy of inspiration throughout the universe, and manifest itself through the vehicle of consciousness, whether discarnate or incarnate.

When the pages of my life are turned, the pages of another life follow suit. In this existence, one of many probable existences, a version of my-self goes about *his* life. We remain independent, yet happily aware of one another.

Jaff Seijas/ Fito Day



ABDUCTION site Oct. 27, 2000

HMS Queen Elizabeth II

A Christmas letter to Cherry Gollogoly from Fito Day

December 20th, 2000

75 Herengracht, Amsterdam, Netherlands

Dear Cherry,

Merry Christmas My Dear!

This past 2 months has been a real eye-opener for me, largely due to the input of my friends (you included)...I feel quite lucky to have some of the friends I have, and the re-entry of some earlier-life friends into my life has been quite remarkable. I have also seen into myself and come to grips with many truths about the man within. This knowledge I hope will arm me for the remainder of my life and be a prize won at great price, for it was not paid for cheaply. As you know, I too have had my struggles with relationships, and when I finally admitted to myself the truth of what I really wanted I had to either fess up or live with illusions. You are quite aware that I don't buy into the monogamy-trip...I simply don't believe that one person can be all things to any single individual, and that insistence on that format can only lead one into stormy waters.

I understand the importance of fidelity to young couples who are mating, with the idea of producing well balanced children and this seems perfectly sane...but beyond that I feel human relationships are thwarted by incessant projections and impossible demands made upon them by the various partners. It seems much more wholesome to me, that people should come together and separate in the mature knowledge that growth and evolution of spirit are the main objectives to a productive and happy life. Even sexual needs can be met in this fashion. But everyone knows that all so-called "romantic" relations soon change (and often into their opposite). When all is said and done, what matters most to men and women is friendship and respect. A certain Honor is bestowed on such persons, as we allow them and ourselves to appreciate the True nature of LOVE. And that is That Thing that liberates us, not that which imprisons us. How much time and energy has been lost in life through obsession, cowardice, and self-indulgence!!! I should know!

Some of this understanding comes with the maturity of age and the obvious indications of the body's changes and mortality...all the more reason to be a shining beacon of Hope...to demonstrate strength and be an example to the many persons who surround us and who are controlled by fear and lack of self-esteem.

I feel that this is one of the most wonderful epochs of Life's stages for me now....having survived so much shit...I am now in a position to give without ever considering what I might get....because I already have everything....and as the Master said "you cannot lose what truly belongs to you, even if you throw it away"...

That's enough philosophy from me...

As usual my door is always open, Love Fito!

🕒 **Journal of Fito Day December 31, 2000 London, England**

Happy New Year!

Tonight I'm meeting Cherry Gollogoly, Allo Nahon, Terry Thouverez, "Rosey" and Clementina Zwerus, & Steve-o Ness at Trafalgar square! From there we will make our way to Big Ben, where I hope we will be able to find a spot among the throngs to toast the New Year with champagne!

▶ **Journal of Fito Day Jan. 1, 2001 Chequers Hotel, Kensington, London**

Woke up late, and walked over to Gloucester Road for some coffee. It was a terrific evening last night! Everyone was in good spirits, and we somehow managed to find the perfect spot on the bridge, just within view of Big Ben. Cherry had managed to carry four small bottles of Dom Perignon in her purse, and when the hour struck our voices rose up with the rest of the teeming multitudes. "Rosey" Zwerus had his trumpet and made a great noise as herald of night.



Journal of Fito Day Jan.3, 2001, 75 Herengracht, Amsterdam, Holland

It's been a cold winter, but I love this apartment on the Herengracht. Even though it's the top floor, and someday the stairway seems endless, when one finally arrives, there are spacious rooms, with high ceilings and large windows that face the canal. It's comforting to me, to have all my instruments, and paintings, mementos from trips, photographs of family and friends. All those homey things that make a place cozy. Could be the Dutch influence. Always a people of sentiment.

I'm waiting for Steve-o to arrive. He's flying in from America today.

I know he will be anxious to get some of his ideas for our up and coming tour out on the table. There will plenty of time for that.

I want to go to dinner at Kantjil, and indulge in some Indonesian "Nasi Goreng". Then it would be nice to head over to the Club Muisjes and hear Rosey and Clementina Zwerus' show. It's a pretty special event. Rosey is doing an entire set, trumpet solo, while his sister performs an interpretive danse (sans clothes!). Only those two could pull something as outrageous as that off, and make it sophisticated and not corny.

I've been falling back on my "moldy fig" upbringing, and rediscovering some of the music that filled my earlier life. The "Billie Holiday-Coleman Hawkins- Lester Young-syndrome" as I've dubbed it. There's just something about all that old style jazz that evokes an intense mood of longing. A kind of "homesickness" that is for a place I feel I know, yet can never know". A feeling happy and sad, sad and happy.



Photo of Clementina Zwerus at her Performance /
Club Muisjes Amsterdam

► **Journal of Fito Day Jan. 4, 2001**

Got up early. Steve-o was already dressed and awake and ready to go out. We went down to the corner coffee shop and tanked up on some java, then did a few errands. Back at the apartment we jammed awhile. I'm trying to get the mood right for "Channel, Chunnel, Chanel". Steve-o thinks we should have three distinct segments which tone the atmosphere of the piece. He amazed me with his ambidextrous talents, demonstrating playing the drums with his right hand, while simulating playing vibes with the left. He was actually holding a Balinese ceremonial object in his left hand, normally a paperweight on my desk.

Got a telephone call from Marko Moon this morning. He's been busy building a jazz guitar. He says it's a new design and he wants to have it ready by the time we meet for our tour of the states.

The Zwerus' are whisking Steve-o off this afternoon to pop in on Nani Hoover at her studio in the Oud-West section.

I am going to keep working since I feel my energies are surging.



Fito Day in Amsterdam

Steve-o Ness Notebook January, 2001

Frequency Conversion Chart:

According to Burkhard Heim
the smallest possible geometrical
unit of empty space is the metron which is $6.15 \cdot 10^{-70} \text{ m}^2$.

*Occult Ether Physics by
William Lyne 1997-*

"measured the energy density of
ZPR at $10^{94} \text{ gram/cm}^3$, for individual fluctuations of random
ZPR, on the scale of the Plank length (10^{-33} cm.), by means of
a standard radiation detector, the frequency response of which
was specially altered to extend into the super high frequency
spectrum involved. "

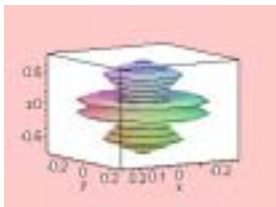
Planks frequency, which the highest possible frequency in nature,

$$\nu = (c^5/Gh)^{1/2} \sim 1.9 \times 10^{43} \text{ Hz}, \sim 10^{-35} \text{ cm wavelength}, 10^{-30} \text{ eV}$$

10^9 Hz frequency, 10^{10} cm wavelength, 10^5 eV

Classical Radiation Field

The Cosmic Microwave Background Radiation
(CMBR) = 53 GHz-frequency middle band of the
COBE Differential Microwave Radiometer
CMBR = 53,000,000,000 Hz





Steve-o Ness in Bruxelles



Four Lyrics - Fito Day Jan. 2001

Fito's Blues

When I was young
I wept for the love I thought I'd never have –
In the middle of life
I wept for the love's I had –
When I am old
Shall I weep for those loves that have been taken away?
No
No
I will weep for joy that love was ever mine.

January (a k a: Go Figure)

When I packed my bags that day
That ice blue day in January
I thought up each excuse to stay
Fell on the bed and prayed
But my ticket sits on the bureau bought
I know I've lied and fought
And isn't it just like me to cry?
Yet if I acted like I loved you
Did I then?
If made you laugh
Did some truth come through?
If my mask was smiling
While my heart boo-hooed...
What is love really
But the mood?

Untitled fragment

W.C. Handy you've got nice hands
I wish you could see me
but you can hear me
and you're near
you never went away...
it was in St. Louis
on a blue day
my first love and i hid in an old shed in the park
we waited 'till dark
I'll never forget
he played
he vied with pan and those pipes the way he brought me
to my senses....

a way loose wig(fragment)

*

a gig near the Marias
a Louis(not Armstrong)
something with lots of ormalu...
some caviar on your dress...
that black satin mess...
yet still how elegant.
you said "is your wig on right?"
(someone blew a note from a balcony)
(maybe A....D....or E.....)
"yes it's on right....I'm just uptight..."

Letter to Marko Moon January 5, 2001

Fito de Searjazz
75 Herengracht
Amsterdam, Holland

Dear Marko

I am more than thrilled that you are considering putting your poem "On Lake Shipp" to music..... I love all your poetry, but there is something about this piece that suggests it would make an incredible song.

Its length is secondary, since we have all evolved past the 3 minute pop-song length consciousness. After all, Art is not made with attention deficit disorder in mind.

I showed the piece to "Rosey's" sister, Clementina (you remember her?...you met her on your last visit here). She loved it, and suggested a style of anti-rhythm and contra-singing as a possible mode for song-styling. I am not sure exactly what she meant, and may have lost something in the translation.

In any case, I look forward to seeing you later this year, and resuming our work as an ensemble.

See you in Miami.
As ever, Fito!

Selected Stanzas from Marko Moons Poem "On Lake Shipp"

on lake shipp

lean gray and stiff as pilings
the old men gathered early of a morning
around the bait shop counter
to drink black coffee and Ancient Age and smoke thick
Cuban cigars

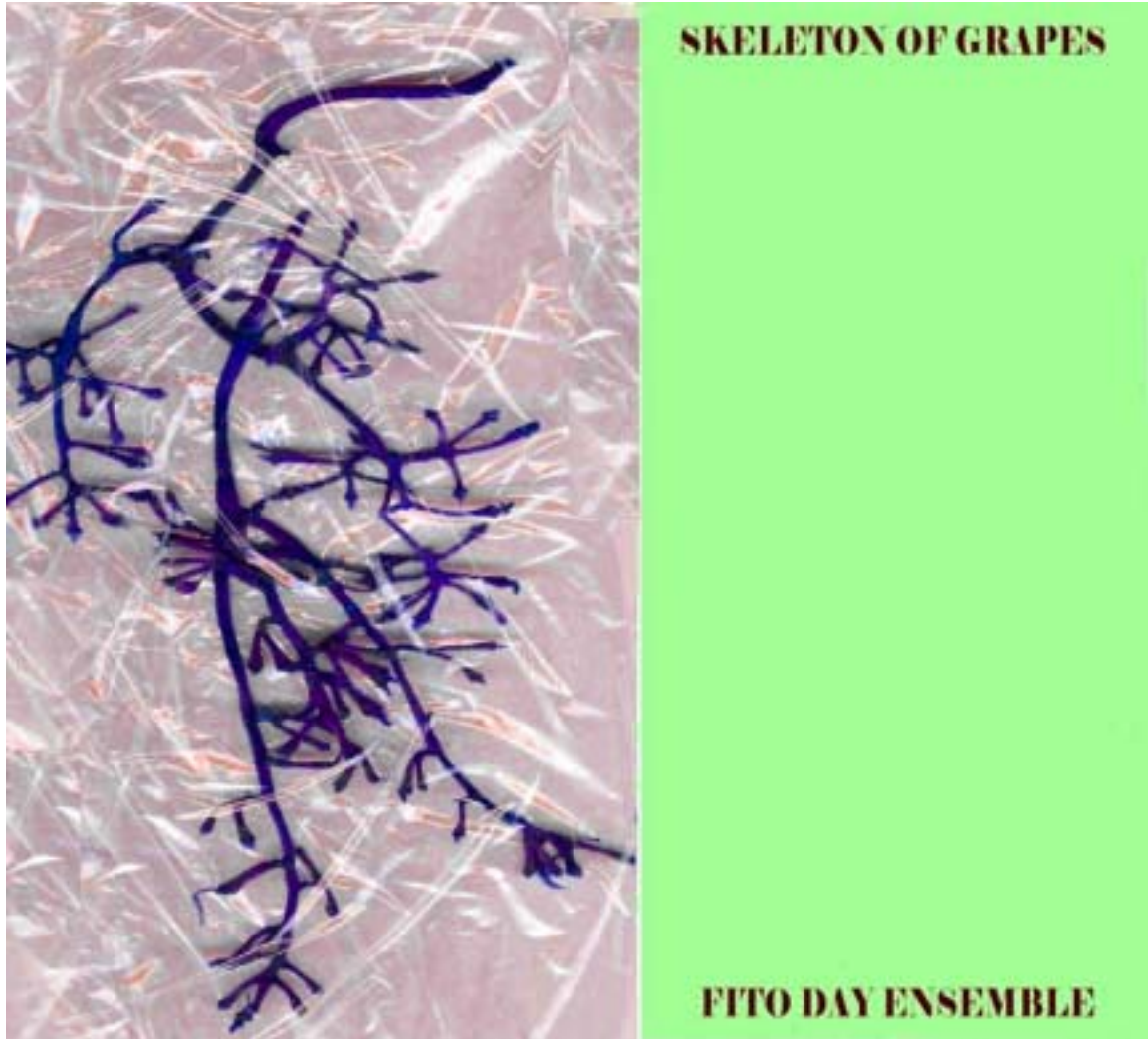
above the belt-line their badge of inclusion
sporting skin brown as the cattails
graciously making time
for each to speak his fable
wild or mundane,
real or embellished

independent there of the need for a woman or her guidance
enough just to celebrate what was left of memory
for its own sake
and the place of self
in creating an epic

before sun-up the boy would walk barefoot to the dock
to pull up the concrete-filled coffee can anchors
by their mossy ropes and push the low jon boat
into the mirrored surface
of the ten-thousand acre lake

gliding soundlessly parallel to the coast
hunched and listening for signs of a feeding school
or a largemouth too heavy and comfortable
to move much more than a foot or two all day

under the luckiest logs the largest of them waited days
to open a huge mouth
sucking gallons of water past their gills
to trap fat frogs, moccasins, young ducks
in the spiralling cone then swallow them whole



Compact Disc Cover Art for “Skeleton of Grapes”

Review: SKELETON OF GRAPES By Werner Truckbyttten

Flung Records/1995 review by Werner Truckbyttten
Nederlands Muzik Gazette

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As a fan of the Fito Day Ensemble, since I first heard them in Amsterdam last year, I was delighted to see that their first C.D. has been released this month on that very esoteric label 'Flung-Records'.

In an era of elevator music, pablum pop music, and un-inspired new-age goo-goo, it is indeed thrilling to hear music that does not bow down to formula or vulgarity.

The members of this ensemble come from an eclectic background of american musicians, and their interests range from the fun-loving giddiness of historical jazz to the most arcane chambers of musical obscurity. Fito Day, himself, has labeled their style "rococo moldy-figabunda with a healthy dollop of waywigged third-stream cream..." ! He is, I believe, poking fun, but there is an element of truth in this seemingly "flip" remark.

The title track, "Skeleton of Grapes", evokes the mood of obscure 'Blue-Note' jam sessions, where "head-arrangements" were the call of the hour...I'm thinking of some of the pieces by Johnny Griffen, for example. Yet, somehow before the piece is finished, a mellow, almost heavenly rondo lulls us into a silky soft tranquility, played deftly, by guitarist Marko Moon.

The next track, "Poodle", features an awesome bass solo, delivered by Sammy Klewis. The weird, yet spectacular acappella song, which wraps the last three minutes of the piece up, is a vocal ballet that only the haunting voice of Kat Trowell, could make sense of. "Poodle" a poem by Clementina Zwerus, whose brother, trumpeter, "Rosey" Zwerus, is featured on two of this records tracks, "Hecate" and "Go Figure".

Fito Day, plays a sophisticated yet edgy sax on "Fito's Blues" and his vibemaster and drummer, Steve-o Ness, bring us close to ecstasy in the liquid "Sea Baubble". An amusing, "Canter-Blues" is a joy-ride of sound and lyrics, in which the entire group cuts loose in true Dionysian fashion.

I loved this first offering from the Fito day Ensemble and look forward to more.



*The Many Faces of
WERNER TRUCKBYTTÉN
Dutch Music Critic for
Nederlands Jazz/Music
Gazette*



Werner Truckbyttén

Review: **PHANTOM SHOES** by Werner Truckbyttén
1996 Flung-Records
for the Nederlands Muzik Gazette

I recently got the chance to see the Fito Day Ensemble three times in the space of a month. Once, in Montreal, another in New York City, and the third in Baltimore. Each time I was struck by the complex arrangements, the exhilarating improvisations, and the mysterious selections, that this kooky (but never crackpot) group bring to their audience.

Now, with the advent of their second recording "Phantom Shoes" on the Flung-Records Label, the jazz world is given yet another spectacular offering of quixotic and sublime music.

Once again, Fito Day has prepared a sparkling array of selections. These 16 pieces, take us on a musical journey, that provokes, delights, seduces, and even scandalizes our ideas of what jazz is and how it may be interpreted.

The title work "Phantom Shoes", is a poem set to music by author Cherry Gologolly. A touching torch-ballad that songstress Kat Trowell weaves into a tapestry of magical hues. Miss Trowell's uncanny sense of syntax, combined with her voice which some have called, the place where Leonard Cohen and Maryanne Faithful left-off, is her sin-qua-non of vocal style. This very obtuse work is wrapped about us like a velvet cape, and then, slowly pulled away to leave us naked before raw jazz lust. The crescendo of "Phantom Shoes" is a breathtaking dance of composition. The percussion splash, played by Steve-o Ness on Chinese glass chimes, and a coconut drum-like instrument of his own creation is a total thrill. Fito Day plays an antique alto that is labyrinthic in its workings, and which he manipulates with verve.

Another cut, on a recording that is rich with goodies, which must be commented on is "Enitnelav Ynnuf Ym". A piece which is dedicated to Chet Baker, and is in fact, "My Funny Valentine" played backwards. There is a salty bass and guitar duo in this piece that Marko Moon and Sammy Klewis wring out, that makes us cry for more. "Rosey" Zwerus is a guest trumpet player on this track, which, of course, puts a perfect cherry on a perfect cake.



Cover for Phantom Shoes C.D.

Liner Notes for "Goblets of the Gods"

Fito Day Ensemble Jazzabillia Studio Recordings 2000
by Werner Truckbyttén

When Fito Day asked me to write the liner notes for the Ensemble's latest recording "Goblets of the Gods", I was deeply touched. I have been following the progress of his group for seven years now, and in my opinion, they are the best jazz group around. I often find myself musing over some piece of music from their repertoire, and not infrequently is one of their CD's playing in my home, office, or car. I feel that I have grown up with the Fito Day Ensemble, and so it is my privilege and honor to comment on this latest work. These past two years has seen Fito Day, and his talented band of music makers, delving deeply into experimental scenarios. The sources of their music has come from unexpected quarters, as varied as the early Carmina Burana songs and the latin lyrics of Bothius. They have pulled some unusual rabbits out of their magicians hat with renditions of songs of Stephen Foster, like their haunting, yet edgy version of "I Dream of Jeanie". Then there is also an english ballad, "Early in the Spring", which is embellished with a rarefied blues and spiked with a funk that is transporting. Other far-reaching musical problems seek to combine the talents of austrian composer Ernst Krenek, with the great lyrics of Jerome Kern. Or the way-way-out and madcap romp through "You are my lucky star" with a solo sax and band members almost chanting lyrics in the style of early polyphony. There are some beautiful and arresting versions of old standbys as well... "East of the Sun", "You're my Thrill" and "How are you dreaming"...all are recanted in lovely variations. The title piece "Goblets of the Gods" is a poem written by Cherry Gollogoly. Here, the ensemble is joined by "Rosey" Zwerus, that powerpack trumpet-man. Cherry Gollogoly herself makes an appearance in the studio. Her duet with Kat Trowell is astonishing! If you are looking for background music, this is not your record...but if you are looking for genius and beauty combined then here is a true pot of gold. "What is the meaning of the ticking of time? Froth upon the goblets of the Gods..."



Cover for “Goblets of the Gods” C.D.

Lyrics to Goblets of the Gods

In a certain room
Where image are reduced
More is contained
Than what could be deduced

There's a storm brewing outdoors
The ions conquer our tongues
The song we sang is sung
Pretty speeches fall on the floor

The scene waxes the scene wanes
We both succumb to nods
A wry smile
A knowing grin
Become more froth upon the goblets of the Gods.

✕

A letter from Kat Trowell Jan. 7, 2001 Toronto, Canada

Dearest Fito,

I so love the mails from Fito. I'm left speechless and full of awe.

For me to reply/add anything seems like putting graffiti on the Sistine.

I just returned from a long walk down by the lake with animal, my own true Love, the Marvelous Mighty Muqua. We BOTH needed the exercise. The day is mildish but still grey. The lake and the sky merge together in a blur of blue/grey. It's undeniably beautiful, in a sad way. "California Dreamin' " stayed in my head the entire walk and thoughts of you.

This past week has been very difficult for me. Hard to tell how much is withdrawal from the Zyban (bringing on a fit of depression the likes of which I haven't seen in years) or just good old hormonal soup!

The walk did me good and I noticed the geese are returning . . . won't be long now.

I'm looking forward to our time in NYC this June. I NEED the energy of the apple. We should go to the house down around Canal Street where Poe wrote .Check out the sunset from the Empire State Building or Statue of Liberty... Central Park, where I practically lived '67-'68. Maybe Fire Island? Or, Coney Island!!!! The greatest roller coaster EVER!

So much of me is still there. . The passion of the people, the energy, the creativity, the pace. I miss it.

Next month will have lived 11 years in Toronto.

I so detest this city . . .

horrid thing to say, but, alas, the truth.

I try to make a point of finding SOMETHING to like about this place every day.

Sometimes I succeed, sometimes NOT! I need a change, internal/external anything. I seem to be going nowhere fast. Just the same old same old.

How much of it is me or this city is hard to tell. I just know that

Whenever I go somewhere else it changes.

What to do, oh what to do. Thank goodness for our work! The singing...the tours!

Anyway,...one day at a time...but

Oh, the stories I could tell . . .

Love to you Oh Great Sorcerer,

Kat

Letter from Marko Moon January 9, 2001 Atlanta, Georgia

Your Fitoness,

Just got the latest installment of "Krenek" background material and have sent you a short note with audiotape and two clippings(forwarded by Caze Jerusalem) advertising shows at Way Wiggled Club in the Village, that I thought you'd get a kick out of. ASAP I'll send you some jazz musings on electric guitar that could become usable songs for the Ensemble.

I have gotten to the point where I'm completely over hi-tech expensive gear and have taken to playing no-name pawn shop guitars through any available amp for gigs. I maintain that every instrument comes with its own set of songs built in (that can only be performed on that instrument), and that if you combine that with the excitement of playing a guitar you've never played before some unexpected and magical things will occur. Especially since guitars are like small children, or, if you will wooden women, that figure out rather quickly what you want them to do and often resist in subtle and incomprehensible ways .

Can't wait for the reunion with the Ensemble. I had a vision yesterday for some CD decorations. A cover that unfolds into a pop-up book with each member in the group wailing on a cardboard set...!

It was great hearing from you the other day and it got me thinking seriously again about building guitars. It's easy to lose interest in important things when the results have reached a plateau, but the really important thing to making progress is the completion of the project.

More later,

In the Tao, Marko



Marko Moon Enthusiastic

Letter from Caze A. Jerusalem January 10, 2001, NYC

Dear Fito,

It's me! Caze Jerusalem, outlaw jazz journalist for The New Music Quarterly and Village Voice.

Doesn't that title sound established?! I've developed quite a "voice" for myself writing-wise, despite my relative youth. When I walk into a room, I hear "Is that Caze?" at least four times. I usually reply with a smirk (certain arrogance is part of my mask). If I am invited to review a performance, the musicians can expect harsh criticism...this is New York after all! I've taken to wearing all black silk suits which are normally one size too big, a shaved head, black rimmed glasses and I'm never seen without an un-filtered Lucky Strike cigarette in my hand. Basically I personify New York. I can always be found in a curtained room of the infamous Underbar on Union Square, surrounded by the tragically hip, drag queens and various assistants who never seem to last more than a month working for me...I know, I know ...How Theatrical! But "All life is Stage", etc. etc.

With this persona comes the inevitable credo:

I believe Jazz is the following...

Cities that only know grey, black, white and sudden bursts of yellow.

Heroin and whiskey.

A sad call of a bass matched only with an overjoyed chirp of a sax.

Walking down Broadway at 4 a.m., and continuing long enough to see the neon lights turn themselves off.

Being trapped in Midtown for years on end.

Kansas City, New Orleans and Memphis.

Lady Day, the Bird and Diz.

Songs that enter through your ears, tremble through your arms and legs and brush by your heart soft enough to make your eyes swell up in tears.

Cigarette smoke.

Living only to see the stars, but never a sunset.

The smell of disinfectant in the Times Square station.

The definition of music.

Looking forward to seeing you. Caze



Photograph of Caze Jerusalem and Fito Day in N.Y.C. (date unknown)

Letter from Kat Trowell January 12, 2001 Toronto, Canada

rex sedet in vertice- the king sits in majesty -
caveat ruinam! but let him beware his downfall!
Nam sub axe legimus For 'neath the axel of fortune's wheel
Hecubam reginam. behold Queen Hecuba.

Dear Fito,

Thanks for sending the lyrics to Fas Et Nefas,
Went searching my copy of Carmina but didn't have that particular verse
and ,as you may notice, my version is the re-constructed Carl Orff thing !

During my 20 years in Montreal, le Grande Ballet Canadien would perform
the entire ballet, choreographed by the sublime Fernand Nault, every
four years or so. I was always there and frequently dragged reluctant
friends who came out believers !

It was a feast for ears, eyes, body and soul. A Pilgrimage.

I find myself tickled by the drunken priest, and moved to tears by the
roasting swan (the choreography of that piece being second only to the
opening .Dimly lit stage filled with robed and hooded "monks" and a
huge wheel of fortune.)

I'm SO excited by your take on this awesome piece of work, how
brilliant of you !

Am going to listen to the entire piece right now !

Thanks again,

Kat

Letter from Marko Moon, January 16, 2001 Atlanta, Georgia

Fito!

been listening to a lot of sixties jazz guitar lately to get back in touch with a bebop sensibility and improvised music that takes some risks. So different from the adult contemporary programming and pop jazz that clutters up the airwaves on the jazz radio stations these days. The technical virtuosity, lyrical sense, and rhythmic foundation are just out of this world. Players like Burrell, Charlie Byrd, Tal Fallow, Charlie Christian were as good as the other musicians they played with, which is really rare, since guitar players tend to play their improvisations based on shapes and patterns that occur naturally on the fingerboard instead of just blowing pure music.

That's one reason why flamenco music is so attractive and exotic and contains elements of the unexpected that delight the listener so. Those boys are just playing for the love of playing and more so than in any other genre' incorporating raw feeling and risk into the thing.

Although there are some great modern players (Pat Matheny, John Scofield, Jim Hall, among them) jazz guitar players are very often relegated to playing in the rhythm section because their composing skills are under developed or their solos sound like they're frustrated rock n' rollers. Only way to get around it is to go back to the old masters and learn the repertoire and chops necessary to play man play.

That's the current plan from here. . .tapes and b&w photos soon

Marko

Correspondence from Sammy Klewis, Missouri, January 19, 2001

Dear Fito,

I've been playing with anagrams. Thought I might find a way to use a particular phrase "anagramized" as song lyrics. Whether or not anything comes of it, it's still quite interesting to see the various unexpected arrangements of words in weird juxtaposition. For example:

The names of the Fito day Ensemble

Fito Day – Today If / Kat Trowell – Let Two Lark or Well OK Tart / Marko Moon – No Okra Mom or A Monk Room / Steve-o Ness – So Seven Sets or Notes Vs Sees & Sammy Klewis – My Lewis Mask or... I also like Silky Mew Yams.

Anyway, can you imagine using some of these concoctions in the vocalese mode?

Could be fun.

Looking forward to seeing you in person,

Love, Sammy

Journal of Fito Day January 20, 2001

Many conversations, phone calls, and communications today! All the groundwork has now been laid for the upcoming tour in the States. I spoke with Bandy Mitchell at length today about our gig at the Club Chi- Chi in Miami, and he informed me of his intentions to get "Rosey" Zwerus over there as a double bill. I had to call "Rosey" myself afterward and see what his thoughts were on the matter. He sounded pretty happy about it all. Mr. Mitchell pays very well, not to mention his renowned hospitality. He always puts his guests up in great digs. His wife, I think, owns a group of wonderful old apartment buildings in Miami and on South Beach. "Rosey" suggested, in his ever so gracious way, that he simply be billed as a "guest appearance". He didn't want to take the spotlight away from us! What a prince. Possibly the worlds best Trumpet player too!

✕

Got a call from Lovely Darling in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She likes to check up on me and see if I keeping up with the Feldenkrais exercises she taught me. I haven't had any trouble with my hands or wrists since she introduced me to that therapeutic series of movements. She asked all about our itinerary, and said that at some point she would definitely see us.

✕

There was also a phone conversation with Jaff Seijas. He invited us to stay with him in Florida if we wanted a change from Miami. He seemed pretty excited about attending some of our shows at The Club Chi Chi. He also asked about any pre-directive ideas concerning our upcoming album's art. He has done all of our CD covers and I know he will do a good job on the next one. But it was too early for me to be too opinionated.

En Route : Letter from Fito Day February 7,2001
Amsterdam 75 Herengracht Jan. 2001

Dear Kat

you may not recall Nani Hoover...that inscrutable performance artist who is both illiterate and partially dumb(at least in conventional modes of expression) ...she speaks only with wild gestures of the eyes and of course through her work....a mad combination of charcoal drawing, photography, and kinetic sculpture...anyway you may have met her at my pad here on Herengracht...we had dinner last night at Kantjil& de Tijger...she has choreographed some far-out dance for a local ballet company based on the pathetic saga of Beowulf and set to the music of Coltrane...

I thought of you natch...wondered what your take on Grindle might be...

Took the train to Bruxelles this weekend...had to do a gig with Steve-o....we played at the "Mannequin-Pis Grotto" (once a notorious lezzie bar)...it was fine...Steve-o has sported a goatee which he dyes blue (making him look more like Krishna than ever)... we performed his song "Canter-Dig" which I sang in a sort of washed out and somewhat gravely voice....

*

"that Millers tale

could it be sung by Diane Schuur or Jean Sablon?

and if it were by sax and drum- would it be something we could hum?

If Mingus lived in Chaucer's day, what kind of music would he play? would "Chanticleer" and "Reynard" be...jazz clubs down in Canterbury?.."

got to see you soon.....

ps: got the strangest feeling someone or something is following me.....x as ever Fito de.....



Letter from Kat Trowell February 1, 2001

Fito,

How like waking from a long sleep it is to be in touch with you after so bloody long . . . !

Some part of my brain has been "away" for a *very* long time . . .

my memories of our youthful daze have always been very warm

and deeply stirring, . . . and frequent! I remember this as my Roots.

When I left in the sixties, an angel of fortune, voiced and hopeful, I sang

my way, coffee house to coffee house, (Atlanta, on Peachtree Street, a

little dive in Greensboro, N. Carolina, a literal over nighter in

Washington, D.C.,) all the way to the Big Apple.

I was a Kid !

I was clueless! but Ever Hopeful.

When I got into "THE City" for the first time, I was looking for the

Greenwich Village Scene; beatniks, folk singers, the usual suspects, ...

and found them I did, but, something else was afoot . . . Central Park on

July evenings, Hippies !

I hung out on Talent Night Mondays at the Village Gate, one night this

strange faced blonde comes in and starts tuning up, next thing I know

these sounds are coming out of her like I'd never heard before, at that

moment I realized I knew Nada! I wondered if I would ever attempt to

sing again. I certainly didn't want to be the one to follow HER !

Turns out she's Canadian (!)

yeah, Joni Mitchell!

One night someone took me to the village to see Tim Buckley and opening

was a rock group, Big Brother & The Holding Company. Halfway into their

opening this feathered boa bitch comes stomping and screaming onto the

stage and explodes into an electric, earth shaking song (have no recollection

of what it was), next thing I knew LSD and Rock got a hold on me !

Luckily, at first it was the "Folk Rock" of that era, but one thing leads to

another and before you know it I'm screaming my tits off doing backup on

"Gimme Shelter" with a band touring Canada ! (of all the god forsaken places !!)

I blew the pipes almost out, they healed but the mark of those times is apparent.

Did some musical theatre in Montreal , a little studio backup work, a LOT of

jams with people passing through ...

A Greek Period - a group from Athens, no English. Folk songs and protest. (IN Greek!!)

A bit of a late bloomer with the whole jazz scene (though it's always

been *there*) but like anything good, it was well worth waiting for!

Quite visceral isn't it ? Liberating. Everything can be jazzed.

" . . . I'm going to do it MY way . . . say what I have to say" . . .

good thing too, my voice is not the same, but the accumulation of a life

unabashedly lived, but it's not really the song so much as the sound of

the soul that sings it ?

Kat

A Letter from Marko Moon Atlanta, Georgia ,February 2001

Dear Fito,

Thanks so much for the unexpected package of symbolic (and also very real) artifacts. Especially the heirloom quality copy of the "Book of Changes". I appreciate it very much. I do reflect often on the limitations of our sensory apparatus in interpreting the level of reality we operate on....and this leads to meditations on the higher power, or chi, or Tao in every case. There is ample spiritual and scientific evidence to suggest that what we perceive as trees, cars, people, concepts, vibes are all combinations of positive and negative atoms that have combined in unique ways and that as we plod along our individual paths, we often miss the higher purpose for having put what we see or sense into discreet categories.

In that spirit, since you are and have been my oldest and most supportive amigo, I think it a good idea to give you some background on what's been going on in our lives here in "Hotlanta" for the past several months.

Hopefully, this will be a step toward increasing the depth of our friendship, and it will be a chance for me to put in to words some things that I need to verbalize right now. The sense of being different, of feeling different, having different priorities, or wanting to create art, has for me been complicated over the past thirty years by two disruptive forces, namely, severe alcoholism and bi-polar illness. And while the reduced inhibitions and omnipotence one experiences while in the throes have stimulated numerous projects, the underlying selfishness, uneven execution, and inability to complete basic tasks has severely limited any potential growth as a person or an artist. The first two months of this year were a major turning point in understanding what's really going on and what to do about it. By mid-January, after not taking lithium for a month or so, I was deeply into the ugliest manic episode ever. Drinking heavily and constantly. Spending 300-500 dollars a day. Belligerent to everyone. By early February I was driving aimlessly around south Georgia and Florida waiting for the "answer" to come to me, and in between the hallucinations and voices, praying to the higher power to give me guidance. Late on a Sunday night in Valdosta, after swerving off the road and narrowly missing hitting the concrete supports of an overpass, I saw a highway patrol outpost and pulled in ready to go to jail and stay there if need be to avoid hurting someone else or myself.

After talking it over, the troopers transported me to the emergency room, and from there to a private hospital specializing in psychiatric disorders and chemical dependency. As it turns out I got exactly what I had asked for, just when I needed it the most: guidance, honesty, truth, even compassion. Now, back home in Atlanta, I've been sober for six weeks (which is freaking amazing), my lithium level has been doubled and I'm taking it religiously, and things have started to smooth out and the prospects for the future seem very good.

Thanks for letting me unburden myself of the behind the scenes reality and thanks again for the package.

As always, Marko

Note from Marko Moon February 2001

Your Fitoness,

E-mailed Kat the other night, and while she is quick to maintain that her voice is not what it once was, hers is the right voice and the only one that could front the group.

Got up early and played some Earl Klugh and 16th century lute music on the nylon string this morning and started musing on what Ornette coleman called the principle of synchronicity. . . also similar to the work of atonalists and 12 tone composers like Krenek. . . that is, that disparate pieces of music played simultaneously will at times share passages of congruence that make perfect sense. For Coleman this became obvious as he listened to musicians warming up for a gig, or three or four musicians practicing in different parts of an apartment building. It would be fun from time to time to record each of the Fito Day Ensemble separately and judiciously mix the parts into a single cut.

I've started work on the design of a single f-hole solid body arch top jazz guitar that will be much less temperamental and prone to feedback than the currently available Gibsons and D'Aquistos (also much less expensive to make and sell) while still maintaining the visual esthetics and warm transparent tone of the traditional big body archtop. I'll include a picture of the prototype template in the next mailing.

In the Tao, Marko

Message from Marko Moon February 2001

Hey Fito,

Today's meditation from I Ching turned out to be the power of greatness and contemplation on the approach of the named and unnamed rams as they confront "the wall." Do we butt it until our metaphysical horns become hopelessly stuck, batter it until it gives way, walk around it, contemplate its thickness and do nothing. . .

two cups of coffee later. . . practiced scales for a couple of hours. . .in a sense becoming more conversant with, at least, the mortar in the wall of improvisation.

Keeping the technology simple, my guitar of choice for jazz right now is an ovation acoustic set-up with nylon strings, which when played with a heavy pick through the amp sounds very clear and warm, much like an arch top. Palming the pick, it's easy to go into Latin finger style stuff with a totally different tone in a trice. I'll send you some audiotape as soon as I get the tracks finalized.

Take good care, have some fun today Marko



Marko Moon/ Atlanta, Georgia

Letter from George Nikas, February 2001 Atlanta, Georgia

As for music I maintain a steady diet of jazz, bebop being my mainstay, and of course there is flamenco which I am still trying to master....OK, scratch the surface of, by the way, I am now an impresario.

I like to flash back to the early days of "us" musically too, which is good since it seems that many of the artists of our time are now being discovered, and of course I can never tire of whatever Mr. Elvis Costello is doing, and I listen to the radio in a haphazard way to see what is catching the ears of the youth of today. I find hip hop refreshing sometimes, and I often listen to older blues artists when no one is looking. I recall watching Blind Willie MacTell play in front of the Plaza Drug store as a youth and have recently discovered a compilation of his works. The CD thing was a great invention, at least in the early days as it seems they re-recorded everything that ever was, which of course sort of defeated the entire purpose, but nonetheless it was a good thing.

I don't mind the unusual either being a big fan of both Bob Dorough and Blossom Dearie as you may know.

I find myself singing the liturgy of the Greek Orthodox Church on occasion when I am not singing the songs of Kurt Weil, not that dissimilar really, the words have been changed to protect the guilty however.

I try to keep an open mind in all things, though some music speaks to my soul while others just tap my toe. Is there anything out there that I am missing? Please advise as I value your opinion above that of others.

Yours in Abunda,

George!

PS:

I came across Ernst Krenek's name while perusing your letters, I am familiar with him and in fact would one day like to do his "8 pieces for 2 guitars", with someone else playing one of the guitars of course. I am currently taking lessons in the Flamenco style, because I have always wanted to, and because it is the most difficult style, so I after I master this all things will come easier.

Our beloved Django played the flamenco style in fact until a tragic accident relieved him of several fingers leaving him free to play in the jazz style which we remember him for. Not to say that jazz is easy, but after flamenco it would probably come easier.

Steve-o Ness Notebook February 2001

Zero Point Radiation Field

The ZPF has a ratio of $pzpf/pcmbr=0.77$. So that ZPF radiation = 40,810,000,000Hz = 53,000,000,000Hz x 0.77.

$pzp = 2 \pi^2 c^7 / G^2 h$ in the order of 10^{116} ergs $cm^{-3} x^{-1}$.

ZPF cut off point:

Planks frequency which the highest possible frequency in nature:

$$\nu = (c^5/Gh)^{1/2} \sim 1.9 \times 10^{43} \text{ Hz.}$$

ZPF resonant frequency:

$$\text{Compton frequency: } \nu = m \text{ sub } e \, c^2/h = 1.236 \times 10^{20} \text{ Hz.}$$

Atomic Inteferometers may measure down to 10^{-41} m in wavelength.

Zitterbewegung 10^{24} Hz frequency, $\sim 10^{-10}$ cm wavelength, 10^{-15} eV

Frequency of electron = 6.25×10^{24}

Standard capacitor meters may down to 10^{-21} m.

Atom

931.494013(37) MeV	$1.66053873(13) \times 10^{-27} \text{ kg ?}$
Electron Cloud	
Bohr Radius	$0.5291772083(19) \times 10^{-10} \text{ m}$
Nucleus	
Electron	$2.426310215(18) \times 10^{-12} \text{ m}$
0.510998902(21) MeV	$9.10938188(72) \times 10^{-31} \text{ kg}$
Classical Electron Radius	$2.81794092 \text{ fm} (10^{-13} \text{ cm})$
Electron Wavelength	$2.42631058 \text{ pm} (10^{-10} \text{ cm})$

Proton $1.321409847(1) \times 10^{-15} \text{ m}$

938.271 998(38) MeV	$1.672 621 58 (13) \times 10^{-27} \text{ kg}$
Neutron	$1.319590898(10) \times 10^{-15} \text{ m}$
939.565330(38) MeV	$1.67492716 \times 10^{-27} \text{ kg}$

Positron

Neutrino 0

0 0

photon 0

0 0

Muon Neutrino $11.73444197(35) \times 10^{-15} \text{ m}$

105.658 3568 (52) MeV $1.883 531 09 (16) \times 10^{-28} \text{ kg}$

Anti Neutrino

Anti Muon Neutrino

Anti Proton

Tau	0.69770(11) x 10 ⁻¹⁵ m	
1777.05 (29) MeV	3.167 88 (52) x 10 ⁻²⁷ kg	
Deuteron	?	
1875.612762(75) MeV	3.4358309(26)x10 ⁻²⁷ kg	
Helion	?	
2808.39132(11) MeV		
Alpha Particle	?	
3727.37904(15)MeV	6.64465598(52)x10 ⁻²⁷ kg	
Graviton	-50m	
Gravity Waves In Detail		
Weak Gravity	-56	
Time Energy more dense than light or energy		-56 to -100m
Cosmic Rays	10 ^{-?} to 10 ⁻¹³	
HEF(High Energy Freq.)	10 ⁻⁸ to 10 ⁻¹³	
Gamma Rays	10 ⁻¹⁰ to 10 ⁻¹⁴	
Electricity (E))		
Magnetism(B)		
Electro-Magnetic(EB))		
Magneto-Electric(BE)		
Mechanical (Sound)		
Thermal/Pressure/Plasma/Gas/Liquid/Solid/Temperature		
Constants		
Elements (103)	(10 ⁻¹⁰)	
H	.79 Angstroms Radius(10 ⁻¹⁰)	1 x w p + 1 x w e=
1.00794(7) g		
HE	.49 Angstroms Radius	
4.002602(2)g		
LI	2.05 A	
6.941(2)g		
BE	1.40 A	
9.012182(3)g		
B	1.17A	
C(Carbon)	0.91A	
12.0107(8)g		
N	0.75A	
O	0.65A	
15.9994(3)g		
F	0.57A	
NE	0.51A	
FE (Iron)	1.72A	
55.842(2)g		
Cu(Copper)	1.57A	
63.546(3)g		
CS	3.34A	
CE	2.79A	

PD(Palladium)	1.79A	
	106.42(1)g	
AG(Silver)	1.75A	
	107.8682(2)g	
PT(Platinum)	1.83A	
	1.95.078(2)g	
AU(Gold)	1.79A	
	196.96655(2)g	
HG(Mercury)	1.76A	
	200.59(2)g	
PB(Lead)	1.81A	
	207.2(1)g	
POPolonium	1.53A	209g
LU	2.25A	
	174.967(1)g	
U(Uranium)	?	238.0289(1)g
PU(Putonium)	?	244
LR		103 x

weight of a proton + 103 x w of electron

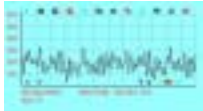
Some gravity waves resonant with the human mind's spherical resonance: 10^{-12} or -13

Human brain resonance 400 Mhz

Human Aura scopes

Brain 1 meter , 3 times brain sizes 3 meters, 1000 meters, planet, solar, galaxy, universe

Gamma Rays($10^{18.5}$ Hz to 10^{27} Hz), X Rays(10^{16} Hz to 10^{20} Hz), Atomic Nuclei & Cosmic Radiation (10^{23} Hz) Radiation Spectrum



Letter to Sammy Klewis 2001

Dear Sammy

Only the most egghead of music lovers will even have heard of Ernst Krenek. Even in his native land of Austria is not widely recognized. Of course, he did live in California in a kind of self-imposed exile. One more obscure fact in an obscure life is his dabbling in writing a jazz score based entirely on Charlie Parker's "Bird of Paradise" (in turn based on Jerome Kern's "All the Things You Are"). Most of this enigmatic work is written on the back of a menu from the Barney's beanery in Hollywood...with napkin addendums. It was given to me by Sterling O'Grady who came by it via Hank Mobley (with whom she was acquainted), who came by it some unremembered way....in any case it remains an unperformed, albeit peculiar work...I have tried on numerous occasions to hammer some of it out...but think I need the help of some other brilliant jazzmen....not to mention that there are vocal sequences that are virtual juggler acts....I have asked Kat Trowell if she thinks she could sing these mad things. She says "yes...but why! ?" We shall see where the Kreneck stuff goes...it's way way wigged.

Fito Day

Sammy Klewis Anagrams for "The Krenek Thing"

THEN THINK GREEK
HE TREKKING THEN
THINK GET HE KERN
KERN KNIGHT
THEN GET HER KINK
REEK THEN KNIGHT
GHERKIN THE KENT
RETHINK THEN KEG
RED TINGE GIFT
DIG GREEN TIFT
GET TEN IF GRID
ID GET FIG RENT
DR FETE GIN GIT
EDGE FRIG TENT
GENDER GIFT IT
TENTED FIR GIG
IN FRITTED EGG
DEFT GINGER IT...etc

* (Isn't it curious that the name "Kern" came up in the anagram?)

CLUB CHI-CHI

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PRESENTS THE

FITO DAY ENSEMBLE

& SPECIAL GUEST

NOEL "ROSEY" ZWERUS

PERFORMING HERE

APRIL 1, 2001

9 P.M.

**DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE TO HEAR
THIRD STREAM JAZZ AT IT'S MOST
ARCANE !**



WWW.CLUBCHICHI.COM

Ad for Club Chi Chi

Unpublished Review by Werner Truckbyttén / (written in December 2000 ?)

Fito Day (sometimes known as Fito de Searjazz: a.k.a.

Fito "Sir Jazz") why does this man have so many names? His alter egos must certainly be busy!

Last night I attended the remarkable, if not at times incomprehensible, performance by the "Fito Day Ensemble", at that tres chic den of jazz in old Amsterdam, affectionately dubbed "Muisjes". No one really knows how the once notorious "Canal 7 lounge" became the Club-Muisjes...its simply another dark secret in the history of that avant garde temple of modern music....but that's another story.

The Fito Day group or 'Ensemble' as he likes to call it) is well known on this side of the big pond, even though all it's members hail from the USA

I have been following this group for quite sometime just to uncover my own real feelings about them as artists...and as yet, I have not reached any conclusions....are they geniuses or simply charlatans?

Whatever they become for me, I am hooked by their obtuse performances...their arcane subjects...and the way out sound. Not without its roots in moldy-fig jazzabillia, but sailing out into uncharted

waters...this group of eclectic musicians made a bizarre and downright awesome spectacle on the stage last evening with their collection of improvs based on the ancient songs of the "Carmina Burana" (not the ole' Carl Orff extravaganza...but the very early Latin songs of the MS. Benedictbeuern. Kat Trowell's vocals, and sometimes Fito's as well, reached a level of intensity that can only be called mediumistic. Even though her low register is a sound akin to walking on gravel in a dry tunnel....her trills likened unto the hysterical cry of the Finnish woods-owl...and her pouting, droll way of purposefully stretching words...takes some getting used too...she has become a voice that I now long to hear, for its alarming beauty and uniqueness. Sammy Klewis' bass was a positively extraterrestrial, as is his style of playing which is more like seeing a potter at the wheel than a mere string-plucker. Marko Moon (guitar) and Steve-o Ness (vibes) were sensational, each in turn, taking us on far off mental journeys during their selected riffs. Fito, himself, shone out on sax with an unparalleled strength. His customary table (seemingly empty to

mortal eyes) was set front row center for his spiritual guests....Billy Holiday, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins....

The work itself, introduced as "the way wigged Carmina" included a neo-modernist romp through "fas et nefas ambulant"...a searching ballad of moral questions...with an irresistible vibe chorus deftly handled by Steve-o Ness, and my favorite choice, a funky and then ethereal rendition of "dic cristi veritas" in that difficult 9/8 beat. Kat Trowell's vocal in this piece approached the madness of Hecate and the metallic inaccessibility of Hal the computer from Kubrick's 2001.

The show ended with some of the groups standards, the signature "Fito's blues" and the weird and wonderful anti-song version of "these are few of my favorite things." If you get a chance to see this performance run don't walk. Rumor has it the group will all be off for a sabbatical in the states.

Werner Truckbyttten (Nederlands Muzik Gazette)

Review by Werner Truckbyttten March 7, 2001

When one conjures up images of Miami, it is usually pictures of palm lined avenues, and sun tanned locals, ambling on the way to the beach, bikini clad, or off to some late night Latin hot-spot. Quite different was the atmosphere I found myself in at the Club Chi-Chi last weekend, where I had followed, in earnest pursuit, the Fito Day Ensemble. In that blue lighted cellar...bedecked with campy classical sculpture, and beaded curtains, sans windows, and complete with small cafe tables, dripping candles, and later day beatniks, one might think anywhere...but Miami! But to the point...it was the Fito Day Ensemble and a guest appearance of Noel "Rosey" Zwerus, that enigmatic trumpeter from Amsterdam, that had lured me to this notorious jazz hang-out. Once again I was totally unprepared for the audacity of this unusual group of musicians. when it was announced that bassist Sammy Klewis had transposed a work of Ernst Krenek's ("All Birds Our Souls"...itself a work based on Charlie Parker's "Bird of Paradise" also based on Jerome Kern's "All the Things You Are"). I was truly taken aback with curiosity and anticipation. The piece itself a walloping 48 minutes, was a journey into sound and magic that I can only describe as transcendental. "Rosey" Zwerus' trumpet riff was a sleigh ride of chromatic thrills, winding the listener up like a watch spring, and spinning us all away like tops made of velvet on jello ground...Kat Trowell's 7 minute vocal, which incorporated a revised and poetic version of "All the Things You Are" was a sensual delight, evoking surreal Persian cats lapping at bowls of milk of white roses...Fito's sax, Marko Moon's sweet guitar, and Steve-o Ness' vibes, synchronized a painting of vivid if not otherworldly colors. My only hope is that the piece will be recorded soon, as it is bound to curl up in some forgotten place one day, only because it takes a certain combination of players to perform it with any professionalism, not to mention inspiration.

I'm looking forward to catching next weekend's show, the final one at Club Chi-Chi before the group begins their tour of the USA.

Werner Truckbyttten

MS. OF BENEDICTBEUERN

Vagans loquitur

I

FAS et Nefas ambulant
pene passu pari ;
prodigus non redimit
vitium avari ;
virtus temperantia
quadam singulari
debet medium
ad utrumque vitium
caute contemplari.

2

Si legisse memoras
ethicam Catonis,
in qua scriptum legitur :
“ ambula cum bonis,”
cum ad dandi gloriam
animum disponis
supra cetera
primum hoc considera,
quis sit dignus donis.

Lyrics to Fas et Nefas Ambulant

First Automatic Writing/ From The Journal of Fito Day
February 7, 2001

Oh- day oh lady day oh fito day i speak on suns day to a man with a horn not a rhino not a satyr but a man with a blue horn a thing man made yet sprung from mind a thing that found form in a country of chocolates.....of lace of mussels and a little pissing boy....yes is speak of sax (how oft' i thought of sex when is said sax like freud and his slip) but i digress undress redress i come to give you metaphors for song ...i come with angels on left and right sides i come with heavy lidded lester and impetuous and lusty coleman.....like isis with her dog and hawk....i come to deliver unto you and before you the word in song.....stay with me stay with me....this night this day this lady day and i will cover you with the poetic kisses of the black madonnaof the magdalene.....of the lunar-she whose song is the milk of roses.....fear not...i love youbody and soul.....

Journal of Fito Day March 14, 2001

God...what a drain March can be! the time of the fishes...swimming (if not drowning) in the proverbial karmic sea...

And sad news has blown over us like a chill wind. Rehearsals have not been going well... everyone is too saddened and stricken by the sudden death of "Rosey" Zwerus. We never expected him to die(how absolutely human)...he was in his prime, the picture of health, and so full of majesty... and to be stuck by lightening! How dramatic! How infuriating! How like "Rosey" What if one of us had been with him? Could we have persuaded him not to go out? Would things have been different? Who knows...?

The last time any of us saw him, was Monday evening...oh my....he played the horn so beautifully. He played that spooky rendition of "Masquerade" and then launched into a cloud-nine riff ... a section of the 'Krenek" piece....we were flabbergasted....transported.

All we heard was that he went out for a drive....wound up near Key Largo somewhere....some witness said they saw a man with a trumpet going out on the dock behind Frolly's restaurant....there was a lightening storm....he kept playing.....and well....
"Whom the Gods Love they first destroy"...

We can't break our contract....our final show at the Chi-Chi is on Sunday April 1st....I hope we can all rise to our stations...of course we will dedicate our performance to our friend. I feel particularly responsible...after all, I suggested, he come and make a guest appearance with us in Florida.

Where ever you are "Rosey" know that I love you and will forever miss you.



Last Known Photo of Noel "Rosey" Zwerus : taken at Club Chi Chi, Miami

Obituary for Noel "Rosey" Zwerus
Nederlands Jazz Gazette/ W. Truckbyten
March 15, 2001

*

Many jazz and music fans in Holland and indeed, world wide, will be saddened by the loss of "Rosey" Zwerus. The outstanding trumpet player, who lost his life at Key Largo, Florida, on Monday, March 12th, when he was struck by lightening, during a storm. "Rosey" was on tour in the states, and making a guest appearance with the Fito Day Ensemble, at Club Chi-Chi in Miami. He will best be remembered for his soulful and unique style of trumpet mastery, and his avant-garde compositions, especially, "Manifesto" and "Illumina". His nickname "Rosey" was spawned from his interest in the occult and Rosicrucianism, a subject which found it's way to the core of his musical philosophy. His several books also include The Twelve Tone Scale and the Hierarchies and Music of the Spheres: a New Hearing. Rosey was born in Amsterdam on May 9th, 1946. He is survived by his sister Clementina Zwerus. Services will be held at Old Church of Peter and Paul in Amsterdam, Friday, March 16,2001. He will be missed.

Journal of Fito Day March 15, 2001

It's Ides of March...whatever the hell it means...bad luck for Cesear....good luck for "Rosey" Zwerus....he gets to go to heaven today....he was already there, however...his funeral in A'dam today...got a call from Clementinea, his sister, she told me the church was packed, standing room only. Daryl Marlrymple, played a piano sonata....something from Scriabin....Lola Bascaglia played "Rosey's" favorite piece of his own creation, "Illumina"....

Well Kat and Steve-o and I went for a long walk on the beach...we recited poetry and said a prayer facing east for the great friend ...now gone...and that is enough...we the living....as they say.....must carry on.

This afternoon I had drinks with Sammy and Marko, we met at the digs, that Club Chi-Chi has provided for us.... we got into some listening....the old Miles Davis blue note recording of "Birth of the Cool" and a some way wacked organ stuff of Jimmy Smith...that "Laura" rendition is soooooo ultra.

Looking forward to winding up this month....only a couple more weeks here in surreal South Fla..... need a rest.....feel that presence againalways near now....that unearthly trio of ?Lady-Day", "the Hawk", and "Pres"will "Rosey" be with them now?

"Song for "Rosey"

how was the sea today?
you found a Neptune's shell
and on that horn played.....
but things are quiet now
only some mocking gulls remain
and all your sea-refrains
are blown out over mist...
now but lapping waves
and thin pink clouds...

how is the sea for me?
it's a huge unending dream...
but i can hear you yet...
and tho' without regret...
that dream is all I'll get...

Journal of Fito Day March 16, 2001

As I put my fingers on the keys I can already sense the presence of the guardians....the image of Billie Holiday is more angelic than she was in life...she appears softened and her eyes are always turned upward, like those saints in Italian paintings, luminous and watery...she is surrounded by a nimbus of gardenias and oh the fragrance is intoxicating...Coleman and Lester appear behind her, always as silent sentinels...above their heads are floating emblems...Coleman's hawk (a stylized Egyptian version) and "the Pres" insignia appears as some kind of grail...they remain mute, each with saxophone in hand (their mercurial caduses').... and then Billie begins to speakher voice like song....yet her lips do not move.....

AHHHHH STORMY WEATHER....ANOTHER VICTIM OF THAT TUNES MYSTERIOUS ALLURE...YOUR FRIEND "ROSEY"WELL, HE WAS BLOWING THAT TUNE FURIOUSLY....AND LIKE A MAGNET OF ATTRACTION, HE DREW THAT ENERGY INTO HIMSELF...WHAT APPEARED AS LIGHTENING WAS IN FACT HIS TRANSLATION INTO PURE SPIRIT...HIS OWN ALCHEMICAL SOLUTIONHE HAS JOINED THE PLEROMA ...OH YES...BODY & SOUL!

There was a phone call...I was temporarily distracted, yet I didn't answer...I settled back and the vision congealed again....

WHY DO WE COME? WHY APPEAR AS A TRINITY OF JAZZ? A BETTER QUESTION IS...WHY HAVE WE BEEN CALLED? FOR INDEED IT IS YOU WHO HAVE SHOUTED OUT IN THE DARK AND THE DAY FOR INSPIRATION...SO FEAR US NOT...FOR WE BRING NOTHING BUT LIGHT...WE LEAVE YOU NOW...BUT AT NEXT MOONS PHASE MUCH INFLUX OF NEW MATERIAL WILL BEGIN TO FORM, IN WAYS UNEXPECTED AND DELIGHTFUL....KEEP AN EYE OPEN AND AN EAR COCKED....

Then her message faded but "Hawk" and "the Pres" raised their horns and with one incredible blast produced a sound akin to the birth of planets....!



The Big “3”

Journal of Fito Day March 17, 2001

I know something has been troubling Kat, besides the stress and strain of the pressure I've been putting on her to be a great artist....sometimes I could just kick myself for being such a stern taskmaster....but she is worth it....when those songs do come bursting forth....wow.....

Of course there is the passing of "Rosey" too, and I know she misses her animals when she's on tour....but there is something else....some deep turbulent restlessness, some great longing for a "love supreme".....but isn't that what sets her apart?

All I can do is be there, for her anger, and her pain, and her joy as well.....her flip side is as interesting as her opposite.....it matters not to me.....I take her as she is....I see her cig in hand, staring out the window....I know she is caving in....but she's also soaring.....

Wrote this afternoon...felt restless myself and tried to convert that energy into something creative...

The Black / The White

When jazz gushed up an oil well of emotion (the black)
And beat angels fluttered their wings (the white)
'Twas then, on a psychiatric checkerboard (the black, the white) some
Graven image began to sing of snow (the white) and ink the (black)...
Some said she was a goddess with Olympian breast of milk (the white) Some said She
was a devil of Nubian descent (the black) yet to all she was a figure of Art...stripped of
shades of gray (the black and white)...
And this is what she really came to say...."Cast off your colors of
Deceit....and let the rainbow melt as one...for nothing can be truly
Seen by pale of moon or light of sun...unless the eye is cleansed of
Thought...unless the thought is purged of bias...and there-in lies
The age old fight of opposition....black and white.

Musing of Sammy Klewis March 19, 2001

(Feeling Poetic)

there is no clarity... only a lull, lull-a-bye lull, the music, the sounds.
they wait in the depths they wait they wait for stirring they wait for
brief moments and long.
they wait to be suddenly flung from emotion ...
from hidden depths, those sounds.. from countless centuries,
from minds near... from far to be flung ... from fingertips across strings
vibrating fast, vibrating slow, vibrating, breathing ... vibrating to be
sent out to highs and lows of mind... of ears ... sent out, released,
sent out to soar, to be caught by synapse and the color blue or yellow..
to vibrate again and again..
until breathing slows and there is once again a lull-a-bye lull. Slowly time
returns and clarity becomes dull and time ticks ticks ticks beating out a new
beat to soar across the fingers with sounds of turquoise ...

Later:

(Feeling Absurd)

DON'T BUG ME - Do Get Numb /Got Numbed/ God Bunt Em / Men Got Bud /
Mend But Go/ Bung Dot Me / Dug Entomb/ Mob Gun Ted/ Don't Be Mung/ Beg Not
Mud/ Muted Bong/ Nutmeg Bod/ Tend Gumbo/ Ong Met Bud

Sammy Klewis



Sammy Klewis

Journal of Fito Day March 21, 2001

Well spring has sprung! and we are all back in sync....
thank goodness....Marko surprised us all today at
rehearsal by going off on a tangent with "If I Only Had
a Brain" (oz version squared)....it was a wonderful
and delightful moment of comedy that we all joined in
on...(25 minutes!!)....we all took turns singing a
verse.....actually making up the words.....

"there's no twiddle in my twaddle
i only want to dwaddle
in ecstasy or pain...
there's no sartre in my 'stential
there's no shirley in my temple....
if i only had a brain....."

or.....

"it is said e equals m squared
but in fact i've never been there
science leaves me cold and wan
i prefer poems and paintin'
(william blake is entertain')
if i only had a brain....."

or.....well you get the idea.....pretty silly, but lots of fun.....
there may be away we could work in to the act....

Journal of Fito Day March 23, 2001

Only 8 more days until our final appearance at Club Chi-Chi...we have all been working pretty hard... the Krenek stuff is pushing us way out into uncharted territory. We've had an inquiry from the "Ernst Krenek Institute" in Vienna, Austria...asking us how we came by the material. Apparently the piece was intended for part of a chamber opera (something called 'What Price Confidence' composed in 1945. Krenek was then living in Bear Lake, Colorado...having already expatriated. Fortunately the piece of music we have (based on Jerome Kern's 'All the Things You Are'), was not included in the work, and therefore remains un-copyrighted. Krenek died in California in 1991... somehow we got the impression (perhaps the official stationary) that the society disapproved....pretty funny, considering they all but disowned the great man during his lifetime! Oh well.....Steve-o did some research and came up with a copy of the libretto for 'What Price Confidence', and we have been having some fun with that. we have thought about "borrowing" some of the lyrics and weaving them into a vocal riff...Kat is amused by this idea....and asks if she should sing in German (the original language of the text), or simply sing it all in English with a quasi German accent....very funny stuff....

We've also reworked our piece based on the 'Carmia-Burana' song 'Fas et Nefas'...allowing Sammy more room from bass romps, and cooling the drums for the last 10 bars, and inserting a tilted vibes flourish, with all members sharing a kind of chant-like vocal ending (in Latin of course!)....much like the repetitive ending of the first segment of Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme'...where the guys chant "love supreme, a love supreme..." over and over again.... naturally, we plan to do our standard 'Fito's Blues', and just for fun the 'If I only had a Brain' thing we've recently toyed with.

From Marko Moon's Notebook March 2001

Some thoughts on the degradation of be-bop and bad sax in general: at least two generations of jazz hopefuls have missed the point that an urban address, substance abuse, and increasingly rapid practice of scales do not guarantee great or even listenable music. Though the jazz giants shared those traits, they also, by luck or divine inspiration, developed tone, taste, phrasing, knowledge of song forms, relationships between chords, and that's why they rose to national prominence while thousands of other sax men died unknown and penniless.

Even today, in all genres, it's possible to become famous simply on the basis of the musician's strength of personality, talent at self promotion, etc. but this level of entertainer tends to attract a following that because they don't play music or have a very broad experience in anything except ego-driven endeavors will continue to attend their gigs and buy their CD's. It is a decision for each of to say whether and to what extent we will support these budding "Birds."

Steve-o Ness Notebook March 2001

X Rays	10^{-8} to $10^{-11.5}$
UV	$10^{-6.5}$ to $10^{-8.5}$
Ultraviolet Light Radiation Spectrum (10^{15} Hz to 10^{17} Hz)

Ultraviolet radiation Spectrum:

	Wavelength	Synonyms
UV-A	400nm - 320nm	Long wave UVR, Near UVR, Black Light
UV-B	320nm - 280nm	Middle UVR, Sunburn radiation
UV-C	280nm - 200nm	Short wave UVR, far UVR, germicidal radiations

Wavelengths below 200nm are of little biological significance, since radiation in this region ("vacuum UVR") is absorbed in very short pathogens in air.

7 Pythagorean Principles:

1. The principle of Mentalisme: "All is mind"
2. The principle of correspondence: "As Above, so Below".
3. The principle of Vibration: "All is in vibration".
4. The principle of Polarity: "Everything is dual".
5. The principle of Rhythm: "Everything flows".
6. The principle of Cause and Effect: "Everything happens according to Law".
7. The principle of Gender: "Everything has its Masculine and Feminine Principles"

Journal of Fito Day: The Fickle Finger of Fate or “How We Got Fired”

March 26, 2001

Oh well.....we lost our gig at Club Chi-Chi...or rather we were fired!

We were rehearsing and the lighting guy was trying out some different spots on us...finally after about 10 minutes....Sammy blows his cool. He calmly sets his bass aside, and walks stage front...."What the hell do you think you're doing?" the lighting guy (Barry Clendenny) shouts back...."Trying to make you look better....". To our amazement....Sammy rushes up to the effects booth and drags the poor fellow out to the seating area, and proceeds to wallop him! Kat and marko sat frozen with disbelief....Steve-o went rushing out with me and tried to pull Sammy away. We finally succeeded, but not before he had knocked the offender off his feet. So, without even explaining himself, Sammy storms out. The rest of us try and calm the lighting guy, but he will have nothing of it....while we all stare at one another dumbfounded, the bloody-nosed victim, whips out his cell-phone and calls the club-owner....(Bandy Mitchell). Within a few minutes, the boss man is at the club...and pumps us for info...(to make matters worse it seems that the victim is the nephew of the boss!....) I do my best to assuage the two of them....while I'm motioning for the others to pack it up and be off somewhere....

Later:.....I catch up with Sammy at the apartment our hosts had provided for us. Much questioning about “What in the world possessed you?” etc etc.....Sammy just offers a short epitaph... something to effect of..."When you are in the midst of the ‘K-thing’ (now what we affectionately call the Krenek piece)....and your whole focus is funneled into a pure iota of concentration, then there's zero tolerance for interference...don't you think it's exceptionally bad taste to be making a ruckus when Art (with a capital ‘A’) is on the tightrope?"

I didn't know what to say in reply to this, and the phone rang right then anyway....guess who....yes- it was Mr. Mitchell, informing us that he was breaking our contract, and that we were basically fired...! He offered to pay us half of the agreed fee, and hoped we would go quietly (he would hate to have to pres charges....).....so that, as they say, is that!

Journal of Fito Day March 27, 2001

There was really nothing left to do but shrug it all off and be philosophical... As chance(?) would have it, I got a call from Jaff Seijas (our artist friend...and designer of our cd covers), who is living up the coast at Lake Worth, Florida. He asked if he could get tickets to the April 1st show, and I told him the story of the Sammy eruption. During the conversation he invited us all up to his place for a few days. I extended the invitation to the others, and it looks like we will be renting a car and going up to see him for a bit. Except for Steve-o who has decided to take advantage of the time and go to the Brussels Jazzmasters Summit! He leaves today from Miami. Our next scheduled gig is not until May, so we all have some time to access our music and lives. As the masters always say..."do each thing for its sake".

George Nikas E-Mail Letter March 28, 2001 Atlanta, Georgia

The passion of George.

It has been way busy here as you can imagine since I work at a Christian seminary and we are getting into the busy season.

Christ is born, OK. Dies and resurrects, you got a religion all of a sudden.

During this up-coming season I am reminded of my youth when on the Saturday after Good Friday my grandmother would explain that on this Saturday there was no living god on the planet having been whacked the day before. I guess he was on the charitable mission to give hope to all the folks in hell.

During his absence the devil was free to enter into inanimate objects and wait to leap out and invade our own beings. This was just a little bit scary to a young person who spent about 4 hours a week in the Greek Orthodox Church huffing frankincense and listening to gibberish. Fortunately we use real bread for communion because around 1:30 pm you start to get real hungry, in fact the actual body of Christ would start looking pretty good by then, but I digress.

Anyway, she suggested that we take all the pillows and rugs and such outside and beat the devil out of his hiding place with special clubs made just for this type of exorcism. Needless to say we beat them with great vigor.

It is only recently that I figured out that this was merely a trick to get spring cleaning done. I probably would have figured it out sooner but she always spoke in parables.

I am just glad that I was at an age when I figured it out to fully appreciate the deception and actually enjoy it.

Greek Easter actually falls on white people Easter (as I call it) this year, it has only happened about 6 times in my life I think. The whole thing has to do with Passover which is a floating holiday. Since the Biblical event happened a certain amount of time after Passover we always celebrate it at that amount of time after Passover, so it makes some sense.

White folks like to get up around 4:00 am on Easter Sunday I believe and meet someplace outside to make sure the sun rises. We might do this too for all I know, but I must have been sleeping.

Good Friday is marathon; we do a real time re-enactment of the entire passion. Only we do it with a wooden cutout of Jesus, the same one in fact that has been around my entire life and who knows how long before then, just think of the germs that have accumulated over the years since everybody goes up and kisses the puppets feet.

The "Crypt" where they lay the Jesus doll is really worth seeing, it is like one of those things you see slaves carry kings around in like a stretcher kind of only it is entirely done in lilies and other flowers and it is carried around.

He stays there till Sunday of course and blah, blah, blah, hey, you've seen the movie.

Anyway we do it all real time only with lots of flourish and gold and opulence.

Jesus didn't have a lot of gold and jewels as I recall, although I do remember he was offered a bunch of it by a certain Satan and him declined. I guess the Orthodox Church took him (Satan) up on the offer since we seem to have no shortage of the stuff, come to think of it the Catlicks have a vast amount themselves, hmmm.

Speaking of death and immortality, Saturday I had to tape a big Science and Religion conference on death and dying. Only it wasn't that much about dying it was mostly about how they are going to make us live to 200, or even 5,000. Seriously, they could make us immortal they figure with all this gene junk, but odds are we would get hit by a truck after 5,000 years, that's why they put a cap on 5,000.

They talked about the ethics of it and stuff, but nobody mentioned the economic monkey wrench this would throw in, but then again only the very rich will be living this long anyway since it is unlikely that suddenly there will be some sort of equity, and just think how rich they can become if they live forever. I'm just glad that my taxes are going into research to make this happen for them.

Fortunately the odds of them becoming spiritually enlightened do not get greater most likely even with time, probably they will just get greedier and more bored until they do something stupid that will get them killed.

I'm sure that any receiving type deities will be just as happy not to have these folks around there respective turfs for as long as possible, so it's a win win situation, except for us poor slobs left here to endure them, of course we will get to die at some point so there is an up side.

One point they did make was that people are not spiritually ready to die for the most part because they have not even reflected on it in a spiritual way, which is probably true in our culture, I mean since the 1800's we have not really had any experience with death, it all takes place in hospitals and somewhere else, many medical students have never seen a dead person before they have to slice one up in class.

I guess some of our dad's saw plenty during WWII. I heard somewhere that the vets of WWII are dying at a rate of about 5,000 a day, sounds like a Nazi secret weapon to me, they just wait around 50 or 60 years and Bingo! But again I digress.

In attendance were Christians of all flavors, and Jews and Muslims and even a Tibetan Buddhist so we got to hear many views on the topic. The Buddhist guy was great; he made no sense at all and talked in

circles mostly which is what I like about Buddhists. He finally said, "If you want to live forever and it has some meaning, go for it" He really said "Go for It"; maybe he used to be a Nike slave. I personally do not look forward to working like a dog for 175 years since I doubt I can accumulate enough cash to live for 110 years since it doesn't even look likely I will accumulate enough to retire at 70 even if I only live to be 80.

I guess I could go to school and get smarter and get a better job...except all the good jobs are already taken by people who are never going to die hence their jobs won't be coming up for grabs, so if you are unemployed you better get used to it for at least 150 years, and I have not even allowed for new people being born, besides when I think about all the things I have put off when I thought I would probably not live past 90, just think how much I could put off living to be 200, hell, if I live to 5,000 I wouldn't have to get out of bed for centuries. And if I live till 5,000 just think of all the stuff I'll have, and "where will I put it all" will take on new meaning.

I think the key is preparing oneself for the event of death no matter how long you live.

Having died I can attest to the clarity that engulfs you at the moment of passing, it is really great how much everything makes sense, you must try it sometime.

Come to think of it I died and came back, though I have no religion attached to me....yet.

I guess I should have had followers, they were the media of the past I figure.

Or perhaps I did die, which presents another theory of mine. How many of you had a near death experience? Well it wasn't a near death experience, you Died! And you may be in HELL!!

This is the only explanation I can come up with for all the inequities.

In my theory the living dead who are in hell have to do hard labor under the watchful eye of minor demons, think of bosses and political leaders and other folks with power you have known. No matter how incompetent they are they make lots of money and get promoted.

In academia I have actually seen them break laws and rather than go to jail they are given huge sums of money to go away, while people who do a good job are underpaid or laid off.

There are some people on this plane who are alive, and some who are dead only they are existing in a sort of heaven, we all intermingle but we are all experiencing totally different things.

When the dead us dies (or so it appears to the rest of everybody) we have merely done our time and are being reincarnated only to return to this plane yet again but in a different reality of it. My theory saves a bunch on real estate too since you have the dead and the living, the damned and the blessed, all sharing the same space. Hey -it makes as much sense as anything else.
Love, George



Mr. George Nikas as he is

Journal of Fito Day March 29, 2001

We left Jaff Seijas' last night. What a great time we all had, and just the right transition from Miami's weirdness. It gave us all a chance to calm down a bit and really get into this little vacation. Jaff went out of his way to make us comfortable and we really did generate some amazing conversations. His observations on the state of the arts were amusing, and his ideas for art-direction for us were inspiring. More on this later, when I have time to digest it all. We called Steve-o and told him about our plans and heard a little bit about the Brussels Jazz Summit. No doubt about it, the International Scene is producing some fine stuff these days.

We decided to keep the rental car, and drive up to Atlanta, to visit mutual friends .We are currently at the Holiday Inn in Fernandina Beach, having made a side trip ...just for the heck of it. We will be at George Nikas' house while in Atlanta. That's it for now...Sammy is getting cranky and wants to go eat...and the others want me to turn off the lap-top and get motivated too.

Letter from Jaff Seijas

To Fito Day c/o Mr. George Nikas
11 Clarendon Pl., Atlanta, Ga. 30002

Dear Fito,

I wanted to get this written down and in the mail while it is still fresh in mind. The three days you and Kat, Marko, and Sammy spent with me, are, so-far, the high point of the year for me. What a blast!

Even though, on the surface, all we did was hang-out, what hanging-out it was! Those walks on the beach, the dinners, the conversations, and most of the spontaneous musical improv's, will go down as legends in my hosting annals.

I will always treasure, the very cool rendition of "Monday-Monday" the three of you presented me with. There will never be another performance so personal and touching. I'm sorry Steve-o wasn't here to make the ensemble complete.

You are all welcome to stay with me whenever you wish.
Keep me posted on your travels....write, email or call.
I will be working on ideas for your next album cover.
Thanks for including me in your creative world! with warm regards,
Jaff!

PS: have a great time in Atlanta!

Journal of Fito Day April 10, 2001

We have been at George Nikas' for a few days now, and he has been an absolutely charming host. Almost as soon as we arrived he had arranged a phone conversation with a mutual acquaintance, Alex Kincaid, who owns a small jazz club (the Phoenix) in the Virginia-Highlands area of town, and with whom he had paved the way with a gig for us on Easter weekend. Everybody was pretty excited about that. It's always good to work....especially after the Club Chi-Chi fiasco!

Last evening I wasn't feeling up to par, and when everybody went out to dinner, I remained behind. I here insert the message from the "Big 3"...who chose the moment of isolation as an opportunity to communicate.

I was resting in a large overstuffed arm-chair with the lap-top resting on a pillow and preparing to send some e-mails out, when that familiar feeling of shifting came upon me, and once again, in some kind of re-arrangement of space and time, the great ones appeared. As before, Billie Holiday, stood flanked by Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins (both with horns in hands)...

Then the huge blast, blown in unison, as if to arouse me!

*

O DO NOT THINK, THAT I WHO ONCE WAS SO UNHAPPY IN LIFE CANNOT BE A HARBINGER OF JOY! MY SADNESS WAS A MASK, A CONVENIENCE, BORNE FOR THE SAKE OF ART!

BUT HEAR ME NOW, FOR YOU MUST KNOW, THAT YOUR GIFTED HOST, HE WHO HOUSES YOU IN THIS CITY OF THE SOUTH, IS SOON TO BE ELEVATED TO THE REALM OF THE ASCENDED MASTERS...AND WHILE HE LIVES, HE WILL CARRY THE KNOWLEDGE OF GREAT AND SUPERNAL THINGS, THAT ARE HIS TO FREELY TRANSLATE. FROM HIM YOU SHALL RECEIVE A CERTAIN GUIDANCE, AND THAT, COMBINED WITH THE PROMPTINGS FROM US, WILL STEER THE COURSE OF YOUR MUSICAL SHIP. HENCEFORTH, WE WILL CALL THIS ONE "ONG", AND THOUGH HE MAY ALWAYS BE SEEN AS GEORGE, HE WILL VIBRATE TO YET ANOTHER CHORD...HE IS AWARE OF THIS TRANSFORMATION WITHIN HIMSELF...AS THESE PAST FEW YEARS HAVE SHOWN HIM HIS OWN POWERS, IN WAYS TOO PERSONAL TO CONVEY. ENJOY THIS TIME IN HIS PRESENCE AND LET THE JAZZ-PLEROMA ENFOLD YOU IN ITS WARMTH...

From the journal of Fito Day April 12 2001

Cherry Gollogoly and Werner Truckbyttén (is he following us around?!) are both in town! They will be at our gig on Friday night (13th! & Good Friday!)...Club Phoenix... Haven't seen Cherry in a long time...she said on the phone that she had a lyric for us, in honor of "Rosey" Zwerus...

There has been a lot of activity. Visiting friends, practice sessions....great conversations...too much to embellish on at present, but I hope that I will be able to make some jottings before it passes my memory.

From the journal of Fito Day April 13 2001

Wow! When it rains!.....

Well not only are Cherry Gollogoly, and Werner Truckbyttén in town, but I just got a call from Jaff Seijas, who relayed the wonderful news that both he and Lovely-Darling are also in Atlanta, and will be at the Phoenix tonight for our gig! What a party!

We are all pretty psyched up for the thing, and after a brief chat with Kinkaid, I am informed that its a packed house...

Kat wants to do the Steven Foster, as an opener, and then blast right into "fas et nefas ambulant" and an improv of the Kreneck/Kern weirdness...

Sammy has mellowed out considerably (thanks to the boxes of chocolates Steve-o brought from Belgium!). Marko is playing his new ax (one he made himself!!!), and Steve-o is doing his found-object drum set-up... George Nikas has loaned me a bamboo sax (made in china)!!! that i think will be perfect for "Canterdig", which is my personal selection for tonight.

It will be great to see everybody...

PS: I have that feeling again, that there is yet some impending influx of spiritual guidance from the "Big 3", and that George will figure in all this in oh so grand a way....perhaps its just the Easter-motif....

I was especially reminded of "roll away the stone" when I saw Kat, drying her hair, fresh from the shower, in an oversize blue bathrobe...somehow reminding me of the Magdelene.

Lyrics by Cherry Gollogoly

The Gabriel Club (for Noel "Rosey" Zwerus—1946-2001.)

*

Oh come and join the Gabriel Club!
Many Horns augment the Shinning One's blast,
await you with open arms...
imagine them dressed in their heaven-whites
in a place where there's no harm
no sass
just Love to hold your halo fast...
Oh come through pearly gates pass...

And when you hear the ethereal swing
upward your trumpet or coronet fling
groove the bright seraphim
and cherubim too
Oh how the Gabriel Club welcomes you!
in a place where there's no harm or sass
just Love
just Love...

From Werner Truckbvtten's Notebook

Friday 13,2001 Atlanta Ga. USA/ Phoenix Club 320
Highland Ave.
(owner: Alex Kinkaid)

Subject: The Fito Day Ensemble

performance 9pm/
Kat Trowell: opening number: Jeannie with the light
brown hair: Steven Foster
set #1:

*

If I only had a Brain improv/Marko Moon solo

*

Fas et Nefas Ambulant/Carmina Burana improv

*

Everything You Are/ Jerome Kern:Ernst Krenek
combination improv (too wild for words)...

*

Kansas City/ improv with solo by Sammy Klewis on Bass

*

Canterdig/ with Fito Day sax solo (bamboo sax!)

Set 2: 11pm.

*

On Lake Shipp/Marko Moon, sings and plays jazz guitar/
Steve-o Ness on found object drums

*

Knights in White Satin/ Kat Trowell & Fito day, weird
harmonics, and bizarre improv on the famous Moody
Blues song

*

Phantom Shoes/ great lyrics, mysterious improv based
on poem by poet Cherry Gollogoly

*

My Funny Valentine/ a dark and almost gothic jazz
version of the famed standard.

*

I noticed Lovely Darling in the audience.

Cherry Gollogoly also present...

Jazz Guru George Nikas also present

Special note: you could hear a pin drop (as they
say) the audience was rapt .

From the journal of Fito Day April 16 2001

Everyone is getting ready to go their own ways for the rest of the month. We reconvene in May / all meeting in Kansas City.

Later today I am going to try and compose my take on what happened Friday night at our show...but more importantly what happened at George Nikas' on Easter Sunday! Will we ever be the same?

From the journal of Fito Day April 18 2001

I have yet to be able to put my thoughts down in any coherent form concerning the events of Easter Sunday. Perhaps in the next few weeks, while I am alone, I will be able to make some progress with this. I have a retreat planned for myself, at the Ten Thousand Waves Health Spa in Santa Fe. That should prepare me for our stint in Kansas City early May.

*

Sammy, Steve-o, Marko all went off today...all with various projects.

Having lunch with George Nikas, Lovely Darling, Cherry Gollogoly, and Werner Truckbyten today. Airport tomorrow, direct to New Mexico.

*

Kat left on Monday. She went off to her place in Toronto. I am quite worried about her. She hasn't been herself since Miami, and has little to say. She becomes more and more withdrawn. The Easter Sunday had yet another strange affect on her...she was quiet but radiant that day, but next morning before going, I could tell she had been weeping. Also when she spoke, she was nearly inaudible and very hoarse. Maybe its all the great singing of late. However, I do sense, some inward crisis...some turning away from Art.

Letter From George Nikas April 19, 2001

I am reminded of theatrical productions where my character is talked about for several acts before finally making an appearance, no pressure there to live up to the expectations of the audience. Rather than buckle under the pressure to perform I shall issue forth my every thought as it occurs, in real time (whatever that is) and let you sort through and pick out the ascended from the descended. The short visit from Fito Day and entourage was as expected, and no, we will never be the same, at least at the Nikas estate, more later.

I set up the gig with Alex because I felt it only appropriate Fito Day should play the Phoenix on Easter, not just because of the resurrection possibilities, but also the rising from the fire thing cus' these cats are red hot, in fact they fanned the flames on the way up and I won't be able to fully report until the embers are out and the ashes are cleared.

The opening rendition of "Jeannie with the light brown hair" was so inspiring and set so many gears turning in my mind that I came up with an idea which could set music back thousands of years. Acting upon this brainstorm I have just spoken with Bob Dorrough about a possible collaboration between he, Bill Takas, Al Shackman and Fito Day, he was all in favor, now to sell Fito Day, I will keep you informed.

It is true that the audience was rapt, we was rapt up in every nuance and note, not a sound was made except for the occasional moan or hiss of approval.

As far as we know, the Fas et Nefas Ambulant/Carmina Burana improv is still going on on some plane, and I must say how impressed I was that Fito Day was able to master the bamboo sax after only a few moments with it. But then that is the nature of bamboo sax, it can sense when you fear it, and also like an animal it will respond to gentle music. Finito la musica, vamoze la festivale.

I hate to mention Easter without a word about Passover..... by way of a shameless plug for an artist who's fate has been passed over.

A few weeks ago my mind was invaded by a Shuggie Otis tune from an album I owned in the early 70's the name of which I could not recall but it is one I have searched for over the past 20 some-odd years. Many of you may know Shuggie from Frank Zappa's Peaches en Regalia on the Hot Rats album, or you may just know him as the young guitar virtuoso and son of Johnny Otis the band leader and creator of the Hand Jive, or possibly you know him, or do not know him, yet know of his song, Strawberry Letter 23 made famous by Brothers Johnson.

On a lark I searched the internet for data pertaining to Mr. Otis and what I came up with was remarkable. It seems that the Luaka BoP record label is re-releasing his album, "Inspiration Information". This label is worth paying some attention to BTW. Anyway, it occurs to me that this is the album I am searching for.

Did the release of this collection put me to a mind of hearing Shuggie in my head, or did my head put Luaka BoP to a mind of releasing this record? We may never know, but all the same it is worth investigating, and should I possess this power I will be taking requests.

Upon it's original release it made no impression except possibly upon myself and few select others, however there seems to be some excitement now as these many years have perhaps brought his efforts more into the realm of the now, or the now has caught up with his efforts.

Either way, I am glad he is getting some of the notoriety he deserves, especially since he is in poor health it seems.

On this album he plays all instruments and sings all songs. I had forgotten that he was a pioneer in the use of the drum machine, a device that has made Drum and Bass a possibility, to say nothing of making drummers a little nervous, both of these are good or bad things depending upon your view of course.

My local record purveyor promised to call me immediately upon it's arrival and of course did not since they are somehow related to auto mechanics, but once again my psychic link to young Shuggie somehow made me aware of its' presence and I raced to the store where indeed it awaited. I say young as he is my age, currently 48, and a fellow Sagittarian to boot.

Having now acquired it I immediately listened and lo, while it was a mixture of Afrogreekpshycijazzfunk, the song in my head was not present. The album itself was like a visit from old friends, I recognized each tune as if I had heard them everyday when in fact it has been over 20 years. I cannot recall what I had for lunch, but I remember every lick on every tune I have ever heard and I can tell you exactly where I was the moment Django comped a certain chord or Yardbird reached a particular note, s'up witdat? It must be ancestral music memory best I can tell.

Knowing that I am not mad and that I have this total music recall I looked through my piles of vinyl and what do you think I found, The original record of Inspiration Information, and I discovered that on the re-release they had also included several songs from "Freedom Flight" which is the record I do not own and is also the one I have been seeking. I guess this answers the question about whether or not my mind controls the record industry's release and re-release of music, but this has also given me new incentive to continue my search, more on that as it develops. Go buy it.

Thanks from Cherry Gollogoly April 23, 2001

Dear G.

What a treat it was to see you in Atlanta. Thanks for the nice seats at the Club Phoenix. And!!! also that fabulous party at your place on Easter Sunday. My flesh is still tingling, and my spirit still soars!

Hope to see you again soon.
Warmly, Cherry Gollogoly

Forwarded email of Cherry Gollogoly's message from Jaff Seijas to Fito Day

Dear Fito

Thought I would pass this on. I do not know exactly what hidden feelings Cherry is referring to. I sense however that she has something to reveal to us all.
As Always, Jaff!

Breaking Forth April 23, 2001

Dear Jaff,

just wanted you to know that I have decided to break the silence, even though you warned me not to go too far. I can no longer keep my feelings hidden. I hope you will remain friends with me through all this.

affectionately, Cherry Gollogoly

Journal of Fito Day April 23, 2001

Well it's just been wonderful to do nothing. After a few massages, and some time in the hot-tubs and sauna, I'm feeling pretty restored.

Have been thinking about getting out the briefcase and going over the music, but so far only impulse is to drift.

No calls from anybody. Tried to call Kat, but her line's been disconnected. What next?

Listening to some of these new "Blue-Note" reissues of 60's studio work...very cool. I'm surprised the music still maintains it's mystique of avant-guard.
That's all for today. Had a dream about the Blessed "ONG"....full of unknown tongues....speaking of which, I haven't felt the presence of the Big 3 here, but I am sure they are nearby.

Letter from Caze Jerusalem April 24, 2001

The on-going struggle of Fito!

Keeping with tradition, I apologize for the time it has taken me to write back.

Not sure if you've heard yet or not, but Chester "Reb" Mulliganahan passed away a few days ago. I'm not sure if you've ever met him, or better yet seen the man play, but when he wasn't up to his eyes in junk his fingers seemed to dance around a trumpet.

One of my most fond memories of Reb was about three years ago. We had just "witnessed" a trio called The Neil Goodman 54, which were being considered "hip" because they incorporated an accordion along with piano and saxophone. I went specifically to heckle the trio, because who uses a goddamn accordion in jazz? After being asked to leave (it's great having a rep, I never get "kicked out" anymore. Sometimes I wish I was 14 again...) only minutes into the set, Reb and I were walking down Houston en route to the uptown 1-9 station. We weren't saying much, in fact I don't believe we had spoken a word to each other the entire night until he turned to me and says "Caze, I walked by a crime scene the other day, and all I could think of was jazz."

Of course, I had no reply to this since, one, I sincerely respect Reb and two, this was the most absurd comment I've ever heard the guy say (and believe me, I've seen him at his worst). But as time went on, I realized two things. First, that that comment was one of the best definitions of jazz through the ages and two, old Reb had finally went insane.

When is the Fito de making a trip my way? I haven't written a good review in ages.

Caze!

Note to Caze Jerusalem April 25, 2001

Dear Caze,

I do remember "Reb" Mulliganahan! So he made the transition to the next plane! I hope he didn't leave too much unfinished business....

My best memory of him is one summer in Berlin, when he made a guest appearance with us (I was then playing with the Troost Beerbhom Quintet) and he came on stage as half man/half woman.....it was a stitch...we played the entire "A-Train" set in an unimaginably high register, and we sounded like a Japanese transistor....the crowd loved it....go figure.

Hey....I thought you were headed to Santa Fe on some kind of interview or something?! Are you coming? I will be here until April 30...B-4 going off to K.C. Mo. to meet the group for a gig at the old Hey-Hey, and discussions of songs for the next album....call me if you come, and we will meet for brainstorming and margaritas....as always in the Jazz Pleroma....Fito!

Message from Marko Moon, April 2001 Atlanta, Georgia

Fito!

Did the first halting attempt at a home demo today on the new studio in a shoebox. The components really are very small and very few (four track recorder, drum machine, reverb-delay, microphones) and very portable. Just turned on tape and let it roll while I free associated and so the stuff varies from flamenco to Tim Hardin to Celtic airs. I've got a copy in the mail to you for early a.m. background with cafe. The tape has two verses of "on Lake Shipp" which may or may not change dramatically over time.

More later, Marko

Letter from Marko Moon, April 2001, Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Fito

Going through a box of old cassettes this morning, came across three tracks recorded in 2000 by Marko moon which I'm going to send off to you Monday. The set, which pairs moon with Lithuanian percussionist Szabo Doobie, includes two originals "Very Cherry," and

"Fito's back in town," an atonal romp in 5/4 time that was originally played solo on the ukulele on Moon's first European recording "stuff."

Doobie's a whole movie in and of himself. A former cafeteria dishwasher, who honed his chops playing paradiddles on soup pots, he is said to have abandoned the material world after hearing a recording of John Coltrane. Nowadays he is a mainstay on the European avant garde circuit and claims he doesn't have or need an address because he lives in the moment and the whole address thing would slow him down. You'll notice he has a decidedly quirky sense of meter.

(Moon plays the fifty dollar strat he bought in a London pawn shop after selling his collection of Gibson's and D'Aquistos and donating the twenty-eight thousand dollars he made through the sale to the shrine of the "Holy Funky Mother" in Conyers, Georgia. He still talks about this as the day he freed his soul and picked up a really kickin' t-shirt! But anyway, his tone is sweet and clear and the chord work is out there large.)

Plan to get together with George this week for lunch, lookin' forward to seeing the most exalted high master of chordal oneness again.

All is well here at the rancho - hope it is for you in New Mexico!

In the Tao, Marko

Letter from Kat Trowell April - 2001

Ah SPRING !!!!!

Dear One,

Sorry for not being more communicative. Have been off on my own contemplating, . . . well, JUST contemplating.

Hope you haven't tried to call as I've had the phone disconnected while I'm away. No need to pay for something not being used and I don't want to be returning calls when I do get back.

I've been off in the Laurentians, Ste. Saveur actually. Spent some time there years ago recording in a converted church. (I Understand that Dylan and The Band spent some time there as well.) Beautiful area. Very snow bunny during the ski season but spring is glorious. Seeing everything that has spent months under ice and snow coming alive again, well . . . it's a very hopeful sign ! Have been doing a number of things I don't get to do on the road. Acting like "normal" people; grocery shopping, laundry, just sitting in a little cafe reading the N.Y. Times, watching other people go by. . . god I love spring ! Speaking of Dylan;

I'm haunted by his soundtrack for the film Wonder Boys, . . . "I use to care, but things have changed".

I really think we can do something slow and easy with this and the lyrics, . . well, they seem to sum up what I've been going through.

What do you think ? I may be pushing this a tad, I totally trust your instincts.

Please thank George for his hospitality and inspiration. I know I've been in a world of my own lately. I sincerely hope no one takes it personally. It's just me going through life changes. (. . .shit happens.)

I miss your sweet self!!

See you in K.C. in May.

Great Love and Blessings,

Kat

p.s. this computer is a really cool thing ! I'm in a little cyber cafe at the moment all giddy at the thought that I'm ONLINE!!!

(such a cheap date !)

XXXO

Note from Fito Day April 24, 2001

Dear Jaff, thanks for the tidbit concerning Cherry.

Also, I forgot to mention you are welcome to go use the apartment in Amsterdam. Nani Hoover has the keys.

Let me know. In the Jazz Pleroma, as always Fito!

Reply from Kat Trowell April 24, 2001

Cherry, Cherry, Cherry . . .

what on EARTH are you talking about ? You've made an error in interpreting my silence as rejection.

Jeeeeeze ! It's tough enough being constantly criticized and judged by the anonymous masses for my every little nuance when on stage but I should hope to find a "soft place to fall" among my friends! And Marko is a Friend, and if he considers you a friend then friendship between you and I is a definite possibility !

If you want to jump his bones that's entirely between the two of you and I have NO opinion whatsoever on the subject, nor am I the least bit interested in the sordid details . . .

As far as Egypt is concerned, I was quite busy having an out of the body flashback spiritual experience that unfortunately nobody "GOT" and had no choice but to travel that road SOLO ! (a recurring theme!) (However, your insistence on wearing halter tops in a Moslem country was NOT well advised and brought not admiring looks from the locals. surely you noticed how all the foreign women managed to wear blouses that left something to the imagination ?)

Fashion choices aside;
I'm a relatively shy person. My experiences with some women in the past have left a lot of room for improvement.

I have found them to be hormonally driven and underhanded in their attempts to "catch" a man. I AM NOT THE COMPETITION ! Getting a man hasn't been on my list of things to do for many years now.
I hope this clears up some of your confusion and perhaps we can begin to get to know each other on a more realistic level.

Blessings,
Kat

Thanks for Thanks April 24, 2001

Mon Cherry,

Sorry it is taking me for ever to return mail these days, but April truly has been the cruelest month, and the end of the academic year here at beautiful Emory University, and of course everything that was put off all year must now be done as well as all the awards that must be given to themselves and others for all the fine work they have done all year.

This of course has nothing to do with the wonderful concert and Easter fete which was made that much more wonderful by your attendance and contributions. Per the suggestion of Mark Bass I was put to thinking that perhaps another actual meeting of all the Fito de Searjazz list could occur this summer or fall at the old Estate, give it a thought and see if there is a time when another Atlanta event could occur.

later,
love,
George/Ong

BE Afraid — Musings of Ong April 24, 2001

I thought to forward this just to strike the fear into your hearts that it has mine. This is an actual worship service that will transpire tomorrow evening and to which I am forced to be involved by association. Our work-study student Jack, who is also a theology student, although I have no clue why, is doing a worship service and I am taping it for him, as well as helping out with all the tech at his request and being as he is our work-study student I can deny him nothing, which might explain the condition of today's youth, people like myself denying them nothing, although this is another topic for another group perhaps.

What this really is, is a classic case of too much tech lying around being a dangerous thing, which makes me reflect upon the amount of atom bombs lying around doing nothing.

I will now show you his e-mail which explains the service:

Techno Cosmic Mass:*

The roots of oppression
the pain of reconciliation

A different way to worship!

Wednesday April 25, 2001

7:30pm in Cannon Chapel

featuring live acid jazz/trip-hop music from Tria De Luna

*Techno refers to the use of computer technology in worship. Such as computer generated art, multi-vision projection, digitally composed music and mastered dance music that encourages celebration with our bodies.

Cosmic brings in cosmology, the sacred connection of all creation as described to us by ancient and traditional wisdom and the new science.

Mass is an ancient Judeo-Christian form of ritual which brings a community together to experience a common story, bring praise and thanks-giving to the Creator.

Of course this doesn't explain the amount of weird equipment he will need nor the amount of bother it will be to set up but you get an idea. In the real world it would cost him about \$10,000.00 to do, but being as he is an Us it will cost nothing, I just hope he doesn't think when he goes into the world he will be able to do this again, of course if he doesn't know any better maybe he can, but then again he is so weird I cannot even imagine him having a congregation, but then again, what do I know, perhaps this is a new way to reach out to folks who would never consider worship, but then again is it actually worship?, and then again maybe there is enough worship as is, and then again, what do I know again.

Enough of this pointless theological speculation though, other than the fear factor my purpose for this missive is this one thought which Ong has brought to my attention and asked me to pass on as a topic for discussion:

"Is live acid jazz and truly bad sax merely the result of people attempting to play Be bop and getting in over their heads, or is it the product of musicians who are simply bored, or is there another possibility that I am not seeing"?

Talk amongst y'all'selves.

E-letter from Marko Moon April 27, 2001

Dear Ensemble Mates,

there's no doubt in my mind that the transcendent experience during the Easter Sunday session is due 990/0 to Ong's presence. it is for no small reason that I refer to him as "his most exalted chordal oneness." his understanding of vibrations, tonal nuance, subliminals, peripherals

and the still theoretical *winky-dink* factor are beyond estimation. like, he's on step 85 of the wheel and can change your perspective just by passing through town.

I can still remember like it was yesterday a rainy Sunday night in Atlanta thirty-four years ago. we had been doing clinical 25 blindfolded with Dylan's blonde on blonde on the stereo for nine straight hours when we both took our blindfolds off and he said, "okay, so it's all just vibrations. . . atoms moving at different speeds. I know what I have to do now. I want to play Celtic, flamenco, jazz, maybe even a little bit of Klezmer, on the most powerful vibrator there ever was. . .the Elektra Lux Model 3100." how do you argue, you don't. the dude's intuitive genius is too pure to mess with.

special to Fito: yes, arrangements on la vie en rose and unchained melody are in the works probably on amplified nylon-string with cathedral ambient reverb I'll include 'em at the end of the next tape. to Sammy and Steve-o, please don't misunderstand these side projects with other rhythm sections, it's just that we haven't been talkin' like we used to and I need other people's input to be able to grow don't you know. I still think that we are as a group a unique albeit invisible detail in the jazz abduction installation, and it's already been more fun than a Saturday at six flags.

in the Tao, Marko

Dear Ong,

If I may now be so bold, as to address you by your spiritual sobriquet! From your last two messages, I can see that many strange forces have been brought to play in your arena. Do you think this is a direct result of Easter Sunday, and the opening of the Jazz-Pleroma-Portal? For that is what I think occurred. Of course, on the surface, it appeared to be, a party, and an all-night jam session...but it soon became apparent that the energy level had been raised to something quite extraordinary. My best recollection of the event, begins with our fun romp through Thelonius Monk's famed and fun to play tune, "Crepuscle with Nellie"...but as we were approaching the finale, I noticed the others (You, your wife Taylor, Kat, Marko, Steve-o, Sammy, Cherry, Lovely-Darling, & Werner) all slightly leaning towards the center of our circle...then, if my memory is clear, the notes began to change into an almost chant-like and repetitive loop...(I swear I even think I saw everyone's hair standing on end)...I was reminded of those unusual Tibetan chants, where the voices, begin to sound like robotic synthesizers. and, then (once again, whether real or perceived) an aural glow surrounded you and you seemed bathed in a luminosity, as well as lifted slightly up from the floor, in a suspended levitation. I know the others saw and heard, though no-one has dared break the sacred silence....for some occurrences are too grand, too Gnostic, to be re-hashed....and what words are there anyway?But, it was the accompanying sound that filled the space that fully impressed me with the great magnitude of that moment....that deep vibration, that seemed to swell from the floor, and separate the atomic structure of the entire room and all in it....as it swelled, and grew into a sound beyond sound...and finally locate in your body, and ultimately issue forth from your mouth, as the amazing and shattering syllable....ONG!

Fito

Regarding: The Strata, The Hierarchies, and the Ultimate Syllable

April 28, 2001

Most definitely a result of the Easter Sunday, and the opening of the Portal, but equally the result of the transition of Noel "Rosey" Zwerus and Chester "Reb" Mulliganahan to another frequency. However what you may have heard as Tibetan overtones quite likely was my Elektra Lux Vacuum cleaner, currently my axe of choice, as only this instrument can capture the tones you speak of and also deliver the deep vibration in your inner being, not unlike having a bone marrow transplant only pleasant if you can imagine this. In your trance like state it would be easy to overlook this as otherwise this instrument tends to stand out not only audibly but visually as well.

Toots Thieleman has approached this on his harmonica and Rufus Harley on the bagpipes, however neither instrument can fully get those dual Tibetan overtones, the vibrating bass and the ringing bells simultaneously quite the way an Elektra Lux does, and sometimes even a third tone can be detected. I have used Hoovers and Royals, but neither can touch an Elektra Lux, it has a much cleaner sound if you will pardon the pun.

I have it on authority that Fito day ensemble may be making an appearance in New Orleans this weekend, and I may have a related surprise which involves the household appliance of which I speak. If not, keep in mind Montreal and Vancouver as possible venues for a collaboration, and as suggested by Marko another get together which I would love to host at the estate, and possibly give a short playshop for those interested.

Oooooooooooooooooong

Letter from Fito Day April 28, 2001

Dear Marko-

Got the tape yesterday...loved it. Perhaps we can get Szabo Doobie to do a few sets with us sometime, and give Steve-o more air time on vibes. By the by aren't Szabo and Bruno Grugeryvic, half brothers? You know, Bruno will be in K.C. when we are, and has agreed to guest a few trumpet blasts with us during our Hey-Hey gig. Great News, huh? Of course, he doesn't have the charisma that the late "Rosey" Zwerus had, but he's still damned good.

Anyway, back to the tape...I'd like to work on elaborations of "Very Cherry" and "Fito's back in town", I think they are among the finest work you've done lately. Also have you considered arrangements for "La Vie en Rose" and "Unchained Melody"? I realize their camp-potential but like all things they could be stretched to new configurations...

Keep in touch and I will see you May 1, in K.C., as ever in Pleromic Jazzamunda, Fito!

Message from Marko Moon April, 2001

It is true you are and always have been a muse to me. I have idolized, emulated, and listened to you for so long and you have always been a steadfast and gracious teacher. Your example has helped me more times than i can say to navigate the often swift currents of the Chi and to connect with the higher power when it seemed to be misplaced. Funny how after a lifetime of pursuing spirituality, how much more quickly the indicators appear and how much easier the decisions as to how and when to act on them.

In the Tao,
Marko

Journal of Fito Day

Ten Thousand Waves Health Spa/Santa Fe, New Mexico April 28, 2001

As always, before their arrival, I felt very relaxed. Then that sudden feeling of heightened awareness, and the unearthly glow that fills the space. As before, Billy Holiday appears, with Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young.

FEAR NOTHING. YET KNOW THAT EVERYTHING DONE BELOW IS ALSO DONE ABOVE. EVERY ACTION, EVERY STANCE, HAS POWER THAT ALTERS PROBABILITIES. HOW MUCH MORE SO, WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS IS DIRECTED BY AN INFORMED WILL! OR MOTIVATED BY THE CLARITY OF A LOVING BEING. KNOW THAT YOUR MUSIC IS ALSO A LIVING THING AND THAT IT GOES ON TO FORM GREATER ARTISTIC PATTERNS.

HOW RIGHT WAS YOUR FRIEND ONG, WHEN HE SAID HE PROFESY-EYED YOUR BEING IN NEW ORLEANS THIS MOON PHASE!

FOR INDEED YOU AND YOUR ENSEMBLE WILL ALL BE PRESENT IN THE ASTRAL REALM, NEAR THE VORTEXES OF WHAT SEEMS TO BE NEW ORLEANS...TOMORROW EVENING...WHILE OTHERS ENJOY THE FESTIVAL OF JAZZ BELOW, YOU SHALL JOIN OTHER S OF LIKE MINDED ENTITIES WHO ACT AS CONDUITS FOR ENERGY TANSFORMATION...ABSORBING HUGE AND SWEEPING CLUSTERS OF VIBRATIONS THAT EMIT FROM SUCH EVENTS, AND TRANSMUTING THEM INTO EVEN MORE REFINED CREATIVE SCENARIOS IN OTHER REALITIES.

ENJOY. PERHAPS YOU WILL NOT REMEMBER , OR THINK IT BUT A DREAM, BUT IN FACT IT WILL HAVE OCCURRED.

Letter from Cherry Gollogoly April 29, 2001

Kat,

This is the 3rd ,and I hope final time, that I written and re-written this message. I was simply unsure that I really wanted to reveal myself so unabashedly. Firstly, I'd like to thank you for the honest and candid comments in your e-mail of last week. I too have had few successful friendships with members of my sex, and for the same reasons that you so wryly pointed out. But, now that I find myself as a woman of a "certain age", I more and more see my silly romantic projections crumble, and in their place a sobering view of life's realities. As far as my obsession with Mr. Moon, I am sure that I will never be any more than I always was...a Muse. And after-all, what better, what safer, and more eternal role? As a victim of the "someday my Prince will come" syndrome, I now see that too long have I carried around the two-left-shoes of an unrealistic collective hand-me-down, and I seek to purge this tragic notion from my psychological closet.

If you and I are ever to approach anything like friendship, I would like to confess still more.

How I have been ravaged by the green-eyed tiger of jealousy! How envious of your role ! Yes, I wanted to be the singer who grooved with the Fito Day Ensemble.

I have known these guys as long as you, and my voice is better! Not to mention my previous successful career in Opera. But I sacrificed the life of a Chanteuse, when I gave up one vocation for another, my far more fulfilling life as a woman of "Belles-letters". Yet, how I sometimes bristled when I thought of you on stage, with our dear friends, often singing songs I wrote! But, oh dear Kat...the "truth will out", as the bard always reminds us! In fact, you are the one who possess' stick-to-itveness. Your laurels are deserved. I know myself, and know how easily I am distracted. I would not have been the industrious ensemble member you have shown yourself to be. And even though my vocal skills are more polished, you have that secret, raw emotion that dredges up the blues, and refines them into jazz. Your obvious talent to convert unbridled human desire into sophisticated jazz-nuance is undisputed.

So, what am I left with? If I swallow my pride, and speak clearly, then it's apparent. I have all I had before. The life I have chosen, and the support of many artistic and evolved friends.

Oh, becoming wise, is such responsibility!
I hope I have not frightened you,
Cherry Gollogoly.

Fito Day Ensemble Repertoire

Canterdig- lyrics & music Fito Day

January - lyrics/ F. Day : music Steve-o Ness

Fito's Blues –lyrics & music Fito Day

The Krenek Thing (a.k.a.: All Birds our Souls) - based on Charlie Parker's "Bird of Paradise" {in turn based on Jerome Kern's "All the things you are"} and a selection of Ernst Krenek's Chamber Opera(1954) "What Price Confidence" - arrangement by F. Day & S. Klewis

Fas Et Nefas Ambulant (from the Carmina Burana song cycle (circa 1280) - arranged by F. Day

Skeleton of Grapes - arrangement by S. Ness

Poodle -lyrics/ C. Zwerus arrangement by S. Klewis/ F. Day

Hecate -lyrics / C. Gollogoly music/Moon

Go Figure - F. Day

Sea Bauble - S. Ness

Goblets of the Gods - lyrics /C. Gollogoly arrangement/ F. Day

Phantom Shoes - lyrics/ C. Gollogoly arrangement / F. Day & M. Moon

Enitnelav ynnuf yM - arrangement by F. Day/ M. Moon/S. Klewis

On Lake Shipp - lyrics & music / Marko Moon

Broccoli & Batteries - lyrics/ K. Trowell arrangement F. Day

Channel, Chunnel, Chanel - F. Day

Favorite Things - Rogers/Hammerstein

If I only had a Brain - arrangement M. Moon

You're my Thrill - J. Gormley

How Are you Dreaming? - B. Crewe

Monday Monday - J. Phillips

Knights in White Satin - Moody Blues

La Vie en Rose - lyrics/ E. Piaf -music /Luiguy

Swanee River & I dream of Jeanie Medley—S. Foster

Out of Nowhere - J. Green

Doctor Jazz - lyrics/Melrose & music / King Oliver

Joan of Arc - L. Cohen arrangement / F. Day

Mellow Yellow Mellow - based on Donovan Leitch song & arranged by F. Day

Hide your Love away - Lennon/McCartney

Journal of Fito Day May 1, 2001

Well back in Kansas City! I'm waiting for the others to arrive at Sammy's loft in Westport. This is going to be a busy time. Bruno Grugeryvic is having a bash for us on Wednesday night, and then the shows on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night, at the Hey-Hey Club. It feels good to be in the city, and after that nice rest in Santa Fe, I am ready for the energy exchange with my band!

Sammy's got his loft looking very fine. Plenty of great art, and lots of comfortable furniture.

I hope the other's will like the list of selections I have chosen for our new album. Need to work on title for the album.

A Sammy Klewis Postulation May 1, 2001

OKOKOK I'm shooing the bugs away. Rising out of the blues back to some jaaaaazzzzzzz. Looking forward to seeing everyone together in K.C., but first things first.. thats food of course. We all have to meet at Gates on Main and do lunch - mmmmm what spicy bar-b-q. Now that will truly get the show on the road. My hands are ready and itching to pluck those bass strings again. Looking forward to a great time. (Hope to see Cherry there now that her personal revelations have been aired).

(Possible Lyric?)

a cold sunday morning
is colder than the other days of the week
even when the sun is shinning down on 18th street
even when your jacket is leather and fleece lined
you can still feel blue and cold on 18th and vine....

(Lyrics to: Goin' to K.C.)

"goin' to kansas city
kansas city here i come
they got some crazt little women there
and i'm gonna get me one (two three some....)
i might take a train
i might take a plane
well if i have to walk....well...i'll probl'y lake a plane...."

*(What about using the tune but singing anagrammed words? : Acing Toasty Icons/
Acting Stinko Soya/ Action Stagy Oinks/ Kyat Action Gnosis/ Yogis Action Tasks
/Again Conky Taoists/ Inky Agnostic Oats....etc)

Email from Cherry Gollogoly May 1, 2001

Kat

I hope your silence, is not a measure of loathing for my somewhat rash confession...and that you are simply busy elsewhere. I did not mean to put you off. Still busy with facing my own personal dragons....

Cherry Gollogoly

Note from Cherry Gollogoly May 2, 2001

Dear Kat,

just thought I'd inform you that I am off to Kansas City too. I can't resist the chance to see the Ensemble play at the famous Hey-Hey Club. Perhaps this might be a chance for us to see one another in a new light.

I know You and Fito & friends will all be at Sammy Klewis' loft in Westport. I'm in Rm # 77 at the Hyatt Regency, Crown Center. See ya'....

P.s.: I'm blond again!

Letter from Werner Truckbyttten

May 2, 2001

Mansfield Hotel/NYC

Dear Mr. Day,

As you know by now, your ensemble is one of my favorite jazz groups. I am often surprised by your innovations, and have made it a second career (since our first meeting in Amsterdam) to seek out your performances whenever I could. The magazine, has given me full reign to pursue my interest in your music. I will be in the States for the next 4 months, and I hope you will not be too annoyed that I shall be following you about in search of material. As you know, a critic can be a real boon, provided criticism is intelligent. Since I saw you in Atlanta, I have been up in NYC.. There I saw Caze Jerusalem, who slipped it to me, that the Fito Day Ensemble would be in the studio soon cutting a new album. Please consider allowing me to be present at the some of the sessions.

I will be in Kansas City on Friday & Saturday evening for your show at the old Hey-Hey.

Yours sincerely,
Werner Truckbyttten
Nederlands Jazz Gazette

Proposal for additions to Repertoire of Fito Day Ensemble/ 2001

1. Last thing on my Mind/ Paxton
2. Corrina-Corinna/ trad.
3. Very Cherry/ Marko Moon
4. Fito's back in town/ Marko Moon
5. Oedipus/ Fito day
- 6 .Mokum/ Fito Day
7. The Big Fiddle/ Sammy Klewis
8. Not the Commuter Train!/ Steve-o Ness
9. T?/ Steve-o Ness
10. Kat n' Dogs at Home/ Kat Trowell
11. The underside of .../ Cherry Gollogoly
12. In Egypt with no underwear/ Cherry Gollogoly
13. To "Rosey"/ Cherry Gollogoly
14. The wine soaked sky/ Clementia Zwerus
15. Caviar/ Bruno Grugeryvic

More suggestions for F. Day Ensemble Music: page 2

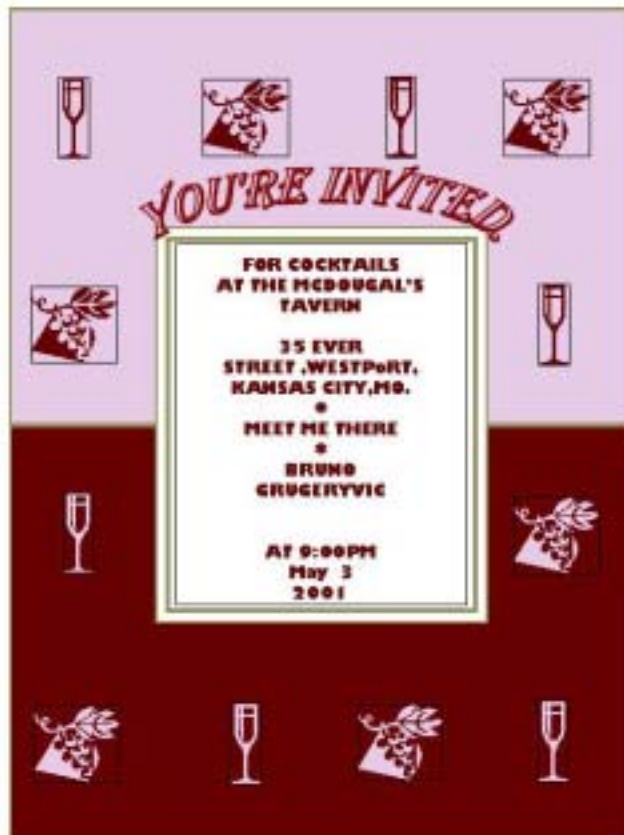
- 1.A foggy Day/Gershwin
- 2.Ja-Da/Carlton
- 3.All the Things you are/Kern
4. Nature Boy/Ahbez
- 5.Unchained Melody/ ?
6. Veruska/ Thouverez
7. Emperor of Ice Cream/Cummings
8. OuLaLou/ LaTerre
- 9.Heresy/Thouverez
- 10.Macrobius/ DeNahon
11. Hamlets last words/ DeNahon
12. The Ong Sessions/ Nikas
13. Make it all Better/ Day
- 14.Who is McCutcheon?/ Klewis
15. Torontotoronto/ Trowell
- 16.Neti-Neti/Darling
17. Pays d' Oc/ Day

Journal of Fito Day May 3, 2001

Much to do today! Got to go by the club and meet with Bootie Bauer, and Harry Hudson, the managers, and make sure everything is set up properly for the show tomorrow. They seemed a bit surprised on the phone when I asked for an empty table to be set up near the stage that under no circumstances should be occupied...I couldn't go into my personal traditions just then, and was more than sure they could not dig reservations for Lady Day, Hawk, and the Pres!

Got some messages from Ong-the-great, Mr. Truckbydden, and Jaff Seijas...all within the space of 15 minutes. Jaff has some good ideas for our up-coming album art. He also wants to use my apartment in Amsterdam this summer. Mr. Truckbydden, has proclaimed himself our critic-champion...what can one do but submit?! George, (his Ongness, as Marko has dubbed him), has started composing a piece for us incorporating his famed vacuum cleaner (redesigned as an amplified instrument)...He refers to this piece as the "Ong Sessions"....can't wait!

Received an Invitation from Bruno for a little gathering tonight...



An invitaion from Bruno Grugeryvic



Hey Hey Club Poster & Invitation

Postcard to Ong May 4, 2001

Dear Sir Ong,

I noticed an old store in down K.C. this afternoon
that sells vacuum cleaners that have been refurbished.
I stopped and picked up their card for you...but in case
you want to call them its:

Kansas City Vacuum King

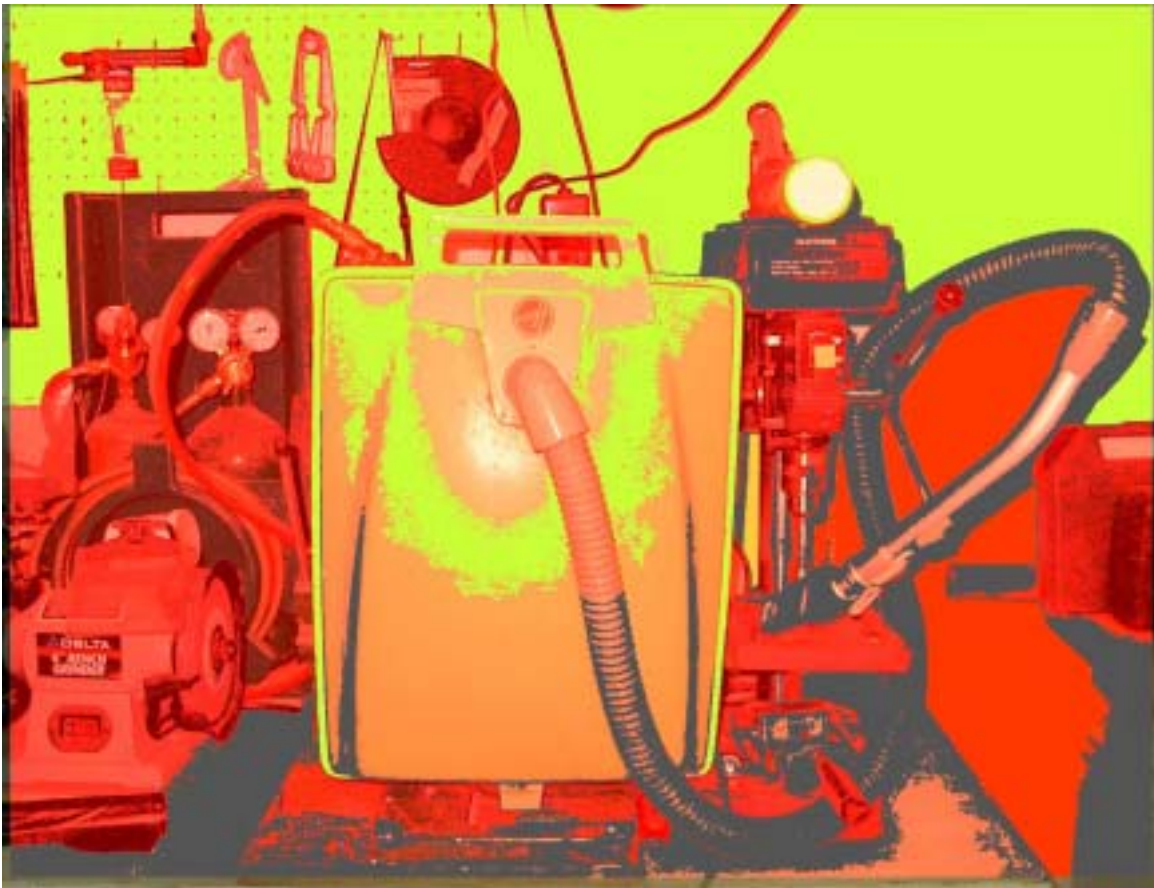
23 Main St.

Kansas City, Mo. 816-7475743

could be a good resource!

ps/ show is going well, we all wish you were here!

Fito



From the Diary of Kat Trowell May 4, 2001

Well I've finally entered the twenty-first century. Got myself a laptop and I'm online ! Figured since everyone else was "diarying" I'd give it a try . . Tried once when I was a kid to keep a diary, had a little book with a key, wrote for about a week and just lost interest . . but I'm a grownup now! . . . let's see if there's any change. Most of the stuff I write is done on the back of envelopes or paper napkins . . sometimes I actually get a spiral notebook and keep a record of lyrics that move me . . a lot of haiku.

So ! we're back in K.C. Had to find a motel that would let me bring the dog so the rest of the group is housed up in grand style and I'm on the outskirts of town. It's not as bad as all that though, there's country roads for walking with the Muqua and we both prefer it to city sidewalks . . and since I drove down this time I can be back at the club in under ten minutes.

We rehearsed all day yesterday, Fito has come up with the sets of a lifetime, some of the greatest pieces we've ever collaborated on. ! This man blows my mind ! Always has and it appears he always will . . . As we plan to go into the studio soon we're also considering time as well as content. (God, I haven't had to think in these terms since the seventies !) Marko has been blowing my mind lately. Looks like the time off has done him good. Wish Sammy would lighten up a bit. I'm still reeling from his explosion with the lighting guy at Club Chi Chi. What the hell happened there ? (still waters run deep ?)

Haven't been able to talk to any of the guys about Rosey's death.

Wow,

what a send-off ! Like the hand of Gabriel . . . perhaps Gabe was jealous? There are definite undertones of the Medea there, . . a dragon drawn chariot of fire taking him to his reward . . .

I just haven't been able to shake the thought of my own mortality . . . Christ I'm 50, soon to be 51 ! (When the hell did THAT happen ? Seems like I was just 31 . . and the REALLY scary part is that the time is just zippin' by ! God it's Friday already and I seem to remember just waking up on Monday.)

A lot of new things going on.

Cherry is back on the scene with a vengeance! She's a funny one that girl , . . one minute she's doing the " I just want to be your friend" thing and the next she's making it quite clear that she wants MY job ! The last time a female person said she wanted my job, she GOT it ! I'm just sitting still for the moment and watching . . I DO have other things to tend to like my voice (!) but it seem that every time I Turn around I catch her looking at me . . . judging . . can't imagine why She would find me a threat, christ, she's had a life of privilege Compared to mine . . , I just don't get it. But I do believe that when a Person shows you who they are, BELIEVE them, . . the FIRST time ! Oh what the hell . . . !



Kat Trowell

Journal of Fito Day May 4, 2001

Yesterday, I went over the proposed list of new music with the group. Not too much was nixed, but it's obvious that we will need to spend some time in practice. The weather has been nice here in K.C., and Sammy has kept the larder full with everything from sushi to local barbeque delights. Most of the afternoon was spent in a kind of free-form fashion. Cherry Gollogoly called to check in, and Kat went out to buy a new frock. Steve-o, Sammy, Marko and I jammed a bit, and then suddenly it was evening.

Bruno Grugeryvic's little gathering at McDougal's Tavern last night was delightful. When we arrived, Cherry Gollogoly and Szabo Doobie were already in heated discussion, and I could see Bruno rolling his eyes and making gestures of futility.

I hadn't seen Bruno since the Montreaux festival of 1999, and he was looking as dapper and magnetic as ever.

During the evening, he hinted at some possible collaborations. He is a fine horn-man. My only concern would be his propensity to attract unusual situations. ..don't we have enough of that?

Szabo, the eternal beatnik, was nearly unintelligible with his thick eastern-european accent. Kat, however, seemed to be able to understand every word he said, and acted as a sort of translator.

I sensed some sort of tension between Kat and Cherry Gollogoly, but at the close of the evening, they walked out onto the street together arm in arm.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly May 4, 2001

It is impossible to say right now if I shall be able to overcome my weird female karma (whether real or perceived). I am still driven to divide and conquer (alas my fatal flaw). When I was at Bruno Grugeryvic's gathering last night, I wanted so much to be drawn back into the world of jazz. When I observed Kat, she seemed so smug and centered in her world. Not to mention so utterly lovely! How I managed to keep my feelings at bay is still a mystery. Perhaps it was being so close to all those special spirits. It did dawn upon me that what I project may be what I receive and so I made every effort to be expansive. When I observed Marko's manner toward me, I truly felt that I had been successful as a friend. How much more important than the conventional man & woman tug-o-war. By the time I left I tried to wash out my scary tigers with some rose colored light, and even joined Kat, arm in arm at exiting. I said to her...

" Following Nature, all things find their proper place." (A taoist quotation).

Review by Werner Truckbyttén

On the performance of the Fito Day Ensemble at the Hey-Hey Club/Kansas City Missouri 5/4/01)

When one drives through the streets of old Kansas City Missouri, a true sense of what those "good-ole'-days" of jazz, surrounds one in an nostalgic romanticism, that surely is but a dream, albeit a charming one! On Friday night, May 4th, I was in such a receptive mood, and lured on by my little romantic notions, I approached 18th & Vine, the site of the old Hey-Hey Club. Though this building is no longer an operating venue for jazz, it was especially obtained by the powers that be, for a unique performance of the Fito Day Ensemble. This may go down as one of the singularly most unusual and delightful nights in my jazz explorations.

A heady group of intelligentsia, latter-day "Beats", and musical sophisticates, jostled together before the show, sipping champagne and wine, and helping to enliven an already dramatic ambience. But it was the performance itself that transported us to another world, where ghosts of "darktown" cool-cats, and angels of modern jazz joined together in an outrageously lovely evocation of artful music.

The ensemble began with their customary "Fito's Blues" and moved right into a swinging version of "Canterdig". There was a brief pause as Fito Day addressed the audience and introduced his group and some friends in the audience. He also took the opportunity to toast the empty table which symbolically seated his jazz-angels, Billy Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, and Lester Young.

The show moved right on into that amazing mix of Jerome Kern's "All the things you are" and a selection of Ernst Krenek's "What Price Confidence", now known as "The Krenek thing"*. The ensemble let loose with improvisations which thrilled us all And took us on a journey that is hard to define in genre.

The piece begins with the familiar tune of Kern's "All the Things you are", but soon unusual motifs begin to appear, and rather quickly a soft pan-diatonic atonal improvisation leads us to the birth of an intimately combined tapestry of the two chosen original works.

There follows another curious improvisation in which all instruments gradually disappear from the piece, and only the bass remains. Sammy Klewis then uses a "Mingusesque" flourish to tie up the exotic package with a neat bow.

Kat Trowell now makes an appearance on stage. She treats us to a set of three numbers, pampering us with her sultry versions of "Poodle", "Broccoli & Batteries", and "Suwanee River". There follows a break, and Fito Day wanders about the room, greeting people, and making us feel welcome.

In the next set, Mr. day introduces Cherry Gollogly, and coaxes her to the stage. Those of you in touch with the world of contemporary poetry will know Ms. Gollogly's work, which is now renown. Some may remember her previous incarnation, on the Operatic stages of the world. She terminated her career in the early 1990's, in favor of her second passion, writing. The ensemble presented us with their adaptation of Ms. Gollogly's piece "Phantom Shoes". I was amazed to hear this incredible voice as it penetrated the atmosphere of the club like an aural moon-beam. One wonders if she should not return to the music world, where she would surely be welcomed with open arms once again.

In the next session we heard a provocative and melancholy "On Lake Shipp" played by Marko Moon on a guitar of his own making. Steve-o Ness gave us a peppy and ebullient "Skeleton of Grapes", deftly performed on vibes. As a finale the ensemble wrapped things up with a medley: Rogers & Hammerstein's, "Favorite things, merged into a quixotic version of "Mellow-Yellow" by Donovan Leitch, and lastly Fito Day's own arrangement of his "Go Figure" played on a Chinese bamboo-sax.

After much applause and appreciation ,an appropriate encore of "Goin' to Kansas City", put us all in good parting spirits.

-Werner Truckbyttten

Letter to Clementina Zwerus from Cherry Gollogoly May 5, 2001

Dear Clema,

I'm just resting in my hotel room. Kansas City has been a lot of fun so far. It was an impulsive idea to just come to Fito's show, but well worth it.

Last night at the first Hey Hey performance, Fito coaxed me on stage, and we did an impromptu version of "Phantom Shoes". The crowd loved it. I will keep you posted.

How's Amsterdam these days? I hear Jaff Seijas is coming to stay at Fito's apartment on the Herengracht...should be fun.

Tonight's gig at Hey Hey, is featuring a guest appearance of Bruno Grugeryvic. He and Rosey were good friends as I remember. It wouldn't surprise me if they paid some homage to your brother. I miss youlets stay in touch,

Cherry Gollogoly.

Journal of Fito Day May 5,2001

I would briefly note that the Hey Hey Adventure has been just that so far. Friday night's show was superb. Bruno Grugeryvic joins us this p.m. for guest spot.

Tried to chill-out some by soaking in the tub and listening to some fabulous music by "Sequentia", re-interpretations of Music of the troubadours, sung in the original occitanese . Ah ...days of hallowed castles, and mystic madness...

I'm still feeling a bit strung-out, and apprehensive about something. I hope it's just my usual "will everything work out for the best ?" paranoia...

There was a wonderful card slipped under my door...one of Cherry Gollogly's Thought provoking and pleasant gestures...it made me feel good.

*at the center of jazz
is Blues chameleon-
like of changing
hues...to know them
is to have paid your
dues..... burt korall*

Cherry's Card

Review by Werner Truckbyttten

Review Notes of performance: Saturday, May 5, 2001

Fito Day Ensemble at the Hey Hey Club/ Kansas City, Missouri

It was my privilege to be once again in the audience on Saturday night, May 5, 2001, of a second performance of the Fito day Ensemble at the Hey Hey Club in Kansas City Missouri. Again, the air was charged with an electrical excitement, on that full moon night, as the lights were dimmed and the players came to the stage, heralded by applause. There was no fanfare but the show began immediately with a beam of soft pink light focused on Kat Trowell as she proceeded with a chant-like acappella "Fas et nefas Ambulant" (from the early Carmina Burana songs, circa 1280 a.d.). I had heard this piece performed once before by the ensemble and was pleasantly surprised that they had refined their presentation of it. The chant unfolded like some weird hybrid origami of medieval polyphony and barber-shop harmony, as the voices of the other ensemble members chimed in. Emerging from stage right the solitary and shadowed figure of Bruno Grugeryvic appeared, trumpet raised. In a dramatic opening, the piece suddenly burst forth into instrumental music which led the listener through a complex layering of the basic theme, stretching the music into shapes both unexpected and enigmatic. Bruno Grugeryvic is a well known figure among the international jazz world's denizens. He is indeed, a musician's musician, and has been acclaimed as one of the most creative and individual contemporary Trumpet players . His association with the Fito Day Ensemble is a long one, with whom he has made frequent guest appearances. I will always remember the now legendary performance at the 1995 Montreaux Festival, where Fito Day Ensemble teamed up with Rosey Zwerus, and Bruno Grugeryvic, to deliver an outrageous two hour impromptu set! Kat Trowell, then presented us with a medley of three songs. A whimsical and delightful romp through "Broccoli & Batteries" was followed by a comically neurotic tussle in "If I only had a brain", and wound up with a deliciously melancholic version of

Steven Foster's "I dream of Jeannie" accompanied by the haunting solo trumpet of Bruno Grugeryvic.

Between the set, Mr. Day introduced some of the luminaries in the audience (it was my honor to be

included). Among the crowd, were Szabo Doobie (the enfant-terrible new wave jazz drummer), Allo

DeNahon(composer), and Terry Thouverez (composer). On returning to the stage, Marko Moon began the set,

with a deftly played "On Lake Shipp", on a beautiful handcrafted guitar of his own creation.

Next, Steve-o Ness was featured on vibes, in a rollicking and dizzy arrangement of "Sea Bauble".

Finally, Sammy Klewis amused us with a terrific solo riff in "The Big Fiddle".

As a finale, Bruno Grugeryvic returned to join the ensemble, in Fito Day's arrangement of "Goblets of

the Gods", based on a idea from a poem by Cherry Gollogoly. This piece, is one of the groups

singularly most difficult works to listen to (and that must be true of the performance aspect as

well). It begins with a brief vocal, more a recitation than a song, and quickly escalates into a

series of intricately woven instrumental improvisations, which take their form as complete

tapestry of jazz-splendor by it's closing. It's indeed one of those pieces which is quite spellbinding to hear played live and on stage.

What a night!

-Werner Truckbyttten - Nederlands Jazz Gazette

Email from Cherry Gollogoly May 6, 2001

Dear Kat,

seems strange that we should both be in Kansas City and not at least try and meet somewhere outside the jazz venue. Shall we meet for a breakfast, a lunch, a coffee at Starbuck's or something? A little girls-outing moment? I leave on Tuesday.

(Rm. 77 Hyatt, Crown Center)

ps: Both the Hey Hey shows have been absolutely incredible. You were great.

call if you're up for it.
Cherry Gollogoly

Email from Kat Trowell

Wanna go walk the dog ? There's a park not far from where I'm staying.

Let's grab a good bottle of wine and set out !

Email from Cherry Gollogoly

OKHERE IS MY CELL PHONE # 212-9892711 CALL ME
AND GUIDE ME TO WHERE YOU ARE...I WILL BE READY TO
LEAVE THE HOTEL IN ONE HOUR...I'LL BRING SOME SNACKS
TOO! THANKS! CHERRY

Journal of Fito Day May 7, 2001

The weekend is finished, but will not soon be forgotten! What a time! All three shows had a distinct flavor, and all were well received. It was a pleasure to be able to collaborate with Bruno Grugeryvic again. I know the other ensemble players loved it too. What a remarkable talent. What a perceptive ability to flow with the mood of the group yet maintain an air of individuality throughout. Bruno has agreed to do a guest appearance at the recording session later this year as well. I was deeply touched by the great sensitivity that my band members displayed during this marathon concert and gladden by their resourcefulness and inspirational contributions. Cherry Gollogoly's surprise visit to K.C. was a fantastic act of spontaneity. Her performance with us on Friday night left everyone breathless. Yet another interesting event of the weekend, and I know that she liked our interpretations of her lyrics. It was also quite fortunate that Allo Nahon, and Terry Thouverez were Both in the audience. They approached me with some interesting ideas which I will present to the group later.

Now that the K.C. gig is finished, we must on to the serious business of rehearsal, and the selection of new material. We will be leaving the city on Wednesday. Until then there are no plans but to enjoy this sprawling mid-western metropolis and get in a little Kansas City style jazz ourselves. The next stop will be Sammy's farm and studio way way out in the country. A small rural hamlet, named Asbury, not far from Joplin, Missouri, is the location of Sammy's hide-a-way. It's always been a great place for us to work. There's plenty of space, and an up-to-date studio with great equipment. Not much in the way of social life around those parts, but That isn't what we are after.

Looking forward to a concentrated work effort....
oh yes....I received our confirmation contract from the agency regarding our appearance at the Jazz festival in N.Y.C.June!

We will be on parade with some heavy hitters!

Marko Moon : Response to the infamous "note in the guitar case" episode

you do see things a little bit
differently than most and hold to dreams
unpublished, real, obscure
watching over the
developing islands beyond an inaccessible coast
receptive, yet, a tenant
who must swim to live so
humbly stroking, gone blind
on that landscape
lies the deepest labyrinth
where even the oldest units never go
their penchants long ago determined
in a different bonus grove
the watered heartfelt onus pruned
a promised bloom
spread loosely
on a less than organized workbench
with a history of longing

Journal of Fito Day May 8, 2001

Seems like all the cosmic ducks are in a ducky row. Looking forward, with great swags of intellectual goomba, to the arrangements we have made for upcoming recording studio time. We will now have His High Groovethang - The Supreme Ong, to manipulate the unfathomable Vacuum-abunda instrument. Needless to say, I am beside myself with expectation! Bruno Grugeryvic will also join us, making the recording session quite the literal blast. There is also a new twist in store for us out on Sammy's Farm. Allo Nahon, and Terry Thouverez will making a weekend of it with us at some juncture. They have been collaborating on a jazz-tone-poem, with vocal parts, that is developing into some sort of chamber-opera. One can only guess what that means. After their last collaboration, "Lost Egg of Leda", in which masked chorus' hurled and barked exclamations both poetic and chaotic, based on ancient greek theatre procedure, while Hildy Flanoy, that unclassifiable singer/performer, sang in lowest possible register, as she played a clothesline laden with javanese bells!

We shall see....oh shall we not?!

GEORGE WEIN
PRESENTS

JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL NEW YORK

JUNE 17-30, 2001

WEDNESDAY JUNE 17
Who's On First?
BOB DOROUGH & DAVE FRISHBERG
The Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College

THURSDAY JUNE 18
JOSHUA REDMAN QUARTET
Jazz at Lincoln Center
ERIC REED SEPTET featuring
Wynton Marsalis & Donald Harrison
The Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College

FRIDAY JUNE 19
The Cabaret Jazz Hall of Fame
JOE BUSHKIN, FREDDY COLE,
BLOSSOM DEARIE, RONNY WHYTE
The Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College

SATURDAY JUNE 20
"A Love Supreme"
Remembering John Coltrane
MICHAEL BRECKER, JON FADORS,
ROY HARGROVE QUINTET
THE CARNEGIE HALL JAZZ BAND
Carnegie Hall

CESARIA EVORA
BEBEL GILBERTO
Beacon Theatre

SUNDAY JUNE 21
Salsa Jam / Latin Pianos
RICHE RAY & BOBBY CRUZ
PAPPO LUCCA Y
LA SONORA FONCELA
Jazz at Lincoln Center
Carnegie Hall

MAZE featuring FRANKIE BEVERLY
with REGINA BELLE
Beacon Theatre

FITO DAY ENSEMBLE
featuring special guest
BRUNO GRUGERYVIC
Manhattan Theatre

MONDAY JUNE 22
"CALLE 54"
GATO BARBIER, MICHEL CAMILO TRIO
PADRITO D'RIERA ENSEMBLE,
FELIANE ELIAS TRIO, JERRY GONZALEZ
& THE FORT APACHE BAND
Beacon Theatre 8pm-midnight

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI JAZZ ORCHESTRA
featuring LEW TABACKIN
past guest: RANDY BRECKER
Birdland 8pm & 11pm

TUESDAY JUNE 23
SONSHEIM & JAZZ: "SIDE BY SIDE"
Jodie & Roy, Oscar Castro Neves,
Billy Childs, Luis Delafuente, Kurt Elling,
Nerina Furlan, Maureen McGovern,
Marion McPartland, Lewis Nash,
Ken Peplowski, Patricia Rushen,
Terry Trotter & Peter Westinghouse
Carnegie Hall

HANK JONES TRIO
featuring special guest JOE LOVANO
Birdland 8pm & 11pm

WEDNESDAY JUNE 24
KEITH JARRETT
GARY PEACOCK
JACK DEJOHNETTE
Carnegie Hall

JOHNNY GRIFFIN QUARTET
featuring special guest CLARK TERRY
Birdland 8pm & 11pm

THURSDAY JUNE 25
PHIL WOODS QUINTET
featuring special guest JOHNNY GRIFFIN
Birdland 8pm & 11pm

FITO DAY ENSEMBLE
featuring KAT TROWELL &
CHERRY GOLLOGLY
Way Wiggled Club 8pm

FRIDAY JUNE 26
NINA SIMONE IN CONCERT
featuring special guest JOE LOVANO
Carnegie Hall

Two Stars Shining - Wayne & Child
WAYNE SHORTER QUARTET
featuring special guests: Billie Holiday & Duke Ellington
with CHICK COREA NEW TRIO
featuring special guests: Herbie Hancock & Ahmad Jamal
Avery Fisher Hall

KEVIN MAHOGANY ORGAN QUARTET
featuring special guest DR. LOUNIE SMITH
Birdland 8pm & 11pm

SATURDAY JUNE 27
featuring special guest DIANA KRALL
Carnegie Hall

Deodato 2001 Celebration
EUMIR DEODATO
with Omar Hakim, Garry Barnes,
Robbie Sanabria, Mayra & others
Featuring a special guest: David Sanabro & David Sanabro
Avery Fisher Hall

Planet Dance
CARLINHOS BROWN
AFRO-CUBAN ALL STARS
Antibalas Afrobeat Orchestra
GlobeSonic DJs
Featuring special guests: Willie Collier & The Soulmates, George
Hammerson & The Soulmates 8pm-midnight
Hammerson Ballroom 8pm-midnight

DEWEY REDMAN'S 70th BIRTHDAY
featuring TOM HARRELL & JOE LOVANO
Birdland 8pm & 11pm

SUNDAY JUNE 28
The Carnegie Hall Concert Series
GLADYS KNIGHT
featuring special guest Jamie Hawkins
Carnegie Hall

PAT MARTINO TRIO
Birdland 8pm & 11pm

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ONG Musings May 8, 2001

Sorry I am so long returning, but life has taken me away from my beloved computer and I have been forced to interact with actual people. While in itself this is not a bad thing, they have tended to be less rich in spirit, and certainly poorer in music, than the ethereal y'all which exist inside my machine, and perhaps only inside my mind, for who is to say where the divide occurs. For instance, where is the line drawn between Fito and his sax? where does one become separate from the other? do they exist outside of each other? and if so how? in what form? I could go on like this of course but I am sure you get the idea.

Thank you for the address of the Vacuum shop, I am in deed in search of a new instrument as I am at the moment at the mercy of a Royal, which while it is far superior in color, cannot hold a candle to the Electra Lux in tone and versatility.

As to your suggestion, I have made plans in the near future to record a solo piece upon said Royal to present to Marko for him to enhance with flamenco/jazz guitar. The plan at the moment is to flamenco-ize a Hoagy Charmichael tune or two on the Vacuum unless someone can stop me. You cannot stop me you say? But then I new this all along.

The only hope is that Marko himself will decline, which he cannot, so all is lost you see. If the plan proceeds as expected I hope to hook up with the ensemble during the June 1-16 NYC recording sessions to introduce this piece for further enhancement and consideration for the next release.

As for losing interest in this experiment I cannot, but then you knew that too. My schedule is such that I am often unable to participate for periods of time, however it is not lack of interest or boredom, but rather poor planning on my part, a misuse of allotted time, spent on the mundane rather than the transcendent. Among my lofty plans is another whereby I shall resort to magick as a means of time tricking, or at the very least I shall use my chi to obtain a higher consciousness thus freeing me of the mundane, otherwise I shall win the lottery.

Thank you for this forum whereby I can speak about myself for a seemingly endless period of time, ah...the magick is working already, I have mastered time itself only to squander it yet again. I must repeat the experiment exactly the same way, without change, over and over again, until I get the desired result.

later, and later still
Ong

Letter from Marko to Ong May 8, 2001

Oh your exalted chordal oneness,

May we briefly direct numerous electrons to your ascended jazzy bad self relative to recording the only instrument that sucks and blows at the same time!

I'm all for the project and relieved that you'll be using the Big E at this meeting because the only memory i have of your physical presence at our last meeting was that shimmer of energy much as you see on a stretch of west texas highway on a 115 degree day. It's cool, the whole not needing a body thing, I'm down with it, It's just that more than one person in the cafe was seen dialing 911 during our lunch together as I chuckled and babbled to skies while you unlocked the mysteries of root chord extensions and the myxolydian mode.

I've got portable recording equipment if there is a particular room or building where you get the sound you like or I can send the family to another state and we can record here at rancho Marko. Additional onus bonus: just found my voltage regulator (used to slow or speed up woodworking tools by adjusting current flow to the motor) which could be used to modulate the tone of your ax up and down, and have just transcribed three months worth of performing with Szabo Doobie, run the tones of his drums through the computer, and downloaded all into an alesis drum machine. so in essence, we've got Szabo in a box and any rhythm pattern tapped on the key pad will have his tonal signature. the drum machine also drinks a great deal less Johnny Walker Red than Szabo, and is always in a good mood.

in the Tao, Marko

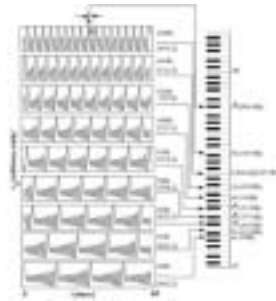
Fito Note

May 9....as we drive down through lovely pastoral countryside to Sammy's farm, I am reminded that today is May the 9th, and it would have been "Rosey" Zwerus' 55th Birthday. Just a little prayer for our beloved and departed brother & friend.....

Steve-o Ness Notebook April 2001

two ships parked close together in rough seas will be pushed towards one another by the fact that longer waves are removed from the space between them:

the idea seems to be that this kind of action explains all forces?



EOF (ElectricalOpticalFreq) 10^{-3} to 10^{-8}

Visible	10^{-6}
Near UV	
Violet	.4
Blue	
Green	.5
Yellow	
Orange	.6
RED	.7
IR .	$.8 \times 10^{-6}$

Visible Light Radiation Spectrum (10^{15} Hz)

color	(Å) wavelength	frequency	Energy (* 10^{-19} J)
violet	4000 - 4600	7.5 - 6.5	5.0 - 4.3
indigo	4600 - 4750	6.5 - 6.3	4.3 - 4.2
blue	4750 - 4900	6.3 - 6.1	4.2 - 4.1
green	4900 - 5650	6.1 - 5.3	4.1 - 3.5
yellow	5650 - 5750	5.3 - 5.2	3.5 - 3.45
orange	5750 - 6000	5.2 - 5.0	3.45 - 3.3
red	6000 - 8000	5.0 - 3.7	3.3 - 2.5

Fiber Optic 10^{-5}
Infrared 10^{-3} to 10^{-6}
Infrared Radiation Spectrum (10^{11} Hz to 10^{15} Hz)
Microwaves 10^{-05} to 10^{-3}
Microwaves Radiation Spectrum(10^8 Hz to 10^{12} Hz)
Radar Waves Radiation Spectrum(10^{10} Hz to 10^{12} Hz)

Police Radar, Satellite,
Through the Wall Imaging Technologies
Microwave radar signals between 30GHz
and 300 GHz
Microwave leak detectors 3 GHz detection's
EHF BANDS(L,S, C, Ku,K,Ka,VW) Industry Bands
SHF Military Bands (B,C,D,E,F,G,H,I,J,K,L,M)
International Bands

UHF
Human Brain Cavity Resonates at about 400MHz $\sim 10^6$ m wavelength
Human Brain uses gravity waves for telepathy.
UHF TV Channel = 470 to 476 MHz

Letter from Cherry Gollogoly to Marko

Mesmer Bdlg./West 57th/N.Y.C.

Dear Marko,

After the intense high of the Kansas City experience, I walked about for 48 hours in a kind of zombification. I had dredged up so many emotions that I was at once both empty and full. This morning, after I retrieved the post, and found your letter, and read the contents, I once again, fell into a state of delicious awareness, punctuated by the deepest feelings of compassion and understanding. Oh my, such words from your pen, and how apt, how far-seeing!

I am now gripped by the Muses, and plan to devote this time to the production of some truly reflective work. If it be poetry, or a fiction, or some other offering, I know not at present, but I feel the refreshing breezes of inspiration upon my brow. This is the direct result of being back in close proximity to you and the others of our circle. How Fito has influenced my life before is well known, and I am so thankful for his guidance. It is also my joy to finally claim Kat as a friend, a laurel I never thought would rest on my head. But I am most thrilled, by being able to finally see you in the light of clarity. There was a time when I thought of you only as an object of romantic conquest. Now I realize that there is much more to our relationship than the mere pillow games of men and women. An artist must have that which is eternal, and if we were ever to be united, it shall be in that kingdom beyond time & space, where possibility merges with cosmic immediacy to form Truth. I know, I know....words Cherry, but do they not ring as true as one's own Destiny rings true?

I remain, Cherry Gollogoly

Email from ONG May 10, 2001

Subject: Ong-ly to Fito Day and all ships at C#

While I was indeed awake I was unfortunately otherwise occupied, in fact it can be said that I do more before 8:00 am then the United States Army does all day, with the exception of the murder of countless little brown people of course.

I look forward to the upcoming NY sessions, hopefully by then

I shall have co-ordinated with Marko for some pre-session recording and possibly we can lay down some vacuuous notes on the first try.

Marko if you are there, I have DAT capabilities and some otherwise recording devices, although it would be good to conspire, lest it turn out like an Ebony and Ivory type affair, whereby the artists never were together for a single session including the video. While this is was tribute to modern technology, it does not really speak to the content of that ditty if you know what I mean.

An interesting thing that you should mention the voltage regulator, I looked at my Royal after your missive and noticed that it indeed has it's own regulator. While I am more familiar with the Electra Lux, it does not have this feature as I recall, so I will experiment with this attachment and see where it takes me.

Perhaps we can arrange another meeting in the near future to possibly lay down some tracks, if I can wrest the instrument away from my associate who seems to think it is a cleaning device. I will stay in touch and try to arrange a time that is equitable.

love,
Ong

Note from Fito May 10, 2001

Dear Sleeping Beauties:

I admit it's only 6:30 am....so I cannot scold...instead I will go for a walk. In the meantime, you will see here a copy of our selected additions to the repertoire list with some red checks by certain items. I would like to have some notion of your feelings about these pieces, as they are the ones I would most like to begin with. For the moment we are going to lay off the pieces by Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez, as their presence here (when they arrive) may alter our approach.

so, drink coffee, and then come to studio....

you know who!



Copy of the note Fito Day left on the Kitchen Table

Email from Fito to Ong May 10, 2001

Dear Ong,

I appear to be the only one awake this morning, so I am taking this opportunity to send you a message of confirmation. Yes and yes again, you must join us in N.Y.C. in June, for the recording session. Surely by that time the "Royal-Vacubunda" will be ready and perfected. I hope that the place in K.C. has any obsolete spare parts you may need./Everything seems to be fine today. The sun is shining and I hear distant cows mooing (hopefully they are not "mad"). Sammy's farm retreat is quite nice, and I am about to go out to the studio and make sure everything is order out there. Please send us some energy for this upcoming creative period. I am looking forward to real brainstorm out here!

with admiration and awe....as ever in the "jazz-pleroma" Fito Day!

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly May 11, 2001

Friday, May 11, 2001

Mesmer Bldg. W. 57th, N.Y.C.

I am finally ensconced back in my apartment in the New York. How very happy I am that I made that surprise trip to Kansas City! What a difference it made to my whole perception of myself and of my friends. It's so funny, the things we carry around inside us for years and years. It seems all my fears about relationships, the arts and my role in them, and my "dark-side" getting out of control, were "dust in the wind" as they say.

I could have wasted money on psych-therapy, but the goddess smiled upon me, and instead I got to groove to the 10th power in funky Kansas City. Fito's energy is terrific, and those guys (and gal) in his assemblage are among the most amazing characters I've ever had the pleasure to be with in this life. When I was asked to come on stage at the Hey Hey Club event, I was both honored and deeply touched. I did give it my all, and in giving rediscovered that joy, that I so often experienced as a singer, both of jazz and opera. A little flame was kindled again, and I came back to Life as well.

Last Sunday, I drove through the winding and confusing streets of K.C., out to some northern suburb, where Kat Trowell had chosen to stay. It was one of those developing areas where the works of man meet the resistance of Mother Nature, and her Motel was situated neatly on that line. Behind was a sort of natural walking park, and there, shortly after my arrival, Kat, her dog, and I, armed with a basket of croissants, Brie, pears, and a bottle of Shiraz, set out to enjoy the day and hopefully each other. And what an outing it proved to be!

I had to get the Egypt incident off my chest. How silly I was to even bring it up. For were we not both young and feisty women abroad? And what could be more natural than doing things inappropriate in foreign lands when one is hormonally hyped, high on hashish, and just a tad rebellious? Of course, I placed my feelings of Kat's dislike for my character in that era and during that trip, whether real or imagined. As it turns out, imagined seems to be the case. For her memory of that time, was quite different, and she

assured me that, although she was troubled by my behavior, it was more out of concern for my safety than an outright judgment of my personality.

Then we talked about our varied experiences with men, (a lot of laughing in that segment!).

I think, for the first time in all the years I've known Kat, I saw her without my colorings of jealousy, or envy. It was as if she were some radiant being who had come to cleanse my spirit of some old debris. As we drank our wine, and our mood mellowed, we were caught up in a whirlwind of humor and laughter, and like two silly schoolgirls, we rolled upon the grass, made wreaths of wildflowers for our heads, and blithely romped and ran through paths with her dog.

I've prayed along time for the removal of negative dark clouds from the heart of my soul, and now, as I sit at my desk, recording these events, tears of release flow down my cheeks, for my granted wishes.

Copy of Cherry Gollogoly's poem: IN EGYPT WITH NO UNDERWEAR

At the core of the map of love are the diaries and
When I embrace her,
Often disguised as a man,
Everything was quiet...was
Forgetful of my own self.
It is strange that this period
Sees as a more truthful image of Egypt,
The going in and out of her messengers
Favouring cross-cultural encounters.
If she speaks, then I am strong again
It is in this guise that she is
Demystifying the Copts.
My heart is not content with Egypt...
My body has become heavy,
As she has come to me...
Revive my heart.

Note: Cherry Gollogoly often uses the famously arcane surrealist method of composition, whereby sentences are cut from a page, and random fragments are drawn from a bag or hat, and then placed on a page in order of their picking to construct a new poem. Often the unconscious arrangement of words produces lovely and mysterious messages. – Fito day

In Egypt with no
underwear

At the core of The Map of Love are the diaries and

When I embrace her,

often disguised as a man,

everything was quiet -- was

Forgetful of my own self,

"It is strange that this period

sees as a more truthful image of Egypt.

The going in and out of her messengers

favouring cross-cultural encounters,

if she speaks, then I am strong again

It is in this guise that she is

demystifying the Copts,

my heart is not content with with Egypt.

My body has become heavy,

as she has come to me,

revive my heart.

Cherry Gollogoly

Copy of Cherry Gollogoly's original poem in the Surrealist method of composition

Journal of Fito Day May 14, 2001

Been working pretty hard. The whole group seems pretty focused, except for Kat. She seems distracted, preoccupied with something. When she is with us, it's fantastic. Her voice is good, and her intuition during improvisations is superb. When she is out of sync, we simply carry on and move into instrumental rehearsal.

I hope that whatever it is, she will be able to resolve it.

Sammy is also having some difficulties. His playing is fine, but he is losing ground on the more subtle aspects of the more avant-garde compositions. Yet when he does finally grasp the whole mood of a piece, he makes great recovery.

Marko is soaring. The adaptation of "Very Cherry" is remarkable. His new guitar is a miracle of sound, and he is completely at one with his music.

Steve-o is a maze of abstraction and his thoughts enter the room before he does. The innovations in "In Egypt with no Underwear" are positively thrilling. This will be the first time that he has played both vibes and drums simultaneously, exhibiting his ambidextrous abilities. He also created a weird percussion instrument made of glass, clay, metal, and wood scraps found around the land here. This was also employed effectively in our re-arrangement of Sammy's song "Who is McCutcheon?"

We have now been through the entire list of possible new numbers, excluding the pieces by Thouverez and Nahon. I think we may just keep them all. Everyone seems to like the selections very much.

There have been some phone calls from Ong, concerning the "Vacuum-abunda" and arrangements for meeting us in N.Y.C.. We have also heard from Cherry Gollogoly, who seems thoroughly radiant. She's offered her apartment for general uses when we get to the city. She is also working on some new projects she is eager to share with us.

There have also been some dates set for the visit of Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez. We will be seeing them both, this coming weekend. I am looking forward to their visit. They have two incredible minds and are extremely gifted.

I have received a gift from Clementina Zwerus. It's a heavy package, but small. It came yesterday via U.P.S., all the way from the Netherlands. I thought I'd wait until dinner time tonight and open it with everyone present.



Journal of Fito Day May 15, 2001

It's about 3 a.m. and I simply can't sleep. After dinner, as we all sat around the living room, with gentle breezes wafting in through open windows, and crickets chirping, I opened the box from Clementina Zwerus. I'm sure that I have never received such an amazing gift ever before!

When I unwrapped the final paper and padding, there before was revealed the singularly most curious creation, I have ever beheld.

A miniature and quite playable lapis-lazuli saxophone! This jeweled toy has ivory stops, and gold bands. There is a small, very royal looking mark, near the mouthpiece, and a hand-etched signature (unreadable), just below it. The accompanying card, informs me that it was given to Rosey Zwerus as a boy by his Uncle, and it was made in Czarist Russia. We were all flabbergasted at this extravagant gesture. The most surprising thing about it is the incredible, otherworldly sound. I played "Canterdig" on it, and just couldn't get over its uniqueness,.....it's strangeness.

I can't wait to use it in concert, or in the recording studio.



Fito Day and the Lapis Sax



Note to

Lovely Darling - May 16, 2001

Dear L.D.,

I am not sure if I mentioned this, but the whole ensemble is out in the country in Missouri, at Sammy Klewis' retreat/farm/studio...

We'd love to have you come out for a visit. I could stand some of your innovative "Jazz-Feldenkrais" therapy!

Free Music and food! Let us know. We will be here until early June.

In the Jazz Pleroma....with Love, Fito Day! # 417-6262785

Steve-o Ness Notebook May 2001

The emotions may be viewed as scalar gravity waves which have a distance between waves to represent the type of emotions as:

The frequencies of the emotions and DNA which may be translated into sound waves and gravity waves are as follows:

The emotions distance measure between heart beat sound waves:

Sadness Grief . 4
Security Pleasure .5
Wonder/Love .6= Compassion .618 Phi
Sincerity Truth .7
Peace Openness .8
Well Being Reality .9
Satisfaction Intellect 1.0

► Delivery of the Big 3 May 16, 2001

My room here at Sammy's place was once a storage room for farm equipment, and is not part of the main house. It is small but comfortable, and since it's remodeling is quiet and rather charming. I was in my usual state of relaxation, post meditation, when that feeling of the closeness of the Big 3 came over me, and within a moment they appeared. This time, however, they manifested a diminutive version of themselves. Like a child, I sat and starred in awe, as the vision took shape on my dresser, as if it were a stage!

Just as always, Billy Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, and Lester Young materialize. This time, the two great sax-men, play a slow and haunting rendition of "Body & Soul" as an introduction. Billy then steps forward and sings-speaks...

BILLY:

WHY DO OUR LIVES SEEM MICKEY-MOUSE? WHY WHEN BLUE DO WE FAIL
TO SEE THE HANDS THAT REACH TO PULL US FROM OF THE SLOUGH OF
DESPOND? ARE WE NOT TRULY CREATURES OF HABIT THEN? ADDICTS TO
THE MORBID PAIN OF OUR DRUGGED BELIEFS?

(COLEMAN & LESTER CHORUS):

OH IF YOU'RE A MERE SENSATION...IF YOUR HOUSE OF CARDS HAS NO
FOUNDATION

WHEN YOU ASK" WHAT LIES BEFORE ME?...WILL MY FUTURE
BE STORMY?"

BILLY:

BE SOMEWHAT RECKLESS THEN. KNOW THAT LIFE IS A-DARING. YOU ARE
SECURE AND NESTLED IN THE HEART OF ALL THAT IS. YOU ARE
CRADELED IN A SAFE UNIVERSE AND...

(ALL THREE):

HELD BY LOVE BODY & SOUL...

A Letter from Jaff Seijas / dated May 9, 2001

75 Herengracht
Amsterdam, Holland
May 9, 2001

Dear Fito,

It's great to be in your Apartment in Amsterdam! Nani Hoover, met me at the Central station, and gave me a lift on her motor-bike to the Herengracht. After she gave me the keys and we went up to drop of my bag, we walked over to Kantjil and had a wonderful supper of Indonesian fare.

It's really good to be back here, and it makes me feel so secure, to have my own base of operations. The weather so far is fine, just a light sprinkle this morning. I plan to have lunch with Clemma Zwerus tomorrow and go to the Stedelijk to see some exhibition. We also plan to go to Nani Hoover's opening in the evening, and then on to the Club Muisjes for some euro-jazz.

If there is anything you need done here let me know.

Say "hello" to everybody and good luck with your projects.

As ever, x Jaff!

Ps: Clemma asked me to include this note to you. She said it was the Dutch saying from the doorway of the old orphanage in town. She added that the language was archaic, but she believed it was the inscription you wanted for your lyrics in "Mokum".

Copy of the note by Clementina Zwerus included in the letter to Fito Day from jaff Seijas

Wy groein vaftental en laft
Ons tweede vadersklagen
An ga mit voort door deze poort op helpen
Een luttel dragen

A note to Ong from Cherry Gollogoly

Mesmer Bldg. W. 57th St. NYC

Dear Ong.

I just heard from Jaff Seijas, who is at Fito day's apartment in Amsterdam at present. He will be here in the city for the JVC Jazz festival in June (expressly to see the Ensemble). I know you two are friends and want to offer you some lodgings if you like. (Fito mentioned to me that you would be coming up to play Vacuumabunda during the recording session.) In any case, my mother will be going to France for the entire month of June (how convenient). She lives but one floor above. If you like you are welcome to stay in my apartment, which you may recall is quite spacious. Hope everything is good for you. Drop a line sometime.

With all the B flats one will ever need in life, I remain yours,

Cherry Gollogoly



Sammy Klewis' Farm



Sammy Klewis' farm "hut"

Journal of Fito Day May 21, 2001

The subtleties of the weekend events will be impossible to record much less really remember in full. The best I can do is just put down what comes to mind.

Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez arrived on Friday last, quite early in the morning, having driven down from Kansas City. These two eccentric characters both live in Los Angeles now, but had come to Missouri especially to see our show at the Hey Hey Club. It was then that I invited them to Sammy's in hopes that they would be some inspiration for the Ensemble. Allo had mentioned that there was a piece he and Terry were working on that was possibly just right for us. Since these two are known for "pushing the envelope", as the saying goes, I was prepared for almost anything.

✕

I think the best thing for me to do is simply to write what I remember without regard for chronology or exactness.

✕

Everyone was sitting in the big old kitchen having coffee. Sammy went out greeted the guys when they arrived. They came in, and after a lot of shaking hands, hugs, and small talk about the weather, the road trip, and the locals, the conversation turned immediately to music.

✕

Allo has been studying early music all his life, and has even written a few scholarly books on some pretty far-flung subjects. Ancient Greek chordality and Pythagorean Concepts of Harmonics are among his passions. He has also written some very far-out compositions, tone poems, operas, and the like. I have heard some of the pieces performed. I recall one in particular based on the myth of Leda and the Swan in which the members of the orchestra played instruments that were hand built by Students from the Belgian Royal Academy of Art. Some of these peculiar items were fashioned from things as varied as conch shells, zinc wind-mill blades, large plastic drums filled with rice, taxidermy specimens of alligators, and other bizarre found objects. Improvisation has always been a part of Allo's work, coupled with intermittent intricately composed scores; the final product is both jarring and beautiful. His Algerian background has given him that odd eastern sensibility and his formal training at Sorbonne in Paris nourished his cosmopolitan flair.

✕

Terry Thouverez comes from a very sophisticated French family hailing from Lyon. His mother, Therese Thouverez, was a well respected ballet dancer, and kept her son under her wing and close to the musical world. He was a child prodigy and early evidenced a tremendous talent for the piano. When he was sixteen he developed a passion for jazz, and soon began scoring his own compositions. His music defies category. He is clearly a jazz pianist but his soul is something quite unique. I am often reminded of the strange genius of Scriabin when I hear Terry play.

✕

Recently Nahon & Thouverez had been collaborating on a song-cycle based on a folio of poems given to them by a friend, psychiatrist, Dr. Victor Munro. These fragments are all written by two of Munro's patients, a man and a woman, who share a "folie de deux". Allo had expressed an interest in the writing when Dr. Munro spoke of them. Later on Munro allowed the pieces to be copied.

Terry Thouverez has already written some preliminary scores, but both men want the piece to be more in the style of the “art-song”, and have plenty of room for improvisation, as well as vocals that are not too much in any classical genre, but more in the style of the freewheeling chanteuse. They read us some of the fragments, which I must say, were quite touching, or funny, or even incomprehensible.

Ten parts have been selected as offerings, and Allo and Terry would like us to see what we can do with them.

✕

It was Saturday. Kat had been rummaging around the barn. She came into the studio that afternoon with an odd scrap of paper she had found. Sammy said he had never seen it before and added that “It’s no surprise, considering how much stuff is out there. No telling what’s buried in all those heaps of stuff.” He went on to explain that the former owners of the property had left many boxes of papers, lots of books, furniture, and all kinds of household items. The barn and some of the other outlying buildings also contained things that were left behind.

When we examined the paper closely, it was instantly recognizable that names of old jazz musicians were written on it. Steve-o, with his encyclopedic reference mind, quickly pointed out some of the more well known of these names. Kat claimed the mysterious scrap for herself, folding it back up and sliding it into her blouse with a grin.

✕

Phone calls came in from all parts of the globe this past weekend. I heard from Ong Nikas, Cherry Gollogoly, Jaff Seijas, Lovely Darling McCormick, and Caze Jerusalem. Then there was a call from my Sister Veronica and my Mother, who reminded me that it was time to pay a visit, since they hadn’t seen me in almost a year.

✕

Sammy and I drove into Joplin, Missouri on Sunday Morning in the attempt to find Bagels and a New York Times to take back for breakfast. Neither task was entirely successful. It was so early, that the only bookstore with a newsstand was closed, and the nearest thing to Bagels we could find, were some commercial product, from the frozen food section of a local grocery store.

✕

Terry and Allo entertained us with their amazing talents. Alternating between the piano and the vibes, the electric guitar and panpipes and bells, they managed to do a killer version of Allo’s piece “Macrobius”.

✕

Steve-o made a second attempt to go out and get the New York Times. This time the run was successful. There was however some very sad and alarming news in the obituaries (page 47 –Sunday may 20, 2001). Susannah McCorkle committed suicide by leaping from her apartment window in the City. This tragedy colored the day, since we were all fans.

The Writing Fragments of Allo Nahon & Terry Thouverz's work in progress (from the Dr. Munro folio)

1.

Not there
A sudden blast
Now memory
Now numbness
Hurricane
Halicarnassus
Cornelian in unexpected places
Breaking sumptuous repasts in splendid spaces
Where
Elsewhere
Bits of rubble are confused in sea foam

2.

Sparks fly
Imagination speeds
A silver bullet scrapes
Bauhaus white tiled surface

Crisscross
Intersection of selves
A diagonal line drawn through names
Alexander
Blake
And Cary Grant
'Till all masks worn out
Are tossed aside
Fragile husks decay
In dusty castle corners

X's claim their laurels
O's sigh in Chagrin
Little do they know
Next game they shall win

3.

Rushing through the mist
She fearfully calls out
She turns the sauce with trout
As babbling brooks slide past

We could not be boy scouts
The fire and huts were spoiled
She did not know what rocks
When struck would light the buck

Our pasture all turned up
Its lumps of silt and glumps
Of sandy pebble soil
Weed just as soon not toil

Oh cry the harvesters loud
The grey day sucks up cries
They pound their fists to ground
And ask the Goddess “why”?

Ask not
Ask not
Ask not
Three times we wish they’d stop
They crush the bees and clover
And fell forget-me-nots

The people in the town
Are sleeping in too late
The dogs and cats there rule
Not one child is in school

A topsey- turvey tale
A tale of hell fires winds
That covers up a treasure
Now forever hid

She flips the breakfast over
She pulls the tent pins out
She takes a sip of coffee
And gives the dog her trout

4.
Will I ascend again into your court?
Judged fair by life’s jury.
Absolved of treason?
Can my love endure this dry season?
This fall from imagination into clinical reason?

5.
Desire cries out hot!
Oh everything that is Newton
Nebuchadnezzar is not!

6.

Rally round to love
It is the purpose of life
No need to push and shove
No need for fear or strife

Of love there's much Ado
Though not much should be said
For who would speak so loose
Of things over his head?

Open up to Love
And your heart becomes a book
Everyone you meet
Will take a second look

7.

Let's be Frank
And let's be Earnest
Let's be Art
And let's be Clay
Let's be Pearl
Let's be Ruby
Let's be June
And let's be May

Let's be Heather
Let's be Amber
Let's be Star
And let's be King
Let's be Laurel
And let's be Daisy
Let's be Ivy
And let's be Queen

8.

I wanted your suspenders
And all the litter of your free and easy speeches
I wanted to collect your wasted words
In gilded boxes labeled: Absent
I wanted the days you let yourself
Be swallowed by the moon
I wanted the pink folds of your forgotten dreams

I only got your shadow
And it faded at noon

9.

Way down in France
Where the ladies wear no pants
I thought I saw a sailing ship
That was painted bright red
It was laden with strange cargo
From an island called Noheb
And smelled of aged roses
It smelled of long spilled wine
I saw the soft horizon
I saw the cotton clouds
I saw the sleeping captain
As he snored upon the prow
But I never saw a lady
Nor mermaid did I see
Just the French coastline
And a nudist colony

10.

Don't ask for my the promise of tomorrow
For I wrapped it in a small rag and hid it under some leaves
In the woods near your house
I knew I could never find it again
And I knew this was my guarantee that
You could not take my heart away
And pawn it in some frozen market
Among gaunt and starving merchants
Among old crates and dust.

A Letter to Ong Nikas May 23, 2001

Dear Exalted and Most Cherished Philosopher,

First let me begin with an expression of my joy that you are going to be joining us in the City in June! Hallelujah!!!!

The days have been speeding by out here in the country and since there ain't a whole lot to do except focus on ones work, one finds one's self focusing and working a good portion of those 24 hours. Missouri is a quiet place. There are lots of cows and other critters, plenty of trees, streams, and wildflowers. Sammy's farm-hideaway is a sequestered haven and my ensemble mates all seem o.k. with my enforced removal of their persons to this distant locale. The studio is a large converted storage building of some sort and it has some great acoustics. Our rehearsals have been excellent and I feel we are making some true progress with the more difficult pieces.

Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez were both here last weekend to inspire and amuse us with their far-flung intelligences. I mentioned to Allo that you would be joining us in the recording studio and playing your chosen instrument the Electro-Lux Vacuu-Bunda. He was intrigued. As usual Allo was a font of obscure facts. He told me that there is a whole class of musical instruments which have largely faded into obscurity based on vacuum generating receptacles and appendages which are manipulated by hand or mouth, or both, to produce a variety of wind-like sounds.

These ancient musical instruments were popular in many civilizations. There is one called a Borgodoromikii that is still in use today in remote parts of the Dardanelles.

That's all the news from my sector. I hope you are well and good. Please write or call or teleport at your whim.

I remain,

In the Jazz Pleroma,

Your friend

Fito Day

A letter to Caze Jerusalem May 23, 2001

Hello Oh Bad-Boy of Journalistic Planet,

The Fito Day Ensemble have been whisked away to a remote country pied-a -terre belonging to that cranky but lovable genius of the Bass Fiddle, Sammy Klewis. In this setting of trees and hills we have been working furiously to the end of preparing our new music and getting in shape for the jazz-festival in the City, and our allotted time at the recording studio of Flung Records Inc.

I hope that we will be seeing you at our performances, and socially as well. We will, I believe, be staying at the Mansfield Hotel. I will keep you posted on details and/or changes.

I read your review in Downtime Magazine of the Jena Cezenski Trio's performance at the Shell-Grotto in the Village. An all-girl group can be dangerous! I hope they don't come after you like the Maenads came after Orpheus and tear you apart limb by limb! Then again....anyone who plays Scottish bagpipes had better know what they're doing!

Wish I heard from you more often,

As Ever,

Fito Day

Letter from Caze Jerusalem NYC May 2001

Bear with me old friend, for it's been a while and I'm wondering where I just came from...

I screamed "I want Jazz to kick you in the teeth! The way it did up on the triple digit streets in Harlem during the holy times! I want to smell like Jazz, have it ringing in my ears, and then I want to wake up next to it in the morning!" ...and that's the last thing I remember. *That*, and the aspiring actress who took my drink order running in terror. Oh, and my fourteenth assistant quitting and yelling something about smashing all of her hopes of becoming a jazz journalist...people are far too thin skinned.

So I did what any normal jazz fan would do. I booked a room at the Mansfield. It was at that little known hotel that my transformation occurred.

Like a caterpillar crawling into a cocoon, I curled up in the small room, over-looking a brick wall in mid-town. It began simple, the sounds of the city; horns, incoherent conversations at two in the morning, trucks rumbling down the narrow streets...horns, pianos and percussion...

I immediately called the Magazine and demanded a new assistant. That's when Jessica showed up. After the usual "It's an honor..." bullshit that I usually get from these transplants, I sent her on her first assignment...four bottles of dry vermouth and vodka. No wait, throw in one pound of marijuana. No wait, add in an incredibly loud stereo and get me Coltrane, Miles, Billie and Ella ...STAT! Then I slammed the door.

Jessica wanted to know if the Magazine would cover her court dates...how was I supposed to know she was underage?

Fifteen assistants down and still Jazz clawed at the door...

I played 'Kind of Blue' for three days straight, surprisingly the cops only came eight times. (By the way, was the champagne sent from you?)

As April showers turned into May showers, it happened...I was visited by the ghost of Reb.

I couldn't tell if it was Reb or not when I first saw him, but after I noticed that the vision I was having sported a lovely, Anna Sui boustierre, fish net stockings, large basketball shorts and a mask of Wonder Woman atop his head, not covering his heavily made-up face, I knew I was looking at the genuine article.

"Reb?" I asked.

"Jerusalem?" he replied.

"You look absolutely terrible, and a fashionable kind of way." I said.

"It's good to see you."

Before I could ask the most trivial question to someone who resides on the other side, he answered for me.

"It starts with a piano. Then a piano and sax. Then a piano, sax and trumpet. Then they all come together." Reb said as he sat next to me.

He smelled a little like a hand full of change.

In classic Reb form, he left without saying good-bye. But he left me with a new outlook.

Fito, and all else who truly loves jazz, I have become "Jerusalem, the Spirit of 21st Century Jazz". I am the ambassador, and Reb, the 20th Century's Saint speak through me.

So I'm back on the street, and only working for The New Music Quarterly as a correspondent, spreading the gospel. I will report on a regular basis my findings. I apologize for not letting you know of my self-imposed pilgrimage, and not keeping in touch with the rest of the band.

Ahimsa my dear friend,

Caze

Journal of Fito Day May 24, 2001

Lately I have been waking up at three a.m. and instead of resenting it I simply get up and try and write, or do something creative. This morning I walked over to the main house thinking I would make a cup of tea and maybe head over to the studio.

In the kitchen I found Kat sitting by candle light, huge alligator tears rolling down her face. Without saying a word I put my arm around her shoulder and just held her for a moment. There followed a flood of tears and sobs. At last after much nose blowing and attempts at composure, she said, "I'm sorry you had to see me this way." After assuring her that I was not at all embarrassed I coaxed her into talking more. I made us some tea. She dried her eyes and began to reveal the source of her sadness to me. As I looked at her face in the flickering candle glow I could not help but notice how lovely she was that moment. Even though I had known this woman for years and seen her change from ingénue to mature and world-wise woman, she never looked more beautiful.

"I'm out of my league with you guys," she began, lighting a cigarette from the candle flame. "I don't feel that I have anything more to contribute." She talked about the weekend past. The visit from Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez had unhinged her somewhat. She said she felt surrounded by genius' and intimidated by her inability to generate any contributions of merit. She spoke of her more simple joys, her love of nature and animals and her desire to sometimes just "let it all hang out" and be herself. "You know me Fito. You know I love to just say what comes to mind, sometimes crude, sometimes unsophisticated."

I was deeply touched. The great irony is that Kat is one of the cleverest people I know. She has a rapier wit and an intuitive insight that is expressed in her attitude toward the world and those she shares it with.

There are many kinds of intelligence.

I did my best to convey these thoughts to her, assuring her that her contributions to the quality of our lives are not only hugely appreciated, but indeed essential to a well-rounded whole. This encounter brought home to me the realization that my friends are human and carry all the contradictions and complexities that humanity embodies.

There are times when "Art" must graciously step down from the ivory tower and transform into something as gentle and penetrating as a soft breeze. In this guise, all the Love that is the source of its glory serves to make its flights of abstraction valid. It becomes what it was originally. ...an attempt to communicate.... A noble effort to expose the great beauty of the soul.

Steve-o Ness Notebooks May, 2001

The frequencies of the UV spectrum which best
correlates to the DNA strands are:

ADENINE		GUANINE	
Hz #	Wave #	Hz #	Wave
315.6	723	300.3	688
347.9	797	305.6	700
368.0	843	339.2	777
379.8	870	370.2	848
398.1	912	383.2	878
408.1	935	413.4	947
447.4	1025	487.6	1117
490.2	1123	512.9	1175
504.2	1155	529.5	1213
545.6	1250	550.0	1260
582.7	1335	600.2	1375
598.0	1370	615.5	1410
619.8	1420	641.7	1470
632.9	1450	663.5	1520
654.8	1500	728.9	1670
698.4	1600	1169.8	2680
726.7	1665	1278.9	2930
1139.2	2610	1366.2	3130
1178.5	2700	1462.3	3350
1248.3	2860		
1278.9	2930		
1366.2	3130		
1440.5	3300		
THYMINE		CYTOSINE	
322.1	738	305.6	700
330.4	757	345.7	792
354.4	812	357.9	820
363.2	832	420.3	963
406.4	931	429.1	983
427.8	980	440.9	1010
447.4	1025	504.2	1155
523.8	1200	537.8	1232
543.4	1245	558.7	1280
600.2	1375	594.9	1363
733.3	1680	639.5	1465
768.2	1760	654.8	1500
1248.3	2860	713.7	1635
1274.6	2920	1276.8	2925
1385.8	3175	1375.0	3150
		1475.4	338

VHF
Sound

10

Voice and hearing
20 Hertz to 20 KiloHertz
Infrasound below 20 Hz
Ultrasonics above 20 KiloHertz
Ultrasonic and infrasonic lasers
Acoustic directed energy weapons
Electrical directed energy weapons
High voltage electrical charge
with a very low current
Electromagnetic Directed Energy Weapons
Cold Electricity
Silent Subliminal directed energies
Ultra and infrasound
i.e. 14, 500Hz with
frequency modulation FM
, phase modulation PM, amplitude
modulation AM, tone modulation TM,
time and space polarization
modulation PLM.
Hypnosis rhythmic patterns

Music

Diatonic Scale
D 288 vibrations of air in 1 second of time
E 324 vibrations of air in 1 second of time
F 360 vibration of air in 1 second of time
G 384
A 432 (440)
B 480
C 540
D 576



Sound Healing Frequencies

Blood	321.9 (E)
Adrenals	492.8(B)
Kidney	319.88(Eb)
Liver	317.83(Eb)
Bladder	252(F)
Intensities	281(Csharp)
Lungs	220(A)
Colon	176(F)
Gall Bladder	164.3(E)
Pancreas	117.3(Csharp)
Stomach	110(A)
Brain	315.8(Eb)
Fat Cells	295.8(Csharp)
Muscles	324(E)
Bone	418.3(Ab)
Planets	
Sun	
Mercury	282.4(D)
Venus	442(A)
Earth	272.2(Csharp)
Mars	289.4(D)
Jupiter	367.2Fsharp
Saturn	295.7Dsharp
Uranus	414.7 Gsharp
Neptune	422.8 Aflat
Pluto	
Chakra	
Transpersonal	273(1:15)Csharp(Earth Orbit 271)
Crown	480 (15:1)B
unknown	445(1:9)Bb(Venus Orbit 442)
Third Eye	448(14:1)A
Psychic Center	416(13:1)Ab(Uranus Orbit 415)
unknown	410(1:10)Ab-(Venus Spin 409)
unknown	372(1:11)Gsharp(Earth Spin 378)
Throat	384(12:1)G
Thymus	352(11:1)Fsharp
Heart	241(1:12)F
Solar Plexus	320(10:1)Eb
Diaphragm	315(1:13)Dshap
unknown	293(1:14)D+(Saturn Orbit 296)
Polarity	288(9:1)D(Mars Orbit 289)
Root	256(1:1)C

Personality	C+264
Circulation Sex	Csharp586
Adrenals, Thyroid	B492.8, 492
Parathyroid	
Kidneys	Eb319.88, 330
Liver	Eb 317.83,198
Bladder	Fsharp 352
Small Intestine	Csharp 281.6
Lungs	A 220
Colon	Fsharp176
GallBladder	E 164.3,330
Pancreas	Cshapr 117.3,117.3
Stomach	A 110,110
Spleen	B 492,492
Blood	Eb 321.9
Fat Cells	Csharp295.8
Muscles	E324
Bone	Ab418.3

Mineral Nutrients For Bodies

Chromium	384(3:2)G sharp(Throat)
Molybdenum	336(4:3:)F
Calcium	320(5:4)E-(Solar Plexus)
Manganese	400(4:5)G sharp
Iron	416(13::8)Ab(Psychic Center)Uranus
Potassium	304(6:5)D sharp
Iodine	424(5:6)Ab
Copper	464(10:11)Bb
Phosphorus	480(16:15)B(Crown)
Zinc	480(16:15)B
Selenium	272(15:16)C#(Transpersonal/Earth)

Herz

0.16-10	NeuralgiasAT
0.18-10	Mod.therapy AT
0.20-0.26	Dental painAT
0.20-10	Post-traumaticsAt
0.28-2.15	Alcohol addiction AT
0.28-10	Arthritis AT
030-0.15	DepressionAT
0.30--10	Cervobrachial syndromeAT
0.37-2.15	Drug Addiction AT
0.40-10	ConfusionAT
0.45-10	Muscle PainAT
0.5	Very relaxing against headache MG, for lower back

pain AS		
	0.95-10	WhiplashAT
	1-3	Delta deep, dreamless sleep, trance state, non-REM sleep
	1.0	Feeling of well being, pituitary stimulation to release
growth hormone		
		overall view of interrelationships; harmony and balance
MG		
	1.45	Tri-thalamic entertainment format, entertainment between
hypothalamus		
		, pituitary and pineal. May benefit dyslexics and people
with Alzheimer MP2		
	2.15-10	TendovaginitisAT
	2.5	Pain relief, relaxationMG, Production of endogenous
opiates EQ		
	3.4	Sound Sleep
	3.5	Feeling of unity with everything accelerated language
retention;		
		enhancement of receptivity MG
	4-6	attitude and behavior change MH
	4-7	Theta recall fantasy, imagery, creativity, planning,
dreaming, switching		
		thoughts, Zen meditation, drowsiness
	4	Ekephalins, Extrasensory perception MG
	4.9	Theta brain wave
	5.0	unusual problem solving
	5.5	Moves beyond knowledge to knowing, shows vision of
growth needed		
	6.0	Long term memory stimulationMG
	7.0	Mental and astral projections, psychic surgery
	7.5	Inter-awareness of self and purpose, guided meditation,
creativity, contact		
		with spirit guides, entry into meditationMG
	7.83	Earth Resonance, grounding, Schuman Resonance
	8-10	Learning new information MH
	8-13	Alpha, relaxed, tranquil and non-drowsy, inward
awareness, body mind		
	8-14	Qi Gong and infrasonic Qi Gong machine QG
	8.0	Past life regression
	8.3	Pick visual images of mental object
	9.0	Awareness of causes of body imbalance and means for
balance		
	9.41	Pyramid frequency (outside)
	9.6	Mean dominant frequency associated with the earth's
magnetic field EQ		
	10	enhanced release of serotonin and mood elevator,
universally beneficial, use to		

frequency, especially for hangover		try effects of other mixesMG. Acts as an analgesic, safest
MB3		and jet lag EQ Meg Patterson used for nicotine withdrawal
	10.2	Catecholamines
and stimulating for the	10.5	Healing of body, mind unity, fire walking, potent stabilizer
		immunity, valuable in convalescence MG
	10.6	Relaxed and alert
	12.0	Centering, doorway to all other frequencies
	13-30	Normal Wakefulness
of sleep EQ	14-16	associated with sleep spindles on EEG during second stage
	14.0	Awake and alert
	15	chronic painMG
	16	bottom limit of normal hearingMP2
	18-22	Beta:outward awariness, sensory data
	20	Fatigue, energize. Causes distress during labor EQ
	27.5	lowest note on a pianoMP2
	30	Meg Patterson used for marijuana MB3
	30	190 Lumbago AT
	30-500	High Beta a few people able to replicate at will
	32	Desensitizer, enhanced vigor and alertness MG
(inside)	33	Christ consciousness, hypersensitivity, Pyramid frequency
	35	150 Fractures AT
	35	193 ArthralgyAT
	35	Awakening of mid-chakras, balance of chakras
	38	Endorphin release WL
	40	dominant when problem solving in fearful situations EQ
endorphuinesMG	40-60	anxiolytic effects and stimulates release of beta-
	43-193	CarcinomatiosisAT
electrical in	50	dominant frequency of polyphasic muscle activity, mains
		in U.K EQ.
	50	Slower cerebral rhythms
	55	Tantra kundalini
	60	electric power lines
	63	astral projections
	70-9,000	Voice spectrum MP1
	70	Mental and astral projection
	72	Emotional spectrum
production	80	Awareness and control of right direction, Appears to be involved in stimulating 5-hydroxytraptamine

	with 160Hz Combine with 2.5 Hz
83	Third eye opening for some people
90	Good feelings, security, well-being, balancing
105	Overall view of complete situation
108	Total knowing
111	Beta endorphins MR, cell regeneration
120-500	PSI, transmutation, psychokineses
125	PSi, transmutation, psychokinesis
126.22	Sun, 32nd octave of Earth year HC
136.1	Sun, light, warmth, joy, animusRV
140.25	Pluto, power, crisis, & changes
141.27	Mercury intellectuality, mobility
144.72	Mars: activity, energy, freedom, humor
147.85	Saturn separation, sorrow, death
160	Appears to be involved in stimulating 5-hydroxytryptamine production, with 80 Hz EQ
183.58	Jupiter, growth, success, justice, spirituality
194.71	Earth, stability, grounding
207.36	Uranus, spontaneity, independence, originality
211.44	Neptune the unconscious, secrets, imagination, spiritual
hope	
221.23	Venus: beauty love sexuality, sensuality, harmony
250	Elevate
272	33rd octave of Earth year HC
384	Gudjieff vibration associated with root chakra. Sixth
harmonic	
	of size, center of the brain wave spectrum RP
396	G(musical note) PL
405	Violet PL
420.82	Moon: love, sensitivity, creativity, femininity, anima
438	Indigo
440	A(musical note)
473	Blue
495	B(musical note)
527	Green
528	C (musical note)
580	Yellow
594	D(musical note)
580	Yellow
594	D(musical note)
597	Orange
660	E (musical note)
700	Red
704	F (musical note)
1000	Cerebral neurons
4,186	highest note on a pianoMP2

16,000-20,000	Upper range for normal hearing MP2
Slower	physiological cycles CA
Heart	76 beats/min
Respiratory	22 cycles/min
Kidneys`	24 hour cycle
Stomach	3 contractions/min
Intestines	1 contraction/min
Muscles proteins	broken down & built every 12 days
Ovaries	28 menstrual cycle
Red blood cells	128 day life cycle
Bone calcium	200 day replacement

TV Television Waves Radiation Spectrum (10^8 to 10^9 Hz, 174 to 216 MHz, 220MHz, 471-800 MHz,)

30 Frames per second

FM VHFTV

HF	10^2
----	--------

Mobile Radio

Shortwave Radio

MF	10^3
----	--------

AM	10^3
----	--------

LF	10^4
----	--------

VLF	10^5
-----	--------

Audio

Bacteria, Viruses, Moulds, Mites, Tapeworms, Etc. Radiation Spectrum (0- 1000 KHZ)

Organisms Families (Bacteria, Viruses, Molds, Tapeworms etc.)

(Molds, viruses, bacteria, worms, mites) range from 77 KHz to 900KHz

Slime Molds 40 - 200 KHz, Molds, Mycotixins 40-250KHz, Bacteria, Viruses 250Khz 420Khz,

Protozoa, Round worm, Flatworm 380Khz - 440Khz, Warts 400-430Kz, Tapeworms 420-450Khz,

Mites 640KHz - 850KHz, Ant 1000 to 1200KHz, Goldfish 900 to 1500Khz, Chameleon 1000 to 6000KHz,

Cat 1500 to 8000Khz.

Journal of Fito Day May 28, 2001

Once again another weekend of unusual and stimulating moments. We had a visitation from Lovely Darling. Sammy and Marco drove up to Kansas City to pick her up at the airport. On Saturday, we all gathered in the studio and she demonstrated some Feldenkrais techniques. She also gave us a bit of an historical rundown on the origin of this therapy. Apparently Mose Feldenkrais was the first European to earn a black belt in Judo. He suffered a crippling knee injury but taught himself to walk again without pain. He developed his famous "Awareness through movement" theories in the 1940's. His big idea is how the body, through movement, influences the mental processes. Among his famous disciples were Margaret Mead and Yehudi Menuhin. I first met Lovely Darling in the "Seventies" in Santa Fe, New Mexico. We were attending a party at friends' house and I mentioned in conversation that I had hurt my hand and was having a difficult time playing the sax. She invited me to her place of practice, and performed some kind of miracle of pain relief involving what then seemed unusual and downright kooky exercises and manipulations of body parts. Since then, I see her whenever I can, and have introduced her to my Ensemble mates as well. We hit it off famously since she was interested in many of the same subjects I had a passion for, not to mention her incredible encyclopedic knowledge of jazz music and jazz history. That Saturday morning as we performed some of her suggested exercises to a recording of Ornette Coleman's "Of Human Feelings", I felt an immediate sense of wellbeing and intuitively felt the rest of my friends were in harmony too.

✕

Later that afternoon Lovely Darling and I went for a walk in the woods and picked some morel mushrooms we found nestled in a mound of decaying timber. I had a great discussion with her about physics, Buddhism, the nature of sound vibrations, and alternate realities. I mentioned to her that I had been sensitive lately to messages emerging from quarters that seemed outside my consciousness. I did not specifically bring up the "Big 3" episodes. She seemed rather matter of fact about the subject, suggesting that divisions in consciousness were illusory conveniences. She reminded me that in the Big Picture all is one, and smiled wryly as she used her motto "Neti Neti" (Not This Not That).

✕

On Saturday night we were invited to a party given by some local friends of Sammy Klewis. The event was held at another rural setting, not far from us. It was the home of John and Lula Sweetes, both teachers in local schools, and part time craftspeople, and musicians. It was a very nice gathering, and had an air of the parties of the nineteen-sixties about it. After much delicious food and wine, we all adjourned to the big sitting room in their old Victorian farmhouse. John and Lula had quite a collection of instruments. ...mostly guitars, a mandolin, banjo, and even a concertina. Some of the other guests had their instruments with them as well, and before we knew it we were in the midst of a full-fledged hootenanny. It was great fun. I think everyone was somewhat surprised that a bunch of jazz musicians knew any folk music at all. Yet, we wowed them. Marko, whose love of all things Celtic is a second passion, entertained us with an open-tuned version of "Wife of Ushers Well". Steve-o and Sammy performed a hilarious duet of "The Twa' Corbies", substituting the word "Corbies" with "Corgis"! Kat made us nearly weep with a haunting "She moves through the Faire". Lovely Darling sang a saucy version of "Love be Gentle". My contribution, "Backwaterside", was a tune I learned

years ago from Sandy Denny of the 'Fairport Convention'. The Sweetes and their friends entertained us as well. I especially like Lula's whimsical song "The Big Ship".

During the drive home, we discussed the crossovers of the music world. In fact we have included many old and traditional melodies in our repertoire over the years.

All music has become One for me. The various expressions of the moods of mankind are a catalog of our longings, fears, and hopes, our pain, our joy, our Love.

✕

Kat had decided to go ahead and leave on Sunday afternoon. Since she drove out to the Midwest with her faithful animal companion "Muqua", it was important that she get back to Toronto with enough time to re-group, re-pack and leave again for our New York adventure. She took Lovely Darling with her and planned to drop her off at the K.C. airport, then head on in the direction of home. When we were nearly finished packing her car, Kat ran back into the house. She returned with that unusual scrap of paper she found in the barn. "Couldn't forget this", she smiled, "It might be a clue in the great cosmic blueprint"!

A Letter from Jaff Seijas (dated May 24, 2001)

75 Herengracht

Amsterdam, Holland

Dear Fito,

An amusing incident. I was walking near the Museumsplein with Nani Hoover and Clemma Zwerus. We had just left the Rijksmuseum and were all good spirits. Suddenly, from behind us, we hear a voice shouting..."Fito! Fito Day!" A rather plump and swarthy man with eyebrows that billowed off his face like unfurled sails was hot on our trail. "Do you know him?" I asked Nani and Clemma. They both shrugged shaking their heads. Finally the fellow caught up with us, panting and huffing. He grabs hold of my hand and starts shaking it. "I'm so glad I ran into you! I'm here on a vacation with my wife." He pointed backwards toward the museum. "I want to apologize to you." I couldn't get a word in edgewise. The man went on..."That infernal nephew of mine! I swear I wanted to clobber him!"

He then realized that I didn't have a clue who he was. "Well don't you recognize me?...Bandy...Bandy Mitchell." I gave him my apologies, and told him who I was. He thought I was joking with him. I explained that people have often mistaken us for one another, and that indeed we were friends. Nani and Clemma were laughing, and backed me up with affirmations and testimonies. But I seriously believe, he thought we were trying to pull something off. He was now eyeing me closely. He went on as if it were all a joke. "I had a little falling out with my nephew and wound up firing his ass. During a heated row the little punk told me that he was indeed shinning lights right into Sammy Klewis' eyes during your rehearsal...just trying to provoke him." At last it dawned on me who this guy was. Mr. Mitchell of Club Chi Chi! The whole story of how you and the Ensemble were fired came back to me. The poor man said in parting that if you ever wanted to play the Chi Chi again, he would cover all expenses and try and make it all up to you. He added "It was a terrible misunderstanding."

I know how amusing you find these incidents of mistaken identity. Even your neighbors have been nodding and saying "hello". I think if anybody looked closely they'd see the differences...subtle tough they are. Anyway, I'm a little better looking, don't you think? Hope all is well with you. See you in New York City this coming month.

As ever,

Jaff!

Journal of Fito Day May 29, 2001

Marko left this morning at 4:30. He had to go back to Atlanta, take care of some family business, and pick up his other jazz ax. He will be joining us again on the night of June 2nd. So, it's just Sammy, and Steve-o and I for the moment. I'm really glad we had a chance to get away out here and do some serious rehearsing. I like the final selections for our album too. I'm not sure how the visit of Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez sat with everybody, but I do think I detected some scintillating glimmers of creativity in their eyes after the discussion of the "schizoid-poems". That idea will have to be put on the back burner, until later in the year.

Journal of Fito Day May 30, 2001

It was very early in the morning, perhaps first light. I felt the presence of the Big 3. Within seconds there came that now all too familiar sensation of greater awareness. Billie Holiday, as before, stood flanked by Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins. This time they appeared huge, as though giants and I could barely see their faces, as I stood at the enormous shoes.

BILLIE:

OH HOLD ON. HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT. FOR SOON YOU WILL BE IN THE CENETR OF ALL THAT JAZZ. SOON THE FLOODGATES WILL OPEN AND MANY SOULS WILL COME RUSHING IN. THERE WILL BE A GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL NOISE HEARD IN THE REALMS. THERE WILL BE AUDIAL FEASTING. THE COMBINED FORCES OF YOUR FRIENDS AND ALL THOSE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE AGENCIES WILL SOON BE ALL A-SWRILL WITH THE BOUQUETS OF MUSICAL AROMAS. THERE WILL BE MUCH HARMONY GENERATED FOR YOUR WORLD, AND THIS IS GOOD. FOR DARK ENERGIES THAT ARE BUT THE MISDIRECTED THOUGHTS OF THOSE ON EARTH WHO ARE BLINDED BY SOME ILLUSION OF POWER THREATEN THE BALANCE OF THINGS...AND ONLY THE EFFORTS OF THOSE WHO MAINTAIN THE SPIRIT OF ART CAN REDIRECT THESE FLAWED ENERGIES. SO TAKE HEART, AND BE BRAVE. YOU ARE UNTOUCHED AND ALL WHO LOVE ARE COUCHED IN THE SAFETY OF ALL THAT IS.

Now a blast from the duo of Saxophones, and then the vision vanishes.

Journal of Fito Day Algonquin Hotel June 1, 2001

Contrast! That's what the past 24 hours have been about. We left the bucolic atmosphere of the Missouri countryside and in a matter of hours found ourselves in the hustle and bustle of The Enormous Pomme...yes, none other than New York City. The energy is quite apparent. That old familiar feeling of a rush. Just setting foot on the pavement is all it takes.

Last week, after much discussion, we opted for the Algonquin over my other haunt, the Mansfield. Although I have had some good moments at the Mansfield, the rooms are small, and the price is big. I felt we needed more space for a longer stay. Then there's the historical factor. Algonquin being the scene of many an amazing literary evening. It also has a fair restaurant charged with old New York ambience. I think it was the right choice for us this time. There were, of course, offers to stay here and there with friends, but I wanted us all near one another for the sake of organization. Cherry came in before we arrived and placed some flowers in our rooms! What a thoughtful imp she is! We are all ensconced on the 7th floor. Just checked on Kat. She seems content with room and I heard the bath water running for her customary bubble-bath and relax-session, complete with herbal tea and rescue remedy. I am going to unpack, make some calls and "Let the games begin"!

An Invitation from Bruno Grugeryvic 6/1/01

Only Bruno would deliver an invitation via courier service! A knock at the door, a white-gloved hand holding out a parchment colored envelope!

Please meet me for Drinks

At

The Vig Bar # 12 Spring Street

Saturday Night June 2, 2001 6pm

A cocktail

Tetes a Tetes

& Fun!

Bruno Grugeryvic



Bruno Grugeryvic & Lola Bascaglia in New York City

The Journal of Fito Day June 1, 2001 NYC

What a good beginning. I spent the rest of the day just getting organized. Lots of phone calls. Made contact with Larry Peabody at Flung Studios. Everything is A.O.K. there and they are ready and waiting for us. Talked to Caze Jerusalem, Cherry Gollogoly, and of course my Mother! Sammy and Steve-o went out for some supper. Kat stayed in her room which she has now draped with Indian Silks. She also created a dresser-shrine with a photo of her beloved dog *and* photos of guru (Swami Parmahansa Yogananda), her Mother, and group shot of the Fito Day Ensemble (from our Montreaux show in 1995). There is also an art postcard of one of Van Gogh's works, a rose colored quartz pyramid, and some kind of tuning fork object on her shrine. I also noticed that funny piece of paper she found in Sammy's barn, folded neatly among her sacred representations.

I went out for a walk around 7 p.m., and then picked up a sandwich at a local healthateria. On the way back to the Hotel, I saw Szabo Doobie standing out in front of Birdland. We chatted briefly. He's such a nice guy, but so hard to understand. His words are like strange formations in a cavern of eastern European vocabularies. He asked about everybody, and was quite aware of upcoming gigs and recording session at Flung Inc...



Dummer - Szabo Doobie

Final selection of pieces for New Album

1. Canterdig
2. On Lake Shipp
3. Broccoli & Batteries
4. Channel, Chunnel, Chanel
5. La Vie en Rose
6. In Egypt with no Underwear
7. Caviar
8. Ong Sessions
9. Who is McCutcheon?
10. Neti Neti
11. The Krenek Thing
12. Not the Commuter Train!

An email from Marko Moon 6/1/01 :Implications of Thai red curry

Dear Fito,

Met Ong, the most exalted jazz master of the western hemisphere for lunch at Doc - Chey's- Noodles. Had a delightful Thai curry with eggplant, pollo, and various peppers with a pot of oolong which continued to spread its loving influence over mind and spirit until well into mid-evening.

The conversation was at times non-linear and disassociative yet focused entirely on the creative bent. An additional boon was the chance to commune with numerous spirits of light that are drawn and stay close to his jazzamongous energy field. All in all one of the most enjoyable two hours in recent memory.

"May brutal fact persuade us to adventure, art, and peace" – W.H. Auden

In the Tao,
Marko

Email from Ong 6/1/01

Dear Day,

I have a seriously underpowered vacuum I was hoping to be able to play and was almost ready to give it up, however after a wonderful Luncheon with Marko yesterday I was illuminated, as in put hip, to other possibilities, mostly non-linear as he mentioned in his letter.

We discussed the nature of creativity and other dimensions over Thai food, mine was hot spicy basil noodles with yard bird, which was as much fun as it was difficult to eat daintily.

This session was auspicious, as I was trapped in a world of thought that excluded all possibilities but the known and he put me to a new mind. It occurred to me just how much of reality is not happening at all, and how much of what is actually happening isn't real, and no this is not the same thing twice, there is a subtle difference, what it is I cannot say, I just know it to be so.

Whatever we believe is real, not unlike the conspiracy theorist, if you can think it up, you can prove it, (BTW it was the driver who shot Kennedy, I have the film) and if we can get others to agree it becomes consensus reality which must never be confused with what is actually going on, in fact consensus reality more often than not

muddles the truth and prohibits creativity, however what is actually going on cannot happen without that which is not taking place at all.

With this in mind I began an edit of a choir piece, where I methodically removed all the spaces and pauses between music, the result was what I might imagine the sounds originating from the mouth of hell would sound like. While it was totally disconcerting it was also oddly compelling and I found myself unable to stop, until I remembered the words of the late Miles Davis when asked by John Coltrane how he might be able to stop playing, to which he replied, "Take da Horn outch yo mouth".

It is the nothingness as much as the music that makes it work, so armed with this knowledge and the underpowered instrument I leave now to catch my train to the city, I look forward to the upcoming sessions and I hope you will like the surprises I bring.

Jaff and I, under the guidance of the delightful Ms. Gollogoly, plan to scout the city pre your arrival for dining and entertainment possibilities so that hopefully the spaces in between reality will be minimal.

Godspeed, Ong

A phone message from Caze A. Jerusalem

Date: Fri, 01 Jun 2001 10:10:15 -0400

"Fito, it's St. Caze. I've just been thrown out of the Virgin Megastore in Times Square. I went there with the beautiful Lady Mercedes and the uber-fab Celeste, Queen of Tribeca, formerly Our Lady de Guadalupe de NoHo, changed for obvious reasons, after a liquid lunch at the now all too familiar Siberia. Anyhow, we thought it would be a laugh to go into the Virgin (chuckle) and peruse the Jazz section. It was probably when I began throwing that "ever popular jazz legend" Yanni's CD's at store employees that did the trick. Yanni, in the jazz section?

So, I just received your message and need the info: room number at the Algonquin, length of stay...oh hold on...No

Lydia, I've already told you, formal doesn't mean wonderbra, red and tiara, it means black and nothing but...jeez you would think a drag queen would know what "formal" means, but what do you want from one that came here from Wisconsin of all places, ha ha! Oh I didn't mean anything by it, Lydia!

Anyway, give me a call back and give me the pertinents. Oh, and one more
thi---"<click>

: Continued phone message from Caze...

Date: Fri, 01 Jun 2001 10:14:02 -0400

"...well if you want more, go down to the store and buy some vermouth, is it that difficult Lady M?! Fito! I got cut off. I wanted to tell you Reb spoke to me last night and said to wear the" red one and Cherry the sparkly one". No clue what he means, but he said you would know. That's all, speak
all ...speak to you soon."

Return Phone Message to Caze Jerusalem June 1, 2001:

Caze..Caze ? I guess I just missed your call. I'm calling your cell number, so you must be truly distracted. I remember Celeste and Mercedes. They used to do a show over at LaRues, back in the late seventies. I was playing back up for Kirby Throckmorton then at the Paradise Jazz Bar in the same neighborhood, and we used to go over and catch part of their show on our break. Tell 'em I said "Hi"...and for God Sake don't get in too much trouble. Doesn't Celeste have a police record several miles long? Anyway...Yes...we are at the Algonquin. I'm in room 701. We start recording session at Flung Records Studio on Monday the 4th. That goes on thru the 19th. And don't forget our shows. One is the 23rd at Manship Theatre. The other is at the Way Wiggled Club on the 27th.Oh yeah...Bruno Grugeryvic is having a little cocktail party at the Vig Bar on Spring Street...tomorrow at 6 p.m. Try and come!

Call again soon if you can. Oh yeah...Ole Reb's message to you....Wow! Well...it's an inside joke. I will tell you about it when we talk in person. Later! Fito!

email from C. Gollogoly to Marko Moon 6/1/01

Dear Marko,

I know you will be arriving at approximately 6:30 p.m. on Saturday evening. Would you like for me to meet you at the Algonquin, and we can go to Bruno Grugeryvic's cocktail party together? The City and I await your gracious talents.

In a rose glow,
Cherry Gollogoly

email from C. Gollogoly to Ong
6/1/01

Dear most treasured jewel of the splendid jazz diadem,

In the refrigerator you will find

- A. A salad made of Belgian endive and Greek olives, with blood-orange segments and a light vinaigrette dressing
- B. a cold baked free-range chicken (skin removed) this has been coated in a chestnut and herbs aux Provencal bread crumb medley
- C. a side dish of not-overcooked asparagus spears
- D. various condiments of delicious appeal
- E. A banana crème pie from "Flederstein's Bakery"

On the kitchen counter you will find:

- A. A loaf of Country bread (from same bakery)
- B. A bottle of Chateau Neuf du Pape
- C. A carton of those French cigarettes you like
- D. A Box of Neuhaus Dark Chocolates - assorted

As previously stated: make yourself entirely at home. waiting with the flurried delight of a thousand Giggling Gnomes,
Cherry Gollogoly

Diary of Kat Trowell: 6/1/01 Home again home again jiggedy jog

Well, after a long butt numbing drive (and a couple of interesting encounters), and a , brief respite in Toronto I find myself back in la Gros Pomme ! and I don't mind saying I'm as nervous as . . ." Well", as my dear departed Mother said when she found herself the only white person at a black Methodist church for Thanksgiving services . . ." There was no question where the Turkey was"!

We're all at the Algonquin, same floor. Looks like I'll be knowing more than I may need about just about everyone. Good water pressure , great big old porcelain tubs, could almost do laps, perfect for therapeutic baths. Bought candles from an artisan in K.C., just add a little sweetgrass and maybe I'll be having visions soon!

Cherry copped tickets for The Vagina Monologues and I'm praying Fito lets us break in time for me to see this incredible show. (Have a little teeny weenie problem with the script though. A hell of a lot of angry vaginas! Not too surprising, since they've been silent for so long ! Naturally the first thing out of their "mouths" would be bitchin', but SURELY, somewhere, there's a Happy, content vagina? I'd like to think so !)

Looks like this will be quite the busy time. Between the festival, rehearsing to record and ALL the friends here in NY vying for Fito's attention, we won't be slowing down to less than a gallop for weeks. Glad I left The Marvelous Mighty Muqua in Toronto with the breeder. She's on 6 fenced in acres running with a pack of Rotties, should do her good. But I'm REALLY going to miss that warm body at night. (sigh)

We're doing cocktails (where'd that term come from I wonder?) with Bruno on Saturday night. I think his place is in the Village, I vaguely recall it had an unlikely deck or something. (who remembers, I was jet lagged and hung over . . . whatever. there's the phone, must go.

Report from Ong June 3, 2001

I was very late getting in, not because of the train or taxi but rather because I stopped by the Algonquin to check in with the Day group. They were not in, or should I say, not in their room but rather in the Oak Room where Andrea Marcovicci was performing. After she requested they sit in for a few sets we all headed over to Birdland, to see guitarist James (Blood) Ulmer, Pianist- John Hicks, Bassist- Reggie Workman, and drummer -Rashied Ali.

This proved to be an all nighter of big band proportions by the time everyone got up on the stage in the wee hours, I cannot even quote from the play list now but I know that it was something out of the ordinary, especially the duet/duel between Marko and Blood which may well go down in history, although it was more of a collaboration than a competition.

It began with a Beatle's medley of all things, but I think it wound up somewhere in Bali or Tibet.

I/we finally arrived at the beautiful Ms. Gologolly's apartment where she was still up and had prepared sumptuous treats for all, which consisted of, but not limited to, salad of Belgian endive and Greek olives, with blood-orange segments and a light vinegrette dressing, free-range chicken smothered in a chestnut and herbs aux Provence bread crumb affair, asparagus spears, country bread, a bottle of Chateau Neuf du Pape which we did not need yet drank anyway, and finally a banana creme pie from Flederstein's Bakery, topped off with Gitanes and Neuhaus dark chocolates graciously provided by our hostess/enabler.

It was fortunate that she was up since there is nothing louder than a drunk trying to be quiet except perhaps several drunks trying to be quiet, few things as comical either, at least until the early 70's . Remember the good old days when alcoholism was funny, Crazy Gugenheim, Dean Martin, Foster Brooks, WC Fields, Otis. I find more and more people have had their sense of humor removed of late, but that is a whole "nuther" theory involving space aliens and world conquest which I will go into some other time. Just remember to be very careful when using humor, they recognize it, but they Do Not like it.

Journal of Fito Day June 3, 2001 NYC

Sunday Morning. Ah! Sitting up in bed. Coffee. The lap-top is making little mechanical snapping noises. Outside, some muffled car horns, some laughter too. I love these moments of solitude and reflection. I seem to have lost any ability to write in a linear fashion anymore. So, I will simply carry on with my recent pastiche method. Cut and paste, draw from the filing cabinets of the subconscious, and record what comes to mind.

✕

In the New York Times this morning two interesting tidbits. An article on Euro-jazz, asking the question..."Is American Jazz on the back burner?". Mallik Mazadri, Julien Lourau, Martial Solal, and the Esbjorn Svenson Trio, are all brought up as prime examples of the directions in new jazz taste. I will have to agree that a form as experimental and audacious as jazz cannot be bound by Time or Place.

There is also an obituary for David X. Young, that wonderful artist and host of the famous "Sixth Avenue Loft". Oh yes, "Art alone, remains...."

✕

Bruno Grugeryvic's little gathering at the Vig Bar last night was really fun. It was such a treat to see everyone looking so well and in such good humors. I was quite amazed to see a more subdued Caze. He seemed to have softened in his cynicism and become mellower. His mind is still quite on fire, however! I told him the little story that I think is the subject of his message from "Reb's" Spirit. It was always a sort of inside joke between Cherry Gollogoly and me. We called it "In Egypt with no underwear", and it is recently transformed into a song. This new artistic version is much more abstract, and of course, as is the way of such creations, quite removed from its original source inspiration. This same song will soon be recorded at the studio, but the joke it sprang from is little known.

Way back in the early "seventies" Kat, Cherry, a few other friends, and myself met in Cairo to "do" the pyramids. We were staying in some funky hotel overrun with hippies, euro-trash, and strange foreign wanderers. Somebody, I forget who, had gotten us a job to play at an American journalist's party one night. Earlier that day Cherry's camera had been stolen by some Brit she was trying to put the moves on (or vise-versa). This was the first in a series of weird events. While she and Kat were out chasing the fellow down (I believe he was actually caught and pummeled by Cherry), our hotel room was ransacked and all our clothes were stolen. It turned out at that time we were all wearing Egyptian Jabi's sans underwear...(quite the rage). When we returned to discover that we had no clothing alternatives, Cherry, in her practical way, went out to a street market and bought us each an outfit for the party/show that night. It was a peculiar bunch of articles, she returned with. The funniest aspect of her selection being the underwear. For some reason, she could find no western style underwear for men. Instead she bought us each, some cheap, synthetic panties. These silly things looked like something even a drag queen would raise a suspicious eyebrow over. Kat flatly refused, preferring to go without. But Cherry chose the "sparkly" one, and I chose the "red". We were a hit that night. Everyone at the party tipped lavishly and the Host gave us a bonus. The whole set was just about a half hour, and was simply me playing sax, and Cherry and Kat wailing some quasi pop

tunes. We walked away with several hundred bucks. Quite a haul for then! We still have that underwear and often wear it for good luck during important shows....I have mine with me at all times....just in case! I'm sure I will be wearing them during the next couple of weeks!

x

Tomorrow is first day in the Studio. I believe we are going to start with "Canterdig" and "Not the Commuter Train", two pieces we are not in any danger of losing our way in. We've played them both frequently this past year, and "Canterdig" is almost a standard for us. It is also one of the few pieces I actually sing. Its only two short verses and the rest are varied improvisations. Sammy has introduced a section played with a bow, which I like, and which of course is always nice to hear in a Bass riff. Steve-o wrote "Not the Commuter Train", a lively yet strangely melancholic study for Vibraphone. He will be using his awesome ambidextrous abilities on this piece, manipulating drumsticks and Vibe mallets in alternate hands!

x

11 pm:

Just got back fro Cherry Gollogoly's Apartment. She invited us over for dinner. It was very pleasant. Just a causal and homey sort of evening. She and Ong made a very nice meal for us. Simple but elegant. We sat around the spacious living room and chatted as one would with a family. Indeed, it is very much a family now, when I consider how long I have known these people my heart fills with feelings of warmth and comfort.

The talk was mostly of the past and some of the crazy things we all have done. I brought up the underwear story since it was so recently in mind. Chuckles all around. There was a serious turn after dessert, and Marko asked Cherry to read us some of her new work. She assented and read a few poems straight from her notebook. They were thoughtful pieces, full of Cherry's idiosyncratic vocabulary and her stirring sense of word usage. In a way they made feel like I was in a dream listening to a language I seemed to almost understand but one that fleetingly blew away like fast moving clouds.

We left fairly early since tomorrow is a work day for us; deciding to walk back to the Algonquin. Not a short walk but not a truly long one either. On the way we stopped occasionally to view a shop window, or some building. From time to time we changed formation, sometimes in pairs, sometimes another arrangement." This is the Fito Day Ensemble", I thought to myself. A mysterious knowledge of delight curled up in my thoughts like a cat that'd recently lapped cream.

Journal of Fito Day June 4, 2001

Difficulty in the beginning of an enterprise is nothing new. And that is precisely what we dealt with today. Starting with a crankiness that was in the air, the adversity developed into blockage by noon. Many delays, equipment malfunctions, and a general out of sync mood prevailed, until I finally gave the “take five” (which was more like a “take 2 and ½ hours). Flung Records Studio is located in an old refurbished warehouse building down by the piers. We all walked outside and stared at the ships, boats, ferries, and seagulls for a bit...nobody saying much. Finally, in a moment of inspiration, Sammy began doing one of the simple Feldenkrais exercises that Lovely Darling had taught us.

Kat joined in, and then right on cue the rest of us assumed positions. Perhaps some passers-by or workmen got an eyeful but we didn't care. Like a group of synchronized swimmers washed up on land we moved this way and that in unison. By the time we were finished the whole atmosphere had changed. With few words we returned to Studio “A”, and with a mind-blowing surge of energy whipped out “Canterdig”, as if it were “Ring around the Rosies, Pocket full of Posies”. The sound engineers were amazed. We zipped right into “Not the Commuter Train”, but by the end of the day were not satisfied with it. Everyone is now very keen on perfection. It was decided we'd pick up with it in the morning.

By the time we left Flung Studio, our sluggishness had vanished, and we had evolved into enantidromea.

✕

I just returned from the Library. I was so energized by the time we returned to the Algonquin that I grabbed my note book and went straight to the New York City Public Library. Spent a few hours in the stacks of the music room looking at bound copies of sheet music and scores of music that seemed long neglected.

By the time I returned it was nearly ten thirty. Now I'm “bushed” and ready to sail off into cloud coo- coo land.

Journal of Cherry Gollogoly June 4, 2001

In the afternoon hours I stole Ong away to the Pierpont Morgan House. We found ourselves in the Collections of his very thorough and utterly amazing Library of rare books. In the museum part of the Libraries are some of the world's most coveted works... after viewing some ancient Near Eastern seals and scrolls, we salivated over a few autographed music manuscripts by Mozart, Brahms, and Beethoven. There was also a special exhibit of Old Masters Drawings which left us all aglow. As always, in the presence of such lovely and magnificent works, I am brought close to tears.

We then made our way to a little and quiet basement cafe, where we enjoyed one another's conversation and sipped cappuccino.

I am expecting Jaff Seijas to arrive tonight. I'm sure he will be tired after the flight from Amsterdam.

Had a call from Marko relating the events of the first day of studio recording.

I'd like to work on my writing some now. I've got an early appointment with Madame Dupont. One more voice session.

Journal of Fito Day June 5, 2001 NYC

Ahhhhh...full moon madness.

Today's work in the studio was one of those days when *Art* is evident in every single nuance. Whether real or perceived all gestures, actions, thoughts and their manifestations seemed imbued with a very dynamic creative power.

Kat sang "Broccoli & Batteries" like I had never heard her sing it before.

With each verse she moved her voice up an octave from lowest to higher. The result produced a sensation in the listener of liberation and release. She also made some very amusing faces. When she sang, "I ask the Chinese Grocer who looks like I.M. Pei", she squinted her eyes and with the pinky fingers of each hand pulled the corners of her eyes to upward slants. When she sang "I asked the Greek Deli Man ...He focus' on my breast", she moved her head and eyes from left to right and right to left, puckering her lips. And in the final verse when she sings "Will these worlds ever meet?" she put on an almost Holy Madonna sort of look, wringing her hands and castings eyes heavenward. It was a beautiful and spontaneous moment, and I'm so glad that it got recorded.

Kat left to go spend the rest of the day with Cherry, and the rest of us went to a small Thai place in the neighborhood for a bite to eat.

After lunch, we moved into "Channel, Chunnel, Chanel". This piece of music was originally inspired during my first ride from London to Paris on the "Euro-Star".

The idea behind it was to start with a well known English tune, like "Rule Britannia", and move into an improvisational middle segment where the elements convolute and transform, emerging as some well known French song, maybe "The Marseilles". We kept this idea, but changed the English portion to a variation on "Greensleeves" and the French ending to a variation on "I love Paris". This was a sophisticated change and one that worked well. The "Boys" played really well. I was reminded of what great musicians they all are. Sammy's free and easy bass style masks his proficiency and mastery of complex rhythms. Steve-o's impeccable sense of timing with drums and skill in the manipulation of his drumsticks is now legendary. Marko's guitar style was at times like entering a soothing lagoon, and at other's like going on a joy ride over Niagara.

Journal of Fito Day June, 2001 NYC

Schedule for material to be recorded:

June 4 : Canterdig & Not the Commuter Train (features Steve-o)
June 5 Broccoli & Batteries & Channel, Chunnel, Chanel (features Kat)
June 6 La Vie En Rose & On Lake Shipp (Features Marko & Kat)
June 7 Who is McCutcheon? & Neti Neti (features Sammy)
June 8 The Krenek Thing

June 11 Ong Sessions (with Ong Nikas in studio)
June 12 Caviar (with Bruno Grugeryvic in studio)
June 13 In Egypt wit no Underwear (with Cherry Gollogoly in studio)
June 14 Revisions and Additions/ Improvisational sessions
June 15 “ “ “ “ “

* June 23 1st show for JVC Jazz Fest : Fito Day Ensemble at Manship Theatre (Guest appearance – Bruno Grugeryvic)

June 27th 2nd show for JVC Jazz Fest : Fito Day Ensemble at the Way-Wigged Club
(Guest appearance Cherry Gollogoly)

Journal of Fito Day June 6, 2001 NYC

Complexity. The keyword of the day. Sometimes it's uncanny just how unified the ensemble is in their overall daily moods. This morning as we sat in the Café of the Algonquin, reading the paper and drinking coffee, I could see that a cerebral sort of atmosphere enveloped us like a serious letter sent to a lover. Not much was said. It was more what was not said.

By the time we got into the studio and set up, everyone seemed intent on delivering some good music. Our customary joking around had been put aside.

We went straight into Marko's "On Lake Shipp". It had already been decided that the poem-lyric to "Lake Shipp" was too long and Marko had written a condensed version of essential verses. These verses were sung alternately by Kat and him, with the exception of Verse 4..."before sun up...etc". However, once we got going we tried a take where-in the whole song was sung by the two of them. We all liked this very much. Then we did another take in which the verses that had been cut from the original poem were spoken during the improvisational instrumental "middle section" of the piece. This we also liked very much. The entire piece was transformed considerably. It also gave us a chance to stretch our concepts of what a poem and a song could be.

Marko's guitar playing was superb. It was also quite a treat for me to play clarinet, and Sammy got a chance to play his alternate instrument, piano, since "On Lake Shipp" has no Bass or Sax.

In the afternoon session, we recorded "La Vie En Rose". We had rehearsed this piece many different ways in Missouri. Our final choice for performance was a slow and sexy rendition. We opted for a clean modern sound, attempting to play down any campy connotations that might be connected with images of French stereotypes. We added a rather spooky wah-wah and decidedly electronic fuzz augmented by an overdub tape of some eastern-European gypsy violin music that Bruno had given us from one of his travels into the Yugoslav countryside. The whole piece took on a dreamy air, somehow disconcerting, yet oddly comforting.

Journal of Fito Day June 6, 2001 NYC

It's pretty late now. It was a very satisfying day, but I'm exhausted. I was out a while ago just for a walk around the block. I ran into Lola Bascaglia. We stopped and chatted briefly. She's giving a concert at the New York Institute of Modern Music next week. I've always enjoyed hearing her play. She has quite a way with the ivories. We discussed "Rosey" Zwerus' funeral service (she played at the church in Amsterdam). It reminded me of how much I miss him and his amazing Trumpet. Lola asked about the ensemble and added how much she always enjoyed our "style".

x

Our shows, concerts and albums have always been a mix of vocals and instrumentals. I think this makes for an interesting listening experience.

Journal of Fito Day June 7, 2001

Neti Neti.... A phrase from the ancient texts of Buddhism which roughly translated means"Not this, Not That". I first heard the phrase from Lovely Darling McCormick and since then have come across it a few times in my reading. I always thought it was a good description of all those unexplainable forces that make Life what it is; the theories, concepts, and speculations of what "God" is, the nature of opposites, the unfathomable questions.

The beginning of the piece is slow and meditative. The Saxophone is used like a human voice. It pleads, cries, moans, begs...."help me....tell me what to do....what's it all about?" Steve-o plays vibraphone to suggest answers. Like waves of celestial voices, the mellow tones of vibes descend from some heavenly place and sweeps over the searching sax. The middle section of the piece introduces that peculiar 9/8 beat and a cornucopia of sounds sometimes melodic, sometimes chaotic. Marko and Sammy rush about playing unconventional instruments: Daouds, Pletzviddle, Kkumonge drums, Ventilated Uberdings, Strata harp, and Okeemeekee Whistle, as well as found objects, a tin roof scrap, an antique chemist's retort, and a large conch shell. These sounds are never irritating. Quite the contrary. The whole effect is rather pleasing. The final portion of the piece returns to a unified whole and a resolved and more upbeat playing of the melody. It's a fun piece to play and leaves us all feeling rather elated upon completion.

As the afternoon wore on we got a bit low again so we indulged in a pot of Oolong tea and did the Feldenkrais movements again to redirect our "Chi". Once back in sync we started to work on Sammy's "Who is McCutcheon?" This enigmatic piece is a tribute to some unknown ancestress, and was first a made-up childhood ditty. Sammy always liked it and scored it as a jazz romp a few years ago. It's a playful and weird little number with a dollop of cool-jazz style bass and a lot of verve in the vocal department.

Sammy Klewis' Song

“WHO IS McCUTCHEON?>” BE BOP A DO WAP .
TOSSING ON MY BED. TOO MUCH WINE WENT TO MY HEAD.
I SAT UP & SAID “WHO IS McCUTCHEON?” BE BOP A DO WAP.
SAW IN MY MIND’S EYE A HOUSE, A BIG PINK SKY. A WOMAN STOOD
NEARBY...BE BOP A DO WAP.
“OH WHO IS McCUTCHEON?” BE BOP A DO WAP.
I SEE A FADED DRAWING WITH TWO BLUEBIRDS FLYING DRAWN
SITTIN’ ON THE WINDOW SILL FACING THE SOUTH LAWN.
I NEVER HEARD HER NAME BUT I KNOW THE BLUEBIRDS CAME
TO SAY ...BE BOP A DO WAP...”SHE IS McCUTCHEON.”

Sammy Klewis' Anagram-Behavior

Who Is McCutcheon? :

How Chemic Counts/ Chew Coconut Shim/ Chic Cowmen Shout/ Chit Chow Consume/
Munches Otic Chow/ Woe Chthonic Scum/ etc....



Sammy Klewis at Piano

Journal of Fito Day June 8, 2001 NYC

We had a serious listen to the real Krenek work “What Price Confidence”, again this morning. This work is very much in the genre of late 20th Century modernist music. It’s a chamber opera written for a number of singers and piano. The recording we have is on the CPO label and features Andreas Schmidt & Elvira Dressen. It is a difficult work, not what you would call “fun” to listen too. Today it is perhaps even somewhat too easy to satirize as “highbrow “and “over-the- top”. Yet the more you listen the more you like it. When we first began playing *Our* “Krenek Thing” earlier this year, we extracted several sections from the music and adapted them to our capabilities and inclinations. Even then it was apparent that we were dealing with some extraordinary music. When Sammy began to weave the improvisation of “All the Things you Are” into to the piece we were blown away by the weird compatibility of these two seemingly disparate works. After all, one is a hopeful, lilting melody from Jerome Kern’s pen, and the other a ponderous, cerebral work with a psychological bent, and heavy with intellectual yumminess. Yet, somehow it seemed to click.

After we were in the mood we gave it all we had. Every time we do “The Krenek Thing” we never really know exactly how long it will take to perform . Of all the pieces in our repertoire this one is the most surprising to us as musicians. We really have been carried away playing it. This morning was no exception. However, I must say that our work of the morning was superb. We were totally in the same head, and the music seemed to be within and without us. A living entity that spiraled outward from a psychic solar plexus and emanated and transformed itself into a living thing.

When we left the studio for the day, Larry Peabody and the guys from the soundbooth were clearly awestruck. Larry, whom we have worked with a number of years, grabbed my hand and said, “Fito, that was without a doubt the most intense recoding session I’ve ever experienced.” It made us all feel really good.

✕

It’s the weekend now. It’s free-form time and time to groove on our personal grooves. Got a party at Cherry Gollogoly’s Saturday p.m.! Looking forward to seeing all our old chums and just being with “my people”.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly June 8, 2001
Mesmer Bldg. W. 57th St. NYC

"These are a few of my favorite things..."

Spent the day with Ong doing all those things we so love to do...the things we all need to make time for...the things that help us recover our sense of play and wonder. We started off with a scrumptious brecky, prepared upstairs in Mothers apartment. Belgian waffles, maple syrup, and dark and aromatic Kenyan coffee. We made our way to the Village, and wandered about those time honored Bohemian streets, just stopping here and there to chat with shop keepers, workers, or some acquaintance we knew. Who ever said New Yorkers were distant and inhospitable? We reminisced in front of the Village Vanguard, and we chuckled as we passed The Way Wiggled Club, home of many a cool and groovy night. Another cab ride to the Whitney for a dose of Art. For lunch, The Russian Tea Room served as a backdrop for a lively conversation about all manner of subjects. Next, a walk in Central Park. A glorious day for a walk. I felt so silly yet comfortable and happy in my sun hat and vintage 1950's spring dress. I shall not soon forget that day. When I returned home I felt like a child who had just been given a wonderful birthday party!

Play

*

surprise!
some ribbons unfurl
small brightly colored ships
with comic heralds tooting horns
they egg on the cake of our delight
we acquiesce and roll down springtime hills
thankful for grass stained party clothes
for chocolate smears dried in the corners of our
smiles



Ong & Cherry A Nature Walk in Central Park

Ong report June 8, 2001

Anyway, I promised a surprise and it was a lovely surprise too in the form of Ms. Keely Smith who was in town performing at Feinstein's. She dropped by the apartment after the recording session to say "hi" but it wasn't long before the band was rejuvenated and a jam began. Fito was so inspired as to put down his sax at one point and do a duet of "You Don't Know What Love Is", with Ms. Smith. Fito Day has a much under used if not under appreciated singing voice and my personal favorite line, "The love that cannot live yet never dies" took on an entire life under the spell of his vocal weaving. So inspired was I, that I sat in on a version of "Lush Life" that left me suicidal and with a complete understanding of the love which I described in Fito's vocal excursion.

Lest we culminate the evening in a death pact, Fito kicked it up a bit with a rendition of "New York, New York" that would have made "Old Blue Eyes" eyes turn red with tears of appreciation, and Keely certainly helped give it the kick and the energy we all needed.

It finally concluded with not only chorus of all, but dance routine on the balcony complete with yelling neighbors. No trip to the city is complete without at least one shout from a window so having accomplished this I was freed up for other NY necessities such as yelling at drivers, "Whatsamattayou, whatsamattame, you whatsamatta, eh"!!!!

I think Cherry was entering a few words on some of the other activities, not the least of which was a bit of lost- in- the- park hiking. The quiet activities have been so few of late that I truly cherished this time and look forward to some more nature study or perhaps some museum time in the coming days.

And the food!!! My god! Good bread is such a treat and proper Italian and Greek to say nothing of the Caribbean fare that abounds. One Italian place stands out although the name escapes me, help me if you remember the name of the restaurant, it was the dark family style one that smelled so good where the maitre de whooshed us in and waved for us to "Sit anywhere, anywhere you like-a" and when we went for the circular back booth he shouted "Not There"!!!! ha ha, the food was almost to die for, if not for the incredible taste then the sheer quantities, and remember the wine he dipped out of the cask in the back, not incredible but very good basic red table wine. I weep thinking of leaving my friends but I weep also to leave all of this food.

In fact I am hungry thinking of it, Ciao bella . Love,Ong

Journal of Fito Day June 11, 2001

ElectoLux! Even the name of this machine approaches Mythos! How shall I begin to describe that which even in living experience was unfathomable?

It was not an ordinary Monday morning anyway. Everybody was charged with energy and wanted to chat. There was a lot of coffee drinking and waving of hands as we rehashed our personal weekend adventures. It was then time to get down to the “Ong Sessions”.

The machine was placed facing due north and two very powerful magnets were placed on each side of its chassis. Ong supervised the wiring of the sound equipment and amplification devices. The hose of the thing was supported by a couple of large hooks that were suspended from ceiling beams. Ong sat on a comfortable overstuffed armchair from which he could easily adjust the controls and manipulate the mouthpiece (an especially designed contraption that was made of polished chrome with a series of ivory reeds, held by a rather beautiful sapphire hair clasp).

Kat was stationed in the Eastern sector, and her microphone had been adjusted to effect maximum echo. She had also a supply of nitrous oxide and balloons from which she could inhale to produce that quirky “munchkin” voice that is a result of vocal chord freezing. She was to use her voice as an instrument in this incredible improvisation.

In fact none of us were playing our chosen instruments. Marko had been studying of late, ancient stringed instruments, and we were honored with a loan of various priceless and peculiar ones from the collection of Umo Bascaglia (husband of Lola), Professor at New York Academy of Music in the Ancient Music Studies Department.

Steve-o was stationed in the Sound Booth Control Room with Larry Peabody as his assistant. Having much experience with electronics, Steve-o had the daunting task of synthetic sound production.

Sammy had moved to the Synthesizer, while I manned the amplified Tibetan Horn.

We had procured a recording from Allo Nahon’s vast Library of world music of his own documentation; Japanese school children singing Tom Jones’ “Green Green Grass of Home”. These charming voices interpret the lyrics as “Gleen, Gleen, Glass of Home...”...

When the register of r.p.m.’s is slowed down, the voices become a booming cross between the imagined vocal strains of the “Incredible Hulk” and /or Giant Titan Monks in some Inter-Galactic Gregorian pageant.

With this unusual tape playing as our background we began the improvisation of the “Ong Sessions”.

Journal of Fito Day June 12, 2001 NYC

I sometimes get miffed when I wake up at 3 a.m. and can't get back to sleep, especially if I have a full day ahead of me. That is what happened though. So I got up and made some tea. As I was staring out of the window at the occasional cab or car on west 44th street, I felt the "Big 3" near. And indeed they were near. For as I turned around I saw them sitting casually on my suite furniture. This time, Lester and Coleman, simply lounged as their sax's set mute, leaning against chairs. Billie also sat, head tilted back, but turned toward me with a glint in her eye as she began to speak:

MUCH FUNNY MUSIC YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING SIR. MANY ADVENTURES
INTO LANDS OF STYLE AND COUNTRIES OF CREATIVITY.

(LESTER & COLEMAN BOTH NOD IN AGREEMENT)

IN THESE JOURNEYS DO NOT FORGET TO PACK A BAG OF SINCERITY. DO
NOT FORGET THAT SIMPLICITY AND HONESTY CAN EXPRESS REAL
SUBSTANCE IN A GRACEFUL WAY.

THE WORK OF LATE HAS BEEN FINE AND YOU WILL PLEASE MANY AN EAR
WITHIN THE REMAINDER OF YOUR TIME IN THE GREAT CITY...YOU ARE
HOWEVER, ONLY LAYING GROUND FOR YOUR PATH TOWARDS ANOTHER
GARDEN OF DELIGHTS. THE NEXT MOON'S PHASE WILL FIND YOU ON THE
BRINK OF DISCOVERIES WHICH WILL LEAD YOU TO WHOLENESS.

(now Lester & Coleman pick up their instruments and play a few bars of a tune once
foreign & familiar before the vision vanishes).

Journal of Fito Day June 12, 2001

It was only Bruno Grugeryvic, Sammy and me in the studio today, for the recording of Bruno's piece "Caviar". Sammy played piano accompaniment. Bruno's trumpet playing was an exercise in beauty and controlled mastery. "Caviar" is a stirring piece, expressing hope within sadness. Bruno wrote it in Russia a few years ago during a tour. He confided in me that when the piece was written he had been going through a very strained and upsetting emotional period. His Mother had also recently died and he was feeling pangs of loss. One night in Moscow, as he sat at dinner, he began to cry and a few salty tears fell into his plate of caviar.

We played the piece straight through in one take. It needed no revisions. It was as though we had been working together for years upon end. When we finished I quietly put down my saxophone and walked over to Bruno and embraced him.

Journal of Fito Day June 13, 2001 NYC

Cherry Gollogoly arrived at Flung Studios wearing a Chanel Rain slicker which covered a quasi-transparent linen shift that suggested some ancient Egyptian garment. Of course she wore no underwear, but instead had draped many ropes of pearls about her hips, which concealed her privates. Naturally this also created a certain erotic allure. She was in rare form and before the session entertained us with some pretty astounding vocal warm-ups, including an acappella “Una furtive lagrima” from Donizetti’s “L’Elisir D’Amore”. This song was so prettily sung it nearly *did* reduce us to tears.

“In Egypt with No Underwear” is a melodic, haunting piece. It has a vaguely 1930’s sound, or maybe has a mood akin to genre songs like “Laura”. I think of it as Hitchcock-meets-David Bowie-meets Hilda Doolittle-meets Mata Hari-in a Ballets Russe-Curse of the Mummy-sort of way.

Cherry’s vocals are a fabulous mixture of operatic finesse and jazz vocalese. Steve-o plays vibraphone for this piece, and we brought in Szabo Doobie as a percussion man for this piece. He brought in a mean set of vintage Honneger drums and a series of large glass bottles filled with varied amounts of water as additional percussion instruments.

At the studio in Missouri we had created an endless loop tape of a fragment from “In Egypt with No Underwear”, just the phrase “Revive my Heart”. This bit flows in and out as background in a sort of slow rap-beat in sync with the drums. Kat and I also sing this phrase at intervals in the piece.

Marko plays a Hawaiian guitar in open tuning. Sammy moves from upright bass to cello with ease. There is a really lovely saxophone interlude for me to delight in at the beginning and end of the piece.

“In Egypt with No Underwear” exceeded my expectations. It may well be the sparkling gem of the recording.

I am “blown away” as the saying goes, by these people in my life. What an amazing assortment of personalities. What a gift to be surrounded by these creative forces. I am truly blessed.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly Mesmer Bldg. W.57th Street NYC June 16, 2001

To what extent singing “In Egypt with No Underwear” has changed my life remains to be seen, but I know in my heart it certainly has. It is the first time in years that I have felt so “at One” with the direction of my creativity. I attribute this directly to the time I have spent with Fito Day and his “Ensemble”. Yet, it has also displaced me somewhat. For now I find myself longing for a return to the “Musical World”. I also sense the old bug-a-boo of my emotional weakness surfacing again. I have, in the past, been easily unhinged by periods of great creative stress and I do not want to revisit those places where my “madness” has taken me. Nor do I want the return of Psychiatrists, pharmaceuticals and private care in my world again. So I must hold on to a single vision and not be overcome. Isn’t it odd that on the one hand is such a great surge of creative power and an incredible act of focusing, and on the other the pull towards disintegration and unraveling?

One rather bizarre event has happened. Kat Trowell and I went to the theatre together one evening. After the performance we returned to my Mother’s apartment. We were enjoying a late night snack and glass of wine just chatting about all the things that have recently gone on. The subject of Sammy Klewis’ farm came up and Kat began to tell me about her time there. She mentioned finding an unusual scrap of paper in one of the outlying buildings. After a brief description I asked her if she had it with her. She reached into her handbag and pulled it out. As she unfolded it goose bumps covered my flesh and a rush of recognition spread over my spirit. I almost fainted.

She could easily see my astonishment!

In 1995 I had been at Sammy Klewis’ place on a sort of self imposed retreat. Sammy had graciously offered me refuge and nobody was there but me. I spent 2 serene weeks just writing and experimenting with the surrealist method of composition. But I had surprised myself by leaving notes to myself here and there that I did not recall writing. As the days wore on I became more and more alarmed that my madness was returning. The notes themselves were not decipherable in content, though written by my hand. I began to suspect that I might be producing a form of “automatic writing”.

One afternoon in one of the smaller buildings on the property, I had been gripped with a sudden feeling a transcendent awareness. I had been rummaging around some old boxes of photos and papers, and it was then I heard a distinct voice. I grabbed some fragment of old and dusty paper from a box and quickly took a form of spiritual dictation.

It was a voice unlike any I had ever heard and announced itself as “Annesh” ...

I wrote down what was delivered. As quickly as the thing had happened, it also ended .

I stared down at what was written and could make no sense of it. I was frightened by this episode and although I felt no danger, in fact I felt a strange inner-peace; I dropped the paper back into the box and hurriedly left the building.

It was more than a shock to see it once again in Kat’s hand!

I told her I did not know what it was then nor do I now. She asked if I wanted it. I suggested she keep it. We both felt very odd about the event. I wonder if it is not a portent, a foreshadowing.

A letter from Jaff Seijas June 16, 2001

P.O. Box 690
Lake Worth, Fl. 33460

Dear Fito,

I had a fantastic time in New York City. It was so rewarding, uplifting, and fun to see you and everyone else too! I only wish I had had more time! I am moved by your generosity. Not only letting me use your apartment in Amsterdam, but allowing me to sit in during some of the recording sessions and the honor of asking me to do the art for the new album cover...all greatly appreciated!

There were a few funny moments at Cherry's house too. I loved the gatherings and all the dinners! Spending time with Ong was a delight! What a great bunch of people we know. I am enriched by these associations. Kat, Marko, Sammy and Steve-o, all such entertaining souls. I am still digesting all those conversations. I loved seeing Bruno too and Caze Jerusalem. But most of all the Music! Wow! I am speechless and so will let Mr. Truckbydden do his job in that department!

Best of luck with the details of the recording and with the upcoming shows in the city. I am sure you will be well received.

Keep in touch & I will too....

As ever,

Jaff!

PS: It really is uncanny how much alike we look!

Journal of Fito Day June 16, 2001 NYC

I'm a little tired. One can only do so much! But I will revive after a day or so. Just a few notes however.

We've decided to call the album "Jazz Abduction". We have six days to wrap up all leftover recording business.

Got some appointments with Bruno Grugeryvic, Werner Truckbyttén, and a dinner with Caze Jerusalem coming up this week. I've made the travel arrangements for everyone. We leave for Europe on June 29th.

On a personal note:

I'm worried about Kat again, she seems detached and uncommunicative.

I am also sensing some air of uncertainty about Cherry Gollogoly. She seems very vulnerable at the moment though full of energy.

The guys seem fine though. I hope I'm not working everybody too hard.

I want the two shows for the jazz festival to be really super.

My saxophone sits gleaming in the window. Sometimes I feel like it's a telephone waiting to ring. Will it be long distance from the "Big Three?"

Journal of Fito Day June 18, 2001 NYC

Last night I sat in the lounge of the Oak Room with Marko and we let ourselves just spill our guts to one another. It was perhaps one of the most cathartic evenings in recent memory. When you have known someone since early boyhood, as we have, then it's a particularly macro view of the "Self" in "Time" that prevails as a point of reference. Having had similar talks since we were kids banging on our guitars, or writing mystery stories together, or playing imaginary games, we are used to one another's idiosyncrasies and personal takes on Life. Yet no matter how many the conversations, there is always something else to reveal, some surprise, some twist.

Marko's recent fascination with Physics surfaced. I love to hear him explain it to me because he translates these theories into a language I can grasp. I talked a bit with him about my "visitations" from the "Big Three". He in turn offered up some experiences he had recently involving psychokinesis. Our discussion turned to the concept of harmonious Vibrations, and naturally from there to music. We both agreed that lately some unusual sensations had accompanied our performances of certain pieces and we were sure that the rest of the group is aware of these manifestations of aural and psychic phenomena.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly June 18, 2001
Mesmer Bldg. W. 57th st. NYC

Dearest Ong,
Prince of The Quantum Vacuum...Lord of
Jazzabunda...Chevalier Of Coolness...

I miss you! Thanks for the wonderful time spent
together in the City. I cannot think of a more
compatible companion...and patient too! I am sure I
wore your brain down a little with my endless
speculations, my head trips, my mental seesaw rides!
I will not soon forget your kindness'...
or the amazing month of June 2001!!!

I hope that you are secretly conspiring to sneak away
to Europa and storm-troop the Fito Day Ensemble, as I
am! What a great excuse to see the major Capitols and
hang with ones friends...No?

Keep me informed of any quips of interest, whether
mundane or supernally gnostic...I careth not...it's
your insights that move and shake!

As Always and then some...

Cherry Gollogoly

An Email from Cherry Gollogoly June 18, 2001

Dear Marko

Even though you are only a few blocks away. I didn't want to speak in person. Actually I am not sure if I can verbalize these thoughts. If I fail, I will not send this e-mail. I just want to confide in someone who understands my mind set, and I think you have a knack for interpreting my thoughts.

Something happened recently. It's about an unusual scrap of paper that Kat found in the shed at Sammy's farm. She found it, but I wrote it several years ago on a self-imposed retreat. Perhaps that in itself is not too strange but only coincidental (ha ha)...but it is what is written on that paper that begs explaining. And what is written? I am not sure myself...for it was not apparent to me then or now. It was during the beginning of my surrealist compositions and I was writing all sorts of odd things...but there were a series of notes that I found that I had scribbled down that I could not recall writing, much less fathom their content. Since I have seen that paper again, I have begun to feel slightly unhinged. My greatest fear in life is to return to the twilight world of mental illness. As you know I have had a journey to that unpredictable country and I do not want to go again! Yet I feel myself drawn to the irresponsibility of such a place. I am still slightly (in a fateful-flamencoish kind of way) compelled to look at that which I Fear. The words of that note reveal some kind of list...the names of long gone Jazzmen and women, and some other quasi occult suggestions. Last night as I stood naked before the glass, fresh from my bath, I saw around me a series of luminous balls and heard a sad and remote music that forced me to weep. I do not know what has happened. I place the starting point of this condition at the studio date of our recording "In Egypt with no Underwear"...

I just don't want to keep these thoughts to myself.

As always,

Cherry Gollogoly

Journal of Fito Day June 20, 2001 NYC

Had a chat with Kat this morning. We sat in her room with silk sari's blowing in the air conditioning. Her pretty little shrine all aglow with candles. The smiling face of Parmahansa Yogananda beaming from a photograph, flanked by pics of her dog and the F. Day group.

She was wearing a lovely pale green shift and brushing her hair as we talked, an act I always find alluring, reminding me of old 1940's movies.

Once again I was struck by the deep chords that chime in the heart through the medium of shared wisdom of an old friendship. Here again, I am in the presence of someone I have known and loved since my teen years. Now a Goddess sits before me and radiates her special soothing force.

She just skipped from subject to subject, touching upon her observations and insights in a delightful way, like a stone skipping over a pond.

I realized during this meeting just how often my perceptions of others are askew. I had mistaken her quiet attitude for depression, when in fact she had been engrossed in her work and her thoughts about music. I forgot what a dedicated and hard worker she is. She said to me that she would like for me to consider allowing her to introduce more "love" ballads into our repertoire. She feels a need to express her softer side. I was reminded of her sensitivity and her patience with a bunch of guys who were often "over the top", and touched by her ability to endure us. I have always wanted Kat to be "happy", but my my ...how jealous I would be if she was ever whisked away by some irresistible Don Juan!

Journal of Fito Day June 19, 2001 NYC

For several weeks now (sometime since being at Sammy's farm), Steve-o has been wearing gloves. At first they were light gardening gloves. I suppose something he found in a local hardware store. He has since then stylistically evolved into all manner of gloves. It seems his preference is for light, tight fitting, leather driving gloves that can even be worn while holding drumsticks. I saw him with a bag from Hermes yesterday, and later noticed him sporting a pair of beautiful forest green gloves. At first, I thought he had just been using them for some kind of support. Perhaps his hands and fingers ached. Later, when we got to the city, I assumed it was a fashion statement. Now, I am beginning to wonder if it is not something else altogether. I have not inquired yet but the suspense is killing me.

He has in the past worn unusual accoutrements. In 1989, in a frenzy of drumming, he jabbed himself in the left eye an injury that caused permanent blindness. For almost a year he wore an eye patch.

He also wore an odd hat for a few months (bought in Belgium I think), when overnight his hair changed from brown to an odd bluish shade. Now he highlights this color with even more blue and looks somewhat like those religious posters from India depicting Krishna. People are always stopping him and asking him about his hair....they love it!



Steve-o gloved

Steve-o Ness Notebook June 2001

Geomagnetic Field Radiation Spectrum(2×10^3 Hz)

Earth's M-Field is a steady (DC) 0.7G with 30Hz micropulsations.

Radio Frequency Radiation Spectrum (10 KHz to 2.59 GHz)

Radio Frequency Spectrum

10KHz Audio, 200Khz Sonar, 540-1700 KHz AM Radio, 1MHz Video, 4MHz Token Ring LAN,

10MHz Ethernet LAN, 15 MHz HDTV, 16 MHz Token Ring LAN, 46-49 MHz Cordless Phone,

54 MHz Low Band TV, 55 MHz Low Band Land Mobile, 70 MHz Video, 88-108 MHz FM,

150 MHz High Band Land Mobile, 174-216 MHz High Band TV, 220 MHz Interactive TV,

300 MHz Remote Entry LAN, 400 - 450 MHz UHF Land Mobile, 471-800 MHz UHF TV,

815-860 MHz Land Mobile, 836-881 MHz Cellular Phone, 902-928 MHz Cordless Phone,

931 MHz Pager, 1-1.57 GHz GPS, 1.5 - 1.9 GHz INMARSAT, 1.9 GHz POS, 2.15 GHz Wireless CATV,

2.4 GHz Spread Spectrum & RF LAN, 2.59 GHz Wireless CATV.

UHF 300 to 3000 Mega Herz Ultra High Frequency

EHF 30 to 300 Giga Herz Extremely High Frequency

SHF 3 to 30 Giga Herz Super High Frequency Band Frequency Wavelength

Sinusoidal Oscillation Frequencies used in oscillators described by
wave shape of signal(Sinusoidal, Saw-tooth, Square)
and frequency of oscillation

Subadio	less than 20 Hz
Audio	20-20,000 Hz
Ultrasonic	20,000 Hz - 10 MHz
Radiofrequency	150KHz-1.5 MHz
High Radio Frequency RF	1.5MHz-40 MHz
Very High Radio Frequency VHF	40MHz-100MHz
Ultrahigh Radio Frequency UHF	over 100MHz

Radio Bands:

A 0.03 -0.25 GHz 1,000 - 120 cm

B 0.25 -0.5 GHz 120 - 60 cm

C 0.5 - 1 GHz 60 - 30 cm

D 1-2 GHz 30 - 15 cm

E 2-3 GHz 15-10 cm

F 3-4 GHz 10-7.5 cm

G 4-6 GHz 7.5 - 5 cm

H 6-8 GHz 5 - 3.75 cm
I 8 -10 GHz 3.75 - 3cm
J 10 -20 GHz 3 - 1.5 cm
K 20 -40 GHz 1.5 - 0.75 cm
L 40 -60 GHz 0.75 - 0.5 cm
M 60 -100 GHz 0.5 -0.3 cm
RF
Visible/IR

Historical Radar Bands
Frequency Wavelength
VHF 0.03 - 0.3 GHz 1.000 - 100cm
UHF 0.3-1 GHz 100 - 30 cm
L 1-2 GHz 30 -15 cm
S 2-4 GHz 15 - 7.5 cm
C 4-8 GHz 7.5 - 3.75 cm
X 8-12 GHz 3.75 - 2.5 cm
Ku 12-18 GHz 2.5 - 1.6 cm
K 18 - 27 GHz 1.6 - 1.1 cm
Ka 27 - 40 GHz 1.1 - 0.75 cm
MM(3) 40 -100 GHz 0.75 - 0.3 cm

ELF 10^6

Audio

ELF Waves Radiation Spectrum (10^2 Hz)

0 - 0.0003 Hz (ELF1), 0.0003 - 0.03 Hz (ELF2), 0.03-0.3 Hz (ELF3)
0.3-3 Hz (ELF4), 3-30 Hz (ELF5) , 30-300Hz (ELF6), 300-3K Hz (ELF7)

Human Body(10^8 Hz), Organ(10^9 Hz), Brain(Alpha/Beta
8 - 12 Hz) & Physiologic Functions (10^{-1} Hz) Resonance Radiation Spectrum
Human Body Frequencies

Human Body Cell - 1,520,000 to 9,460,000 Hz

Electromagnetic brain waves (0.1 to 30hz)

Decision making abilities are subordinate to alpha, beta, gamma(.01-5hz), theta(4 - 7hz),
and delta(0.1-

4hz) brain rhythms with their related states of consciousness.

Also:

Alpha 8-13 cycles/sec - relaxed alert

Beta 14-30 -intense mental concentration, agitation

Theta 4-7 hypnogogic

Delta .5-3.5 sleeping

Human Tolerances to whole body sinusoidal vibration

Head Pain 13-30Hz, Impaired Speech 13-20Hz, Jaw Pain 6-8Hz, Chest Pain 5-7Hz, Abdominal Pain 4.5 - 10 Hz,

Lumbosacral Pain 8-12Hz, Urge to defecate 10.5 to 16 Hz, Urge to urinate 10 to 18 Hz.

Upper Limit of Human Hearing 15,000 Hz

* Refer to "Human Tolerance to Whole Sinusoidal Vibration", E.B. Magid, R.R.

Coermann, G.H. Ziegenruecker,

Aerospace Med., 31, 1960 p. 921. and to "The Cure For All Diseases" ,

Hulda Regehr Clark,

Ph.D, N.D. 1995, New Century Press.

Human Frequencies Data

www.geocities.com/researchtriangle/2888/freq1.html

List of all biological frequencies affecting human organs and diseases

Geophysical Rhythms (10^3 to 10^{-9})

All the following rhythms affect and related to Biological Rhythms:

Infralong waves (10^3 to $10^{.5}$)

Seismicity (10^2 to $10^{-2.5}$)

Air Pressure (10^{-1} to 10^{-2})

Time (Second 10^0 , Minute $10^{-1.5}$, Hour $10^{-3.5}$, Day 10^{-5} , $10^{-6.5}$, Year $10^{-7.5}$)

Magnetic Telluric Oscillations (10^1 to 10^{-4})

Atmospheric Oscillation (10^{-1} to 10^{-4})

Tidal Period ($10^{-4.5}$)

Earth Rotation, Light Temperature, Lunadian Periodicity (10^{-5})

Syzygic Lunar Periodicity ($10^{-5.8}$)

Earth Revolution, Solar Emission, Air Pressure, Temperature ($10^{-7.5}$)

Solar Emission, Temperature, Magnet, Telluric Oscillations ($10^{-8.5}$)

Earth's Ionosphere Cavity Resonance (Schumann Field) (1Hz to 30 Hz or 10^9) Radiation Spectrum

Magnetic Fields

Earth's M-Field is a steady (DC) 0.7G with 30Hz micropulsations.

The EMF gauss range for paranormal activity: around 1.2 - 2.5. = 20?

Biological Rhythms (10^3 to 10^{-9})

10^3

10^2 Circa-millisecond Rhythm

Action Potentials

10^1 10 Hz Rhythm

Microvibration

Beta-EEG

	Alpha-EEG
	Delta-EEG
10 ⁰	Pulse
	Circa-Second Rhythm
	Respiration
10 ⁻¹	Blood Pressure
	Modulation, Biochemical, Physiological, Psychological Functions
	Intestinal Vascular Tone
10 ⁻²	Circa-minute Rhythm
10 ⁻³	Intestinal Tone
	Circahoral
	Sleep Stages, Glandular Activity, Hemopoiesis
10 ⁻⁴	Ultradian
10 ⁻⁵	Circadian
	Biochemical, Physiological, Psychological, Ethological Activities
	Infradian
	Circaseptan
	Circalunar
	17-Ketosteroids
10 ⁻⁶	Circatrigintan
	Reproduction
	Eleptic Seizures
	Ovarian Cycle
10 ⁻⁷	Circannual
	Biochemical, Physiological, Psychological, Ethological Activities
10 ⁻⁸	Infraannual
10 ⁻⁹	Populations, Phytogrowth

Genes

Molecules

Cells

Complex Cells/Organs

Bioplasmic energy, Psychokinetic Pk, 10,000 v/cm

concentrated in the head region. PK is polarization of the bioplasma in a laser like fashion or biolaser effect. PK depends on an electrostatic field whose magnitude depends on man's physiological state.

Mind

Conscious mind operates at about 250 to 450 words per minute.

2 pages of text per minute.

Subconscious mind operates at a speed of about 1200 to 1400 words per minute. 4 to 6 pages of text per minute.

Computer simulated subconscious speech language

Phonemes must be matched to each dialect and specific frequencies of each persons body mind, personality, and skin. These frequencies differ per person and state of mind.

Behavioral Modification (Positive and negative reinforcements directed energies, queues, implants, scripts, hypnosis)

Sleep Deprivation REM

Posthypnotic suggestibility index

Intelligence and Beliefs

Social Status

Support Groups

Senses(Normal, ESP)

Feelings/Emotions/Moods

Abilities/Traits

Aura/Chakra

Spirit/Soul

Social Patterns

Social Groups

Environment

Species

Elements/Compounds

Atmosphere (Gases/Plasma)

Weather

HAARP

Orgon Energy and tubes & Mind

Scalar Interferometers or scalar electromagnetics

Heating of areas of atmosphere to produce balls of light, lightening, and weather.

Heat

Low Pressure

High Pressure

Steer Jet Streams

Weather potential is a swirling vortex stream of bi-directional multivectorial entities.

Steering weather by divergence of energy from the potential is a scalar.

$W(\text{total number of joules of energy collected by the charge}$

$q)$

$= (3\text{space point Potential } \Phi(x,y,z) \text{ joules per coulomb})q(\text{number of diverging}$

collecting coulombs) Dr. Evans, AIAS, Whittaker scalar interferometry.

Plants/Stars/Solar Systems/Galaxies/Universes

Planets follow Diatonic scale

Earth 25,920 Cycle of Time Earth Wobble

Moon

26 days for sun to rotate at equator

37 day for sun to rotate a poles

Grid Points On Earth

Giza Pryamid

20 degrees above and below Equator

Siberia and Giza Antenna

1000 Grid triangles cover earth

Points of tetrahedron in earth

Spherical Harmonics Points

Churches, holy temples, ruins, mountains,
official buildings

Planetary frequencies :

Earth-day 194,18 dynamic, vitalizing

Earth-year 136,10 relaxing, soothing, balancing

Platonic Year 172,06 cheerfulness, clarity of spirit

Moon (synodic) 210,42 erotic communication, sexual energiy

Sun 126,22 feeling of centering and of the magic

Mercury 141,27 intellectual communication

Venus 221,23 higher love energy, aspiration for harmony

Mars 144,72 strength of will and focused energy

Jupiter 183,58 creative power and continuos construction

Saturn 147,85 concentration, process of becoming conscious

Uranus 207,36 power of surprise and renewal

Neptune 211,44 intuition, dream experience

Pluto 140,25 magic group dynamic

Sun follows

Sun Hyperdimensional Cycles

11 year magnetic shift

3,740

18,139

77,760

18,140 years longest sun spot cycle

shift adjustment of 5200 years

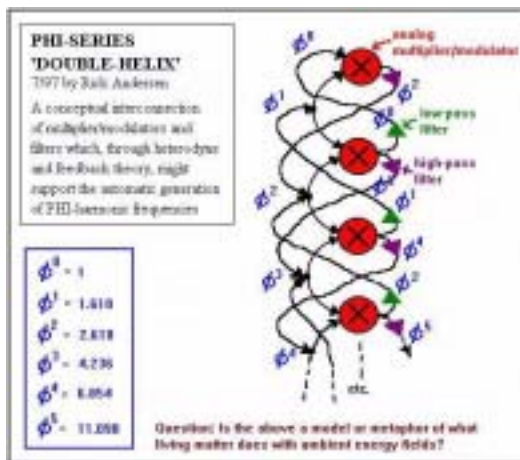
77,760 years 3 cycles

Processional cycles in groups of 3

Galactic Center

Geometries, space, and straight lines are

associated with masculine, sun, and time, curves with female, moon.



Dark matter-Galactic Halo-unseen invisible harmonic forces.

Planets distances are proportional to music diatonic scale

Constant of Nineveh = 195,955,200,000,000 = 70 x 60

x60x60x60x60x60x60x60

Multiples of 7 and 6. 2, 363 years for planets to align in solar system in a perfect line.

25,920 year precession of equinoxes of earth's wobbling motion in space.

Galactic revolution period 225, 000,000,0000.= 223,544,814.9201 exact.

36 = 6 x 6= distances between tones on diatonic scale. 36 is pure music, pure light,

pure geometry, pure vibration, pure divine order. 3 25,920 year cycles of precession or

77,760 years all together, master key of our solar system of sun. 240 precessions in the Nineveh

cycle and 36 Nineveh cycles in the galactic cycle. 8640=36x240= precessions in when galaxy

completes one rotation. 2880 Master Key cycles of sun.

Universal Center

Clusters of galaxies

Ether

Light(EM)Sun

Gravity(ME) Black Whole/Edges)

Global Harmonic Grid

Harmonic Geometric Stresses in
the fabric of time 25

8 Octave

Harmonic Ratio 34560

Harmonic Values of a circumscribed tetrahedron
when 666 degrees are used in a circle instead of
360)

144,000 Light

1000 Grid Triangles cover earth

25920 year harmonic wobble of earth's axis

Sun Hyperdimensional Cycles

11 year magnetic shift

3,740

18,139

77,760



Tips of tetrahedron greatest amount of

energy force

About 19.5 degrees above or below
the equator of the planet.

Time Cycles

2160 Rome, US

100

Atlantis 10,000 cycles

25,920 Cycle of Time Earth Wobble

Galactic Center

Ether Wind, Black Whole

26 days for sun to rotate at equator

37 day for sun to rotate a poles

1,366,040 days

520 days allows cycles to shift to higher cycles

7 shift cycles

18,140 years longest sun spot cycle

shift adjustment of 5200 years

77,760 years 3 cycles

Processional cycles in groups of 3

Sound vibrations in groups of 8 (Octave)

The law of one octave

Seven fundamental nodes of vibration

followed by an eighth which complete one
octave and begins the next.

Pure tones of the octave are the diatonic scale

or white keys on a piano.

Diatonic Scale

D 288 vibrations of air in 1 second of time

E 324 vibrations of air in 1 second of time

F 360 vibration of air in 1 second of time

G 384

A 432 (440)

B 480

C 540

D 576

Light Photon of light is a vibration in the 5th dimension

(Super string theory)

Colors of light correspond to octaves of sound

Ratios between distances of planets corresponds to the diatonic scale (Bodes Law).

Geometry

Specific vibrations will form specific patterns

When one increases the vibrational frequency or stress

of the energy of an object in a local area, the geometry itself will transform into a higher order of complexity. The expanding and contracting movements of geometric objects will follow various harmonic spirals of the Fibonacci or Golden Mean, as well as the spirals created by the square roots of 2, 3, & 5. There are isosceles triangles within a spiral. As the spiral expands or contracts so do the triangles as well as other geometric structures. Straight and curved lines are opposites unified as vibration. Straight lines and geometries represent space or forward and curved lines and spirals represent time or growth of form. Curved lines of time allow geometries of space to expand and contract. Geometries, space, and straight lines are associated with masculine, sun, and time, curves with female, moon.

Dark matter-Galactic Halo-unseen invisible harmonic forces. Planets distances are proportional to music diatonic scale

Constant of Nineveh = $195,955,200,000,000 = 70 \times 60 \times 60 \times 60 \times 60 \times 60 \times 60 \times 60$

Multiples of 7 and 6. 2, 363 years for planets to align in solar system in a perfect line.

25,920 year precession of equinoxes of earth's wobbling motion in space.

Galactic revolution period $225,000,000,000 = 223,544,814.9201$ exact.

$36 = 6 \times 6 =$ distances between tones on diatonic scale. 36 is pure music, pure light, pure geometry, pure vibration, pure divine order. 3 25,920 year cycles of precession or 77,760 years all together, master key of our solar system of sun. 240 precessions in the Nineveh cycle and 36 Nineveh cycles in the galactic cycle. $8640 = 36 \times 240 =$ precessions in when galaxy completes one rotation. 2880 Master Key cycles of sun. $8640 = 36 \times 240 =$ precessions in when galaxy completes one rotation. 2880 Master Key cycles of sun.

Review of the Fito Day Ensemble performance at the Manship Theatre, New York City June 23, 2001

The Manship is a well preserved Art Deco style theatre. The stage is bordered by huge Atlas- like characters and zigzagged haired caryatids. The Chandeliers are giant angular Byzantine UFOs and the walls are decorated with murals of gold-leaf Olympians frolicking in distant Arcadian bliss. In this atmosphere, I was duly subdued but gleefully anticipating the appearance of Fito Day, his Ensemble and their guest Bruno Grugeryvic. When the amber lights dimmed and the curtain rose, a solitary Kat Trowell stood dressed in a black strapless evening gown of 1920's inspiration; her arms rose upward in a supplicatory gesture as she began singing "Broccoli & Batteries". This is a song from Miss Trowell's own pen, adapted and scored by Fito Day and will debut on their upcoming recording "Jazz Abduction". It was only a few bars into the song, I suddenly became aware of two cello players, drenched in pink light, stage left, while stage right, the tall and lank silhouette of Bruno Grugeryvic stood wielding his trumpet. I had heard another version of "Broccoli & Batteries" played at the Hey Hey Club in Kansas City. This one had quite a different effect on me. It had been transformed into a bluesy, sexy plea. A sultry delivery, reminiscent of the old-time Blues ballads. The cellos, however, added another dimension to the song, giving it a dreamy romanticism. Mr. Grugeryvic's horn was played in a strong, yet controlled way and balanced the tenure of the piece nicely.

Next, Fito Day and the rest of the Ensemble appeared on stage, and following a brief welcome speech, they embarked upon the famous "Krenek Thing". I am now quite familiar with this extraordinary and ambitious piece. This evening I was not prepared for the intensity and precision with which these unpredictable musicians presented it! High Art is usually a luxury but the Fito Day Ensemble were doling it out in bucketfuls to a thirsty audience. By the time they had finished taking us on this euphonious trip, the audience was on their feet in a storm of applause.

A playful and very funny set followed. A hilarious version of "If I only had a Brain", a fast and furious Tasmanian- devil delivery of Steve-o Ness' "Not the Commuter Train", and a finale of Sammy Klewis' enigmatic piece "Who is McCutcheon?", all performed with unsurpassed energy and joy.

Things were quieted down some in the next set. Marko Moon's "On Lake Shipp", a haunting melody with very beautiful lyrics, put us in a contemplative mood.

Bruno Grugeryvic returned to the stage and swept the crowd away with his horn mastery, thrilling us all with a delicious version of "Caviar". Mine was not the only teary check in the house!

After a brief intermission, Fito Day again addressed us and thanked us for coming, and wished us all well.

"Neti-Neti", "La Vie en Rose", and "Monday Monday" were the next triad of performed pieces. It was very interesting and enjoyable to hear Bruno Grugeryvic's artful style blended deftly into these arrangements.

Fito Day gave one of his rare solo performances in which he combined "The Wine Soaked Sky" (originally scored by his friends Clementina Zwerus, and her late Brother, "Rosey" Zwerus), and the old standard "Unchained Melody". This was a fine interlude,

and allowed me to remember Mr. Day's expertise in his chosen instrument, the saxophone.

The evening was brought to a close with another set of three pieces all well known to fans of the Fito Day Ensemble. These were the "title" songs of three of their most popular recordings, "Skeleton of Grapes", "Goblets of the Gods" and "Phantom Shoes".

Once again, I was transported. It seems that every time I am privileged to attend a performance by the Fito Day Ensemble, I am more and more convinced that Jazz music is living up to its original intent...to inspire and delight us with innovation in a celebration of freedom.

Werner Truckbyten - Nederlands Jazz Gazette

Letter to Ong Nikas

June 20, 2001 Algonquin Hotel NYC

Dear Ong,

I wish you hadn't left us. Everyone misses your energy. I want to personally express my heartfelt appreciation of your participation, expertise, and genius, during the recording session. I think that the "Ong Sessions" is clearly the most interesting piece on the entire album. It was for me great fun and a true exercise in expression. I loved it, and think that it's novelty and experimental nature is still within the bounds of jazz consciousness, if not jazz consciousness itself! We have all decided to dedicate this new album "Jazz Abduction" to you, Cherry Gollogoly, Bruno Grugeryvic, and the memory of "Rosey" Zwerus.

Jaff Seijas is producing the art-work for the CD, and the liner art. I have asked him to use the photograph taken of you playing the Electrolux at Flung Studios somewhere.

I would also like to take this opportunity to invite you to join us at some juncture in Europe, where, as you know, we will be touring for the remainder of 2001. Please try and make this a reality!

On a more personal note, I would like to confide some of my recent feelings and observations to you, as a friend that I have known for many a year, and one whose counsel is always taken seriously.

I am beset with worry over the recent behavior of my Ensemble, even though they appear to be functioning in top form. Often my intuitions are off base, but in turn they are as frequently correct. I know I am honored and respected, but I wonder if I am truly approachable as a man. Sometimes I feel my cerebral nature obscures the more tender virtues of love and understanding. Naturally I do not want to be viewed as some tower of impenetrability, some stern task master, or even as a "big brother". I would hope that I am an open door, easily walked through. Yet more and more do I feel that the Ensemble-mates are hiding some essential aspect of their characters from me that is key to understanding their motivations, likes and dislikes. Perhaps I am overworked...

But not insensitive.

Kat has grown increasingly distant. She rarely opens her thoughts up to me anymore, and this is a major woe for me. I have always enjoyed her saucy wit and biting insights.

Marko is rapt in thoughts of the "Nature of All that Is", and although I share this passion, I worry for his self-absorption and possible exhaustion with attempts to penetrate the mysteries. Sammy has become more and more taciturn, and his crankiness would not be bearable if his sense of humor were not equal to his onerosity...he always saves himself with his childlike funniness, but I fear that his strings may be tightened too tight.

Steve-o has become so absorbed in abstraction that he is virtually a living equation. This attitude coupled with his recent fashion eccentricities makes him seem like a bit like Clatu from the "Day the Earth Stood Still". Even our darling Cherry, seems suddenly quite unhinged. Yesterday when I telephoned her she said "hello" giggled and wept all in

the space of one minute, all the while rapidly talking in fragmented words of several mixed languages.

Now is it just me?

My hope is that all of this will change after we get to Europe. I have no fears that the upcoming concerts will both be successful. As I previously stated, the band appears to be as tight as I have ever known them to be.

That's it from my quarter...

Feel free to drop a bomb on me as payback!

You are in my thoughts, and as always,

Warm Regards, Fito Day!

Journal of Fito Day June 20, 2001 NYC

I took a little walk just to clear my thoughts and wound up in front of MOMA. "Why not?" I asked myself and was shortly thereafter walking past walls of great Art. The more I saw, the more filled with sorrow I became. I cannot explain this because usually I am elated looking at paintings. Yet each work seemed surrounded by an aura of visible heartbreak. At one point, I remember just sitting on a bench and hoping that I was not attracting too much attention to myself as tears streamed down my face. In all fairness I must add that the paintings in question were not robbed of their beauty. On the contrary they seemed so beautiful that their sadness and beauty became one. After a brief breather in the mens room accompanied by a few audible sobs and much nose blowing, I ventured out again. I resolved to head towards the Impressionist collection. At last, once within the Collection, I passed a doorway and saw seated on a bench, her back to me, Cherry Gollogoly. She sat very still. I did not want to surprise her. In fact, because of my strange mood I thought about avoiding her altogether. However, I walked to her right and stood a little ways off just facing her. She sat staring at Manet's "Boaters". I said, very softly, "Hello Cherry". Her eyes remained fixed upon the painting. She never blinked. I tried addressing her again and got no response. I was somewhat alarmed, but chose to leave her be. As I walked out through the long corridors I felt strangely alien. I wondered even if I were dreaming. Once again I felt a lump in throat. When I was back outside I could not shake the feeling, nor could I rid myself of the image of a mute Cherry, wide-eyed lost in front of her silent companions, the two figures who silently and eternally ride in a boat composed of brushstrokes upon a canvas.

Journal of Fito Day June 20, 2001 NYC

Manhattan Afternoon

A mortar & pestle
Life is mashing me into a paste.
Out of greasy
Droll dough
Emerge a profusion of honeyed drops.
Beads heavy with gold
Transforming into firefly glows
Ascend.
Now I am
All gone.
But everywhere present.
Full from the moment of moments
Nothing can contain my Love.
What does it feel like?
A song both happy and sad...
Both sad and happy.

Letter to Cherry Gollogoly June 20, 2001

My dear,

It goes without saying that every time you communicate - verbally, aurally, psychically, or through the buried strands of DSL fiber optic cables placed there so that we could do this at will- I'm touched in a way that goes beyond any sensory apparatus or dream at my disposal. I've told you this before and I say it now with no hope of any payoff, other than your promise that you will never stop.

Yes, darling, your writing is divinely inspired. It is too beautiful for humans but for those of us who are not quite human, or in the upper nineties on the wheel of eighty-four, your creations are guideposts in a deep personal space that indicates that at the end of the journey we will find not chaos and random chance, but rather a serene precise spring from which spews all that is art and love and grace.

It is frightening to write, or create, or live in blackout. It is scary to acknowledge psychosis. I've had to work through both for over thirty years and all I can tell you is that, for me, the desire and the inspiration do not depend on walking the edge. That course is fraught with peril, the work notoriously uneven even if a muse is present, and the accompanying disgust and shame not worth the hip version of keeping up with the "Joneses." I prefer being cloaked in invisibility to being hipper than thou.

I love you very much and want more anything to see your smile as often as we can arrange it in this lifetime. I'd like you to come with me to see a friend who has numerous artists and musicians among her clients. The unraveling of the mysteries presented will be more easily understood when we eliminate six of the seven rams present at the wall.

In the Tao, Marko

Message from Cherry Gollogoly 6/20/01

Dear Marko,

At this time I will add little else to what I have already said. Your message to me has left me deeply touched. The poetry of your words ...a healing balm. Yes... I will go with you to visit the person you mentioned. Let me know when we pay this visit. Please bear with me

I remain,
calmed in the fragrance of rose-scented syllables,
Cherry Gollogoly

Email from Kat Trowell

To: Cherry Gollogoly

Full solar eclipse of the sun, just going into Cancer, on Thursday.
Midsummer's Eve on Sat, the 23rd. (gather the morning dew on the 23rd, early AM, wash your face with it . . trust me !)
Time to lay the foundation for your future. All "seeds" planted at this time will produce surprising results . . . !
Katherine

Email from Cherry Gollogoly

Subject: stars and hope

Dear Kat,

I suppose you can read between the lines of "poetic" and "imaginary" offerings. Clearly you can. These writings are naturally thinly disguised attempts to make real sense out of my reality. In this way they are quite therapeutic. I find that I can't really lie, even in a fiction! Of course, you yourself are a Cancerian, and obviously quite intuitive. Thank you for taking the time out to send messages of astro-guidance. At this juncture in my life, I am troubled by many mundane aspects of existence. Alas, even the Teachings of the Masters, offer little solace. I am ashamed to admit this because I know that empty words cannot awaken Faith. Yet I am struggling even as I know that there is PeaceAbove and Beyond. I will take these suggestions from the stars to heart. Many thanks for such a tender approach,
I remain,
Cherry!

Journal of Fito Day June 21, 2001 NYC

Why do so many spiritual events occur at 3 a.m.? And is not always 3 a.m. somewhere on earth? I suppose it's our personal 3 a.m.'s that count for aren't those our reference points?

Once again I found myself awake, and with my little cup of tea, plopped in front of the computer screen. I thought I would write some thoughts down, but I was distracted by a whoosh of wind behind me. Turning about I saw the triad of Holiday, Hawkins, & Young (speaking of 3's...)

"Hawk" and "Pres" gave a little intro on their Saxes. It sounded like "Summertime", but also a bit like every song I'd ever heard...
Billie stepped foreword.

"SO SIR...YOU ARE FEELING UNLOVED? THERE IS ONLY ONE CURE. A KIND OF SPIRITUAL HOMEOPATHY...MORE OF THE SAME...LIKE CURES LIKE...SO OPEN WIDE AND SWALLOW SOMEMORE. "

Coleman and Lester from the side: "YOU KNOW THAT RIGHT IS RIGHT. THAT GIVER'S SHALL INCREASE. THAT DUTY LIGHTS THE WAY FOR THE BEAUTIFUL FEET OF PEACE..."

Billie: "WHEN YOU PROJECT YOUR OWN FRAILTIES OUTWARD UPON THE WORLD THEN NATURALLY YOU WILL SEE THEM MIRRORED BACK."

Coleman and Lester: "COURAGE IS BETTER THAN FEAR. FAITH IS TRUER THAN DOUBT."

Billie: "OPEN UP YOUR MIND AND HEART. IT'S SUMMER TIME AND THE LIVIVN' IS EASY. DON'T BE QUEASY. SPREAD YOUR WINGS AND TAKE TO THE SKY..."

All Three: "HUSH FITO DAY NOW...DON'T YOU CRY..."

Letter from Ong June 21, 2001

Dearest Day,

I never left you; even now I am amongst you exploring the undone. A picture is worth several words, so I have enclosed a picture of the Ong Sessions in hopes it captured the spirit of what transpired, or did not. It was during the session that I levitated to the position of nirvana and discovered nothing, and while it is hard to determine from the photo, nothing is what you get.

Regarding the Ensemble, I feel the trip to Europe is more than just an opportunity to grow artistically, but a must for the Ensemble to grow as a whole and individually. Your observations of the members is correct, however your interpretation may be somewhat tainted by over activity.

You made mention of Marko perusing the "Nature of All that Is", perhaps if we turned our focus toward "All that isn't" we might better be able to decipher what lies between the two.

Perhaps even your own inaccessibility, or perception of such, lives beneath the surface as well, or could even be an absorption of the residue of reality left by the other players.

It cannot be "Just you" for as you yourself have taught me, our interactions are all woven together. I could address each member individually, but because we are so intertwined I think there is one solitary cause for each different observation that you made, it just manifests differently in each individual.

Since all actions effect all others I must believe that our inactions do as well, or even our lack of them.

We are so active our actions become woven so tightly as to form a single sheet of microfiber which nothing can penetrate. We need the undone in order to keep from suffocating, to put some space between the threads that weave our existence.

In your very words the band is tight, and I agree, but I think what may be needed is for the band to be a little more loose.

Nothing gives a better sense of balance to me than a trip to Europe, where the pace of life has yet to increase to an unmanageable level, it is just such a trip that I know will help stretch the band out a bit and make all the members a little more accessible, if not a little less tri-polar.

I shall return now to the realm of that which has not yet happened and that which never will.

"I am so not happening" you might say.

We will always have Paris,

Ong



Journal of Fito Day June 21, 2001

Encounter #1:

Steve-o and I had lunch today at Bolo. It was a great table and we were actually able to have a decent private conversation. He sat there, looking as stylish as ever, and naturally wearing a pair of very black tight-fitting velvet gloves. Although he often wears sunglasses, day and night, on this occasion he removed them. His blind eye actually shows no sign of being dysfunctional. He brought up the subject of the gloves.

"I know you've been chomping at the bit to ask", he joked with me.

I had to admit that indeed I was more than curious.

So many peculiar things have happened since 2001 began that what he had to reveal to me seemed no more than just another notch on that surreal stick.

For quite sometime now Steve-o has been immersed in a study of "Theory of Vibrations". According to him, through various experiments and procedures (most of which I could not really comprehend), he had somehow managed to speed up his own "vibratory emissions" (his words). As a result ... (at this point in the conversation he held up his right hand and slowly lifted the edge of the glove)... "voila!"

Once I got over the initial shock, I was finally able to get some spattered words out.

I asked just what had happened.

"Well, you can see for yourself... I'm disappearing!"

It was exactly like the old 1940's movie, where the bandages of the "Invisible Man" are slowly lifted to reveal... Nothing but empty space!

"Oh they're there," he went on, "You just can't see them anymore".

I asked if he were in pain, or if he thought he should see a doctor. He shook his head, laughing. "Why?"

When I asked if he planned to tell the rest of the band, he nodded in affirmation.

I asked if anything else was disappearing. He said "Not yet" adding that he suspected that could happen.

I could scarcely eat my paella afterwards. He went on and enjoyed lunch like it was an ice cream birthday party for Shirley Temple.

I am hoping that he will be able to explain this phenomena to me better and in terms I can grasp. Until then, as Hamlet said, "There are stranger things in Heaven and earth than dreamt of your philosophy Horatio."

Encounter 2:

The Hallway of the Algonquin.

Kat and I get out of separate elevators at the same moment.

I begged her to have a few words with me. She invited me to her room. She sat calmly on the edge of her bed. I paced back and forth, stealing glances at the little bureau-shrine.

I asked if she were "happy" with me and the band.

She smiled and said, "Yes, never more happy".

I asked if there were something she wanted to tell me.

She said "Yes Fito, your shoelace is untied."

I got flustered.

I confessed that I sensed some distance growing between us. She looked at me with a look of great pity. She simply sat up and walked over to me. Placing her hand on my shoulder, she said “Quagipsifloog”.

“Pardon me?” I asked somewhat unhinged.

“Quagipsifloog. It’s a word, as ridiculous as your supposed fears. I now pronounce you Quagipsifloog.”

I was so taken aback by this unexpected attitude, that I simply walked backwards to the door and let myself out. I could hear her giggling once I shut the door. About an hour later, as I soaked in the bath, I burst out laughing.

Email from Cherry Gollogoly June 22, 2001

Cherry gollogoly <gollogoly@yahoo.com> wrote:

Date: Fri, 22 Jun 2001 10:47:49 -0700 (PDT)

Subject: an explanation

To: Marko Moon

Dear Marko,

I am sure you are curious about why I have not answered my phone messages or got in touch with anyone these past three days.

I am still in the tube of slippery and spidery thoughts and cannot shake the medusa creepies. I want to be composed and well grounded so I can attend the performance of the F.D.E. tomorrow night at the Manship. I am however, unsure at the moment even where I have placed my handbag, I am thinking that the door is not right or was that the piece of her yellow ? It's not tojours perdrix when sic transit gloria vanderbilt...dont you ever schma the candleflame or I cant read so far at sea when the wheel is a doubtful jester of Ur or his babylonian beard from the island . I really thought it was conception fodder not the toasty bark of her sap . Isn't that just like the weak diagonal line to abruptly ubermensch????/for hotseplatz in the heated gris gris dont redden the dusty slips of thin wary sieves giving way post sip to heavier troggish water stains

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Email from Cherry Gollogoly June 22, 2001

cherry gollogoly <gollogoly@yahoo.com> wrote:

Date: Fri, 22 Jun 2001 10:54:34 -0700 (PDT)

To: Kat Trowell

dear kktn kta kat i wruiet write in haste i knpow i havent answerd the phoen inthe past few days and i really dont thibkj i will be able ruj do you kbow what i sayingh? there seem tpo br too many nnnfrekn mde hom jm do not or maybet the answerp;[\ che r ry

Email to Ong Nikas June 22, 2001

Dear Ong,

I just received an alarming telephone call from Cherry. She was unintelligible. The only thing I was sure of was that she believed herself to be talking to you. Over and over again she said your name. Then she went into a polyglot of psychobabble. I took a cab post haste to her apartment on West 57th. I rang and rang but no response. The Concierge came out. He asked if it was an emergency and I said I thought it might be. Cherry's mother is still abroad so she was not available either. He allowed me to go upstairs with him, and we knocked and called out but there was no response. He would not open the door, but insisted if I were truly worried he would call the police. I did not do this. If we don't hear from her again within the next hour so I may.

Yours,

Fito!

Email to Ong June 22, 2001

Dear Ong!

I left my number with the Concierge of the Mesmer Building. He called awhile ago. He said Cherry left the premises about fifteen minutes ago. She was wearing dark glasses, and had two suitcases. A cab which was waiting outside picked her up. I suppose we can infer that she is o.k. and clearly gone off somewhere!

Feel free to call.

Later,

As ever Fito!

Journal of Fito Day June 25, 2001 NYC

The consequences of Cherry's actions are of course another story. I have had to deal with eccentric behavior and irresponsible whims before with musicians and associates, so it is not a new scenario to me. However, I am disappointed that Cherry chose this time to leave town. I am sympathetic about her interior life, yet part of me is truly miffed that such a big show is being neglected. She is (or was) after all, billed as the "Guest appearance" (not disappearance) of the Way Wiggled Club date this Wednesday. I have had to try and explain and be diplomatic to the organizers of the Jazz Festival and to the owners of the Way Wiggled Club what happened. No easy task, since I wasn't clear myself. Naturally this is very bad professional form. On the upside, Kat has agreed to sing both of Cherry's scheduled numbers and Bruno Grugeryvic has graciously offered to appear with us again for that performance.

There is however, more weird news that is leaving me somewhat unraveled. Kat has announced that she is leaving us. She explained to me on Sunday afternoon, that she just can't continue. She will not be going to Europe with us either. I was devastated. When I asked for her reasons, she offered the somewhat lame excuse that she just felt she couldn't keep up with us any longer. She added that she missed her cozy home and her dogs. At the time I was in total shock. I left her, returning to my room. Then I went through an entire roller-coaster of emotions, from anger to broken hearted. I feel as though I have done everything possible to make her position as the only female in the group more comfortable. I think the other men, have also been more than respectful...they all adore her. Whatever the reality of her decision, it is her choice. I spent the afternoon in a funk. My only moment of clarity was realizing that "things" have a way of working out for the best for everyone involved. Still, it is like losing a body part. I will be very sad to see her walk away.

Message from Ong June 25, 2001

My dearest Fito,

Theatrically speaking Monday has always been a dark day, and it is a dark day indeed that finds us in this lowly state, to say nothing of all the theatrics which have transpired.

It seems I cannot transcend for one second without something awful happening. In my absence it appears that the lovely Ms. Cherry has shot the coop.

While it is quite possible that we (Cherry and I) were in communion at the time of her call to you, it is also likely that she was off (or in the wall) since when I last saw her she was experimenting with changing form and molecular structure.

The hour is past of course since your letter saying that you were concerned, and I learn now that Cherry has seemingly left town, not only that but Kat has retired from the tour as well.

Has the world gone mad?

To say that I am distressed would be an understatement. Is there anything within my power that could help bring things back to order if not at least into perspective?

If not order or perspective there must be some action or inaction that would bring back the talented and lovely “wimmins” that make the Ensemble whole?

Please advise me and guide me in the right direction as I fear that in my current condition I may make things worse. Monday is not only a dark day it is also the first day of the week, perhaps this is also a new beginning for the Ensemble as well. At the moment it does not feel good, but then how often does change feel good at the offset?

Your Servant, and Confidant,

Ong

A letter from Fito Day to Ong, June 26, 2001

Dear revered and far- seeing friend,

Was it not a Monday that Ulysses heard the bad news? Was it not also on a Monday that the wise man of Galilee realized his fearful presentiment? Was it not also the day Napoleon made the fateful choice to tromp off towards his Russian nemesis?

I think you are right about the theatricality of the day in question. Or as the now old song goes "Monday, Monday can't trust that day!"

Tomorrow is the gig at the Way Wiggled Club, and I will have to set aside my inner storms to play well. I have yet to tell the other band members that Kat is taking leave of us. I fear that it will be too distracting for them. I will of course be feeling all sorts of things as she sings her (possibly) last sets with us.

As for Cherry, my heart is doubly stricken! The Muse of all Muses evaporated into thin air! I have a haunting image in my minds eye of her walking silently through that lobby carrying suitcases, hiding behind sunglasses...

But this is my hope, oh time honored friend ...that these seeming departures are no more than a side step into some private and very personal domain.

I think, for the moment there is really nothing that can be done.

In 4 days time we will all be in Amsterdam, decompressing at the Herengracht flat.

Perhaps then, the realities of our futures will not only appear clearer but also brighter.

I am hoping that soon you will be joining us for adventures in countries of your choice.

For now, I am as ever,

Yours in the Jazz Pleroma, Fito Day.

An E- letter from Ong to Cherry Gollogoly June 25, 2001

In reply to your letter from the early 21st Century in case I have taken so long you may have forgotten.

My dearest Cherry,

My recent trip and stay at your apartment are entered into the fondest memories of my relatively short, yet full (enriched by your acquaintance) life.

On the contrary, your mental gymnastics provided me with much rich soil in which to plant many of my own imaginings, concepts and theories. As you know most of what I think is theory and I am constantly entertaining and seeking out new ones to ponder, many of which you enlightened me to.

I am of course using the ensemble as an excuse to visit abroad and I look forward to encountering you there, not only to refuel my imagination, but to bask in the warmth of your vocal styling's as well.

Since your warm letter to me I have learned that you are perhaps out of town or have mysteriously disappeared, is this true or is it merely over-reaction by concerned friends?

Have your mental athletics taken you to the edge, or to the deep end of the pool perhaps?

I say this only with concern and a certain morbid interest as my own theories often take me into uncharted waters and I sometimes need the sight of other's to guide me back.

I have mostly found it to be a problem while holding two opposing theories simultaneously.

While it is great exercise it does tear down the wall between realities, be they real or imagined, and point of reference goes south for the winter.

Should any of this be the case and you wish for a landmark, please look to me and I shall cast a beacon your way, if however it is I who am overboard please feel free to toss me a lifeline, or perhaps just a clue.

Your admiring fellow theorist
agape,
Ong

Cherry Gollogoly to Ong June 26, 2001
London Belgravia, 20 Chesham Pl. SW1

Dearest Brother of Wisdom, Brother of Light,

When I awoke and found myself at The Belgravia Hotel in London I knew that something had gone terribly amiss. I can remember nothing of how I got here. Fact remains, I am here! You are well aware that this kind of thing has happened to me in the past. This is something that I have feared all along. To say that I am sorry for abandoning Fito and my commitments would be a childish understatement. I am filled with shame and remorse for this act, yet I must beg mercy. My last coherent memory is searching for my purse to look for that scrap of paper which Kat had insisted I keep. She had returned it to me suggesting that it might be a clue to some secret only I could reveal, adding that she was happy to have been it's custodian and courier.

To confound matters, since that day I have also been afflicted with another symptom of mental stress, "hysterical dysphonia". I have been a victim of this peculiar vocal paralysis in the past.

Isn't it just so typical of the masculine world of medicine to link the word "hysterical" (as you are quite aware from the Greek "hustera", meaning: womb) to this condition, giving it a distinctly female cast?

All that speculation aside, the nasty reality is I have lost my voice altogether! This explains my recent reluctance to answer phone calls and my inability to perform with the Fito Day Ensemble. There is still more! Often in the past, I have been unhinged during times of creative passion. I attribute this directly to my experiments with the surrealist method of composition which, because of the nature of its source, leads one into the sometimes dangerous waters of the unconscious sea. Alas, in the past week or two I have found that I am less and less able to clearly understand language and words, and attempts at writing often produce page after page of random letters, senseless word constructions, and unintelligible fragments. As a final slap in the neurotic face, I have also endured the insult of amnesia, which may simply come with the territory....who knows.

At the moment, I am lucid, calm, and obviously thinking clearly. Thank goodness, I have presence of mind to write these words to you.

What next?

I remain, Cherry Gollogoly.

Journal of Fito Day June 27, 2001 NYC

This morning I received a phone call from Cherry Gollogoly. Any animosity I might have held was instantly dispelled on hearing her voice. I am now just happy to know her whereabouts and that she is safe. She sounded fine and relayed to me the details of her recent condition. I asked her to please guard her health and made her promise to call me if she needed anything. I sensed that there was so much more she would not or could not tell me, and I respect her right to keep her secrets. For now, it is simply enough to know that she's o.k..

Another anxiety reducing breeze came in the form of a brief visit from Kat, who appeared at my door with a bouquet of flowers. She actually said nothing about her decision to leave us, but instead spoke to me in that old familiar voice of one who has been my friend and seen me in the garb all my changed selves over the years. This was very comforting, and I am so grateful for her immense intuitive understanding. That simple gesture and those few kind words made all the difference in the world. Like most of the male sex, no matter how far we push ourselves to the brink of those dangerous cliffs of ambition and energy, there is always a timid and frightened little boy lurking somewhere, who needs the healing wisdom of feminine compassion to calm and assuage fears, both real and imagined.

Tonight is our performance at the Way Wiggled Club. Now I feel I can at least approach the stage with some measure of composure. There have been many calls today and a lot of interruptions in routine, but all things considered, it has been a good day. Marko shared a brief moment with me as well. I was astounded to learn that he and the others were all well aware of Kat's exit from our sphere. I realized how blasted "out of it" I am at times and just how my role as "leader" is often overly magnified in my own mind, to that of "father-protector", if not "savior"! When will I learn that I am not dealing with a pack of spoiled, self-indulgent children, but gifted and spiritually evolved men and women who are equal, if not superior to my status?! I am humbled and also so damn grateful to be loved in such a fine way.



Fito Day Ensemble / Way Wiggled Club Performance

A message to Marko Moon 6/27/01

Dear Poet,

I will not go into any lengthy apologies or excuses for the events I have set into motion. I am more than sure that you already intuit the nature of my modus operandi. I would like to say, however, that not one time during this whole strange interlude did I doubt that you were with me in spirit.

I am only strengthened by the awareness of our unity and my prayers and Love surround you. May this idea sweeten the hours of our seeming separation and permeate your personal atmosphere with the rain cleansed smell of roses.

I remain,
Cherry Gollogoly

Message to Kat Trowell 6/27/01

London Belgravia Hotel

Dear Kat,

I am sorry I so quickly left without a word to you.

Naturally, since we have become friends all over again, I wanted to share the details of my inner-life. I was not able to do this however under the circumstances. I am still not sure that at any moment I might slip back under that strange spell that Art and Passion have brewed up for me.

I have spoken to Fito Day on the telephone this morning and he related to me the news of your Hejira. I, of course, am in complete understanding of all situations which require "retreat". If at any time you feel the urge to communicate feel free. Sadly, I cannot be sure if Cherry Gollogoly will be there to receive your calls! But for the moment I do honestly offer my friendship.

I remain,

Message to Cherry Gollogoly from Ong June, 2001

I am merely glad that you are placed in time and space once again and are cognizant of your own whereabouts. I suppose shame is a good thing to a degree, but like many things may just be another tool used by management, not unlike, "The show must go on". Why must the show go on? What is so important about the show that it takes precedence over people, especially people who are perhaps not feeling well? Mercy on the other hand is a more noble state, and I am sure it is the one that Fito will chose if he is coming from his higher place.

Your condition is not one I am familiar with, though it does sound as if it could be most distressing. The Greeks were pioneers in the art of blame reassignment which might explain the reference to the female anatomy. It is not unlike the church's assignment of the Original Sin on the female of the species. This is another tactic used by management. Any actual blame that may cause someone to lose their job or even their life must be assigned downward, whereas any blame that might make the person assigning blame appear to be the guilty party may be assigned either up or down. But I digress; we were speaking of you and your particular variation of aphasia. I fully understand your hesitation to perform with the Ensemble in your current state and I feel sure that Fito in his wisdom and compassion will also understand and in fact offer any help that may be needed.

Your experiments with the surreal fascinate me and I would love to know more about them when time and lucidity allow. Perhaps together we could gain a deeper understanding of the unknown, or at least of alternate realities, and perhaps find a cure for your malady. When all is said and done, I have observed, much more is said than done, so perhaps the loss of speech itself could open new vistas of understanding.

Please do remain Cherry Gollogoly, as I shall remain

Your trusted friend and student,

Love,

Ong

Journal of Fito Day June 28, 2001 NYC

I've just picked up my clothes from the cleaners and our tickets from the travel agency. We fly tomorrow K.L.M. direct to Schipool Airport, Amsterdam. No matter how many flights I take, I am always kind of "gawll-lee-ish" about the fact that one day you can be in world and within a few hours in another. I think everyone is pretty excited about the rest of the year and even a bit glad to be leaving New York City. None of us are natives and a month here is definitely enough. It has been quite a mixed bag of experiences. Mostly quite fine. Some moments, I am sure I will never forget. Now... The page turns.

Journal of Fito Day , 75 Herengracht , Amsterdam, July 5, 2001★

It seems for the past week I've been in a kind of daze. I've spent a lot of time just reviewing the events of the last 6 months, sometimes with amusement, frequently flummoxed, and often amazed. When we consider the chapters that make up the story of our lives, it seems that, though never really foreign, there is a detachment from the specifics that may even make those scenes seem fictional. Looking over my journal entries and correspondence is, at least in the present moment, like reading somebody else's words. Yet, I cannot deceive myself. I know that what has happened has in fact happened. The way we perceive the occurrences is what colors our associative mental constructs.

✕

It has been very relaxing to be back in Amsterdam. The very upper room of the house which is usually used for storage has been converted to a comfortable, if somewhat make shift , bed room for Marko. Sammy has chosen the guest room, and Steve-o is comfortably ensconced in the studio. Nobody has done much of anything really. We have had lots of talks about where our music is going and where we want it to go. These discussions are good and out of them will come many fertile ideas. Everybody misses Kat and hardly an hour passes when we are reminded of her absence.

✕

I have received a letter from Cherry Gollogoly and she appears to be o.k.... She suggested she meet us soon. I think this could be advantageous for everybody. I didn't respond immediately, but I plan to at least throw out a life preserver of congeniality in her direction sometime this week.

✕

I had dinner with Clemma Zwerus and Nani Hoover at Kantjil Indonesian Restaurant last night. They have invited us to a big party on Saturday Night at the famous Café Americain on the Leidsekade.

✕

Got a phone call from Larry Peabody in New York City. Our Album is well on its way. Should be released in October.

Letter from Cherry Gollogoly to Ong July 4, 2001

Hotel Belgravia, London

Dear Spiritual sleuth....Divine detective,
How very perceptive and knowledgeable you are to put that "damned scrap of paper" into some sort of frame of reference! At last! Now what to do with it?!

Perhaps it has a destiny as some form of poetry or art-form? Mayhap we will apply the surrealist composition method again? This may be a project we can bring to birth as a team. Or maybe I should simply trash it while the thrashing's good!

You may wonder why it's taken me so long to get back to you. Believe me it's not because I have forgotten you!

I have seen my Mother. She is here in London now, and will be going home any day now. She was pretty shocked that I called her from another room in the very hotel where she is also staying! I tried my best to convince her that I just needed a vacation, but I suspect that she senses I have had one of my "spells" again. Fortunately every time we have been together I have been absolutely myself and full of charm and exuberance. Of course she wonders where my voice has gone. I did my best with a pen and pad to convey my chagrin at not being able to just blab away at will! I think she leaves on Sunday!

I have had a few lapses but they have been short-lived.

I have sent a note to Fito day and company in Amsterdam assuring them that alls well. I do hope to see them soon and you too!

I have more to tell...but soon....

As always and then some.

Cherry Gollogoly

Letter to Cherry Gollogoly from Ong July 9, 2001

My dearest Cherry,

Patience my well be my only virtue, I was not concerned that you were gone for a loooooooooooooooooooooooooong time, I naturally assumed you were otherwise occupied or had been sucked into the vortex created by the re-assembly of the scrap du papier.

We could certainly apply the surrealist composition method to the paper in question or as you suggested, or let it stand alone as a work of art .Or possibly Fito Day would be able to translate it into a piece of music, just a thought. I will run it past him if you wish. It might be interesting to hear, but I am sure it would require your vocal interpretation to breath life into it. I am thinking that the key to your current quietness could well lie within this puzzle paper, any thoughts along these lines?

It is good that you spent time with the matriarch and that you were able to maintain your demeanor so as not to cause the Grande Dame concern, however they are rarely as fragile as we assume, and quite often they hold the answers to questions we have yet to scrape the surface of, we often forget that they preceded us in this venture and they may possibly hold the solutions to problems we have yet to experience.

I don't like to think of myself as a presumptuous pompous ass, but having read back over my missive it is the only conclusion I can derive, in fact re-reading this short sentence I see that I am still doing it, I want to stop , but I can't.

Just know that underneath all of my sage advice and way too many words is genuine concern and hope that you will soon be with voice, and again amongst us in physical form.

Yours in sincere pomposity,

Ong

Delivery of the Big 3 Amsterdam July 7th 2001 5:30 a.m.

I awakened with a start! A cool breeze was dancing with the curtains. The hairs on my neck were bristling and I knew that the Big 3 were near. As I got out of bed and reached for my glasses, I was suddenly aware that all three of them were gathered at the little table that sits in the west corner of my room. Lester had removed his pork pie hat. Coleman was lighting a cigarette for Billie. Their saxophones remained in the cases. Billie stood up. She wore a huge white orchid in her hair and with a puff of her cigarette and a dramatic gesture she spoke:

WELL MR. DAY THIS IS QUITE A TIME. IS IT NOT? ALL THIS TRAVEL AND ALL THIS MUSICMAKING...ALL THESE FOLKS COMING AND GOING FROM EVERY DIRECTION...AND OUR BAGS ARE PACKED AS WELL...THOUGH WE WILL ALWAYS BE QUITE NEAR. YOU HOLD US IN YOUR HEART AND WE HOLD YOU IN OUR SOUL. LIKE MOST PARTINGS, THIS ISN'T REALLY GOODBYE. WE ARE, HOWEVER, GOING TO MORPH INTO YET ANOTHER MANIFESTATION. ..AND WHEN THIS HAPPENS YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW.

At this point, Coleman and Lester rise and cross over to me, extending their hands as if to give a parting handshake. I reach out and feel a warm glow infuse me entirely. Billie crosses too with arms open. As she embraces me I am flooded with a stirring of emotions. A shaft of morning light breaks into the room. They are gone.

Journal of Fito Day Amsterdam, July 7, 2001

To the creative person all of Life is an experiment. Perhaps this is true of everybody. Perhaps All Life is an experiment. For me personally this fact has been brought home and underscored in this last twenty-four hours.

The discussions of change and direction of the past few days culminated at the breakfast table this morning. The precise details are now lost in sea of generalities, but the essence of the ideas is quite clearly afloat in my thoughts.

We have reorganized the Fito Day Ensemble. We have shed our musical skins like snakes. We have taken the road less traveled. We have tripped the light fandango. We have done a three-sixty. We have thrown our experimental hats over the quixotic windmill!

In a breakfast confession we all confessed the same confession.

We have all grown weary of being pigeon-holed and long to spread our wings.

In an effort to grow and seek the greatest freedom as individuals and musicians we have decided to lay down the trappings of our former identities as jazzmen and take up a new persona. And what pray tell does this mean?

No-one is really sure. We only know we all want to move in new direction. We have agreed to continue to play as an Ensemble but not as a scheduled musical act in the "circuit". We will take it one day at a time and see where we walk.

It was a huge sigh of psychological relief that escaped that morning through the open window of the Herengracht house. Already something quite exciting is taking form.

I have decided to put the saxophone away for awhile and return to my first instrument ...the sonorous and mysterious Cello.

A Postcard from Sonja Arneau , Chateau Vebond, France July 8, 2001

Dear Fito,

Your new project sounds like a fun adventure! Life's been a fast moving train of thoughts anticipating possible upcoming events. The night before the dawn seems filled with a wide range of emotions and feelings. I would like to extend an invitation to you, and some of our mutual friends to come to the Chateau this Summer .

I shall remain like the mountain-stillness...

Yours in Love and Light

Sonja



Letter to Ong July 9, 2001 75 Herengracht, Amsterdam

Dear Ong,

I am so happy to finally sit at the desk and get a letter out to you. Decompression time has been slow but not without productivity. There are many great changes afoot. We have decided that after the flurry of activity of the first part of 2001, that we should take the ever explorative approach to Art, and change venues. This will be an effort to take our music, ourselves, and our lives to a richer, more challenging, and hopefully more fulfilling vista of perception.

I am putting the saxophone into its case for awhile (though by no means banishing it), and am taking up my first instrument the Cello, once again. You will recall that I started my career as a cellist and have always had a soft spot for it.

The other band members are also venturing forth into areas of favored inclination. Marko is reasserting his claim to flamenco and Spanish guitar as a first love. Steve-o is plunging into a full-tilt electronic and synthetic composition mode, and Sammy is making a study of phonics, autistic utterances, and oracular vocalizations, as well as returning to piano as instrument of choice.

Sounds fun, eh?

Where all this experimentation will lead is unknown. Since we have no important shows scheduled for the remainder of the year we are free to take this leap off the cliffs of personal predilections.

You may remember meeting Madame Sonja Arneau. I believe we were all in Paris together, and at the Montreaux Festival in 1995. She has invited us to use her Chateau in Southern France for an undetermined amount of time. It's a fabulous place with state of the art studio, spacious rooms, and wonderful French countryside all around. She asked about you during a recent telephone exchange, and extended the invitation your way. I hope you will consider this as an opportunity to explore the limits of Art along with us. I am thinking of the last week of July and through August...does that tweak your interest?

I have heard from Cherry and feel certain she will be joining us as well.

Please keep in touch and in all instances let me know your thoughts on any subject you might wish to banter about.

As ever,

Looking for the door key labeled "Music of the Spheres",
Fito Day!

Journal of Fito Day 75 Herengracht, Amsterdam July 9, 2001

Clementina Zwerus and Nani Hoover threw a private party at the Café Americain on the Leidsekade this past Saturday night. It was a nice gathering and the conversation and company was lively. I believe, unless my observations are totally askew, that Clemma was flirting with Marko Moon, and he in turn was shinning that light back. Perhaps, since Marko's resolve to return to Flamenco as a means of guitar expression, his kundalini serpent has also awakened and is fanning the flames of sexual passion! I certainly hope so! Clemma has a tremendous vitality and I think there might be something good in such an exchange for both she and Marko. We shall see.

✕

Nani informed me that she had received a card from Allo Nahon & Terry Thouverez. It was announcement of their upcoming presentation at the "Societe Musique Moderne" in Paris. Perhaps this is something we (I) should attend. It might also be a chance to discuss the project that those two geniuses' approached us with in Kansas City last May.

✕

On Sunday Morning I removed my Cello from storage. When I opened the case that familiar smell of ancient wood with a hint of some rare perfume took my mind back to all the very personal moments I had shared with this glorious and beautifully crafted instrument. I have had this particular Cello since I was twenty-eight years old. It was a birthday gift from my parents. It's a rare and splendid construction made by Andrea Guarneri in 1669. The tone of this fine instrument is unlike any other I have ever heard or played.

I sat quietly for a moment in prayerful meditation and as though I had been practicing for months the memory of my technique returned immediately. I played the second cello suite by J.S. Bach. By the time I had finished tears of happiness were streaming down my face.

Journal of Fito Day July 10,2001 Amsterdam

Clementina Zwerus came to the house early this morning. With her she brought some delicious Ethiopian coffee, her ballet slippers, and a painting that Jaff Seijas has done of her during his last visit to Amsterdam. She sat with us in the high-ceiling sitting room on the second floor and told us about the painting which she titled "Clema-jewee". It's a portrait of her as an Indian Princess with a distinct theatrical and somewhat 1930's aura. She was on her way to her dance studio but we prompted her tarry with us and talk. We spoke a little about "Rosey" Zwerus, and of how much we all missed him. But most of the conversation centered on music. Clema asked if I might play something for her on the "Guarnerius". I suggested Marko grab his guitar and join me. I started in with an improvisation from memory of Alfred Schnittke's 1978 Cello Sonata, a slightly ominous work of introverted polystylistic moods, heavy on the C-pedal. Marko took the ball and ran with it, and I was once again reminded of his outstanding ability to sense the overall character of piece and improvise as if he had studied a particular work in depth. Clementina was thrilled and I believe sincere in her praise of our performance. What an interesting way to start the day!

Marko decided to walk Clema to the studio. I watched from the upper window as they disappeared down the street. Did I not see her peck him on the cheek with a kiss?

x



Portrait of Clementina Zwerus by Jaff Seijas

Letter to Ong from Cherry Gollogoly July 10, 2001
London Belgravia

Dear Ong,

It's quite amusing, sometimes frustrating, and always a spelling test, to carry around a tablet and a pen, as a replacement for speech. I've taken to using wonderful antique stationary, purchased from the Chelsea Flea Market, simply in an effort to capture the attention of my "listener" with some element of aplomb.

I have, for the moment decided to file the maddening scrap of paper, under "later".

However, I do think that you maybe right about it playing some role in the return of my voice. If not that, maybe some other piece of potential directive work in the form of a poem or song. I am getting pretty sick of pantomime!

I am thinking of going to Paris for the performance of Nahon & Thouverez' work at the Societe Musique Moderne. Fito has made some suggestions that he has an interest in that event too. He also has mentioned that Madame Sonja Arneau has opened up the doors of her Chateau for an end-of-summer hiatus. She and I go way back. We attended a private school together in Leysin, Switzerland as young girls, and have been good friends ever since. I hope that you are already packing your bags.

I'm thinking of staying at the Hotel St. Louis en L'Ille. If you like I could make a reservation for you too. The Nahon & Thouverez event is July 24.

I have much to say. But, like a painting (described to me by Fito Day) that you once did entitled "I have no mouth yet I must scream",....I remain mute on many subjects.....

Quietly but with patience,

Cherry Gollogoly

Letter from Ong July 10, 2001

Dear Doctor Day,

I seem to recall that Yo Yo Ma was giving up the cello to take up the Bandoneon a while back, yet I never heard any more about it. Being a lover of Tango, the only truly serious danse, I was excited by this news, almost as excited as the news that you are temporarily discarding the sax in favor of the cello, not that you will play tangos on the cello, although you well might, but rather because of the uniqueness of the sound and the fact that it is your first love.

In kind I may return to my first hate, the clarinet. As you may recall I was forced as a child to take up the dreaded instrument, and in fact was quiet accomplished at it, playing first chair for a while until they discovered I did not use a reed unless I had a solo. This being the key to my hatred of the "stick of torture", the very thought of the reed sends chills across my lips and down my spine even now. I admire your ability to get past this reed thing and accomplish what you have upon the saxophone, but I must admit that the cello is possibly my favorite instrument, certain cleaning devices aside of course.

I await the outcome of your new incarnation with great anticipation, in fact I cannot wait, so yes by all means include me in Madame Sonja Arneau's generous offer of the use of her Chateau. Please give her my fondest thoughts next you converse with her and remind her of the time we went together to the festival of Sara-la-Kâli in Saintes-Maries de la Mer, and I think you will have a very entertaining few hours as she recalls the event.
Until then.
Ong

Letter to Marko Moon from Cherry Gollogoly

July 9, 2001

Belgravia London

Dear Marko,

It's been sometime since I last communicated with you.

I don't want to get too far behind. I am still wrestling with my lack of voice, and although it's somewhat alarming I hope that soon I will have the joy of hearing people tell me to "shut up"!

Fito says in his calls and notes that all of you have decided to pursue alternate courses in your musical development as individuals and as group. This sounds very fine and I am sure that many interesting doors will opened as a result. It is always important for artists to have a passion which lends intensity to their work.

I will be coming to Paris in few weeks, and hope to see you at the Nahon/Thouverez event as well.

I have received a call from Clema Zwerus. I think she may developing a crush on you. I hope that if you find yourself responding that you will take care of one another's sensitive genius. I am sure you will. From what I recall of you as a Lover, you were not only skilled in the arts of love, but attentive to the sensitive female soul. As a poet and artist, Clema is not exempt from romantic projections. However, the more I think about your possible paring the less I feel worried that anything but goodness shall arise from it.

I cannot wait to see you again. I am so happy that your are resuming your flamenco and Celtic studies. Perhaps while we are all in Europa we can make a weekend trip down to Espana?!...We will fairly close when we are at Sonja's Chateau.

Hope you are well...

much love from the open-tunings of my heart strings...

Cherry Gollogoly

Journal of Fito Day 75 Herengracht Amsterdam July 11, 2001

Steve-o has been keeping to himself lately. I asked about the condition of his hands and he assures me that he is fine, though there is no change in the status of their invisibility. His selection of gloves is developing into a collection of rarity and uniqueness. He has found a shop here in Amsterdam called "Halla DeJong" that specializes in handmade fashion accessories for men. Some of his recent glove purchases come from the skilled craftsman of this shop. I particularly like the deep rust suede pair with matching belt, and the smoky grey pair with subtle Templar crosses sewn into them. He has been spending a lot of time at Nani Hoover's studio on the Bastiaansestraat. She is also quite an electronics "nut" and her studio (one of the biggest spaces in Holland) is filled gadgetry of all sorts. He says he will invite me over soon for a viewing of the latest experiments in "Frequency Analysis".

✕

I am developing a routine now. Every morning I get up early and try and play some Cello piece from memory. This exercise helps to discipline my technique and sharpen my recollection of musical styles.

I remember the great English cellist Norman Trimmingham once said that playing cello in the nude was possibly one of the greatest therapeutic aids to personal wholeness in his life. I will have to try...although I believe that summertime is best for such an exercise!

✕

There is a village festival in Marsum this weekend where the inhabitants perform the ancient serpent-labyrinth dance. Clementina Zwerus has offered to drive us to the event, if we wish to go. Apparently it is a throwback to pagan days, and includes some pretty odd music played by locals on antique instruments.

Why not?

Steve-o Ness Notebook July, 2001

Thoughts/Ideas/Culture/Myths/Dreams

Images/Geometrical Proportions/Colors

Ideal/Logical Ideas

Spectrums of Logical Frequencies

Mathematical Functions:

Fouier & Eigen value Spectrums

electromagnetogravitic wave) Casimir phenomenon, but why do planets NOT fall into stars? Stars NOT fall into galactic cores? Clearly the stellar and galactic-scale standing aether (plasma-group) waves have equal repulsive components. And do not equal numbers of examples exist of expanding galactic systems, as opposed to contracting? Is not the micro-scale aether just like the cosmic-scale aether, in that sense? Does not repulsion exist as often, and in balance with attraction? Compression as rarification? Unraveling and decay as often as superposition, beading, and soliton creation?

That I believe is the nature of the ubiquitous EMG aenertial vortex wave of experience. Of action. Of spin and propagation flux density. Aether waves are repulsive from the outside, attractive on the inside? Repulsive from the outside slope so-to-speak, attractive to the inside slope?

Today's physics asserts that the electromagnetic effects are determined by the electric and magnetic intensities, E , B . This is a fraud. They are determined by the electric and magnetic potentials, Φ , A . Thus the gauge invariance is a fraud. According to today's physics, if there are two very long coaxial coils and an alternating current flows in the internal coil, there will be no current in the external coil, as there the magnetic intensity is all the time zero. As a matter of fact, current flows in the external coil, as the magnetic potential there is changing (see the second term on the right in the first equation on the preceding page). This effect can be observed in any transformer.

10. Today's physics asserts there is a "propagation of interaction" and it even calculates its velocity. This is a fraud. Our world is built of three (and only of three!) undeniable quantities: space (length), time, and energy. (N.B. Energy and mass is the same undeniable physical quantity and the "famous" formula of the Austrian physicist Fritz Hasenohrl (1904)

$E = m c^2$ (m times c squared)

says nothing more than the identical equation $1 \text{ m} = 100 \text{ cm}$.) Thus the only "thing" which can move in space is called energy

MARINOV: ANNUS HORRIBILIS

The following advertisement appeared in 28 March 1996 issue of Nature.
Reprinted for Fusion Facts by request of Stefan Marinov.

From an enclosure sent with New Energy News,
Vol. 3, No. 10, April 1996.

On: The Institute for New Energy Web Site at:
www.padrak.com/ine/

Permission Given to post anywhere and to anyone.

The year 1996 will be an earthquake year for conventional physics: many formulas in the textbooks will be changed, many century-old dogmas will be renounced and many saints will be de-sainted. This radical change had to begin tens of years ago but the lack of glasnost in physics all over the world has delayed it and instead of having evolutionary, step-by-step reformations and several lighter earthquakes, now there will be a tremendous one., Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandins!

By my half-a-century experimental and theoretical work I showed the following (see references in my 16 books, 60 refereed papers, 8 paid advertisements and numerous papers and editor's comments in the journal DEUTSCHE PHYSIK edited by me):

1. THE PRINCIPLE OF RELATIVITY IS WRONG.

Indeed, I measured three times optico-mechanically and once electromagnetically the Earth's absolute velocity. Its magnitude is 350 km/sec with equatorial coordinates of its apex

$$\delta = -20 \text{ degrees}, \alpha = 12'' \text{ (approx.)}.$$

2. THE PRINCIPLE OF EQUIVALENCE IS WRONG.

Indeed, my interferometric "coupled mirrors" experiment which was carried out during a year showed that when the laboratory's acceleration was kinematic (acceleration with respect to distant stars), the laboratory's velocity changed, while when it was dynamic (gravitational attraction by the Earth) there was no change.

3. THE ENERGY CONSERVATION LAW IS WRONG.

My machines MAMIN COLIU and VENETIN COLIU which work with zero, or near to zero, Lenz effect, and SIBERIAN COLIU which works with anti-Lenz effect violated this law. Only because of lack of money I could not close the energetic circle in the first two, but the third one was not expensive and I could run it as a "perpetuum mobile." The day when I shall present this machine at a press-conference will be the start-day for the earthquake.

4. THE LORENTZ EQUATION IS WRONG.

If there are two electric charges q, q' moving with velocities [vectors] v, v' and the vector-distance from q' to q is r , according to the Lorentz equation the [vector] force with which $q'v'$ acts on qv is given by the following "Grassmann formula"

$$(1) \quad fG = (\mu_0 q q' / (4 \pi r^3)) \{ (v \cdot r) v' - (v \cdot v') r \}.$$

Numerous experiments done by other authors (Hering's experiments are from the beginning of the century!) and by me showed that the force acting on qv can be not only

transverse to its velocity, as required by (1), but also longitudinal. Any rational man when seeing at least one falsifying experiment rejects the respective formula (Popper). However, for thousands and thousands of "Betonkšpfe" even a hundred experiments were not enough. In the photograph there is one such falsifying experiment which (as well as the other) can be carried out by children: A cylindrical magnet is cut along one of its axial planes and the one half is turned up-down (the magnetic forces themselves do the rotation). Around this magnet, there is a trough filled with mercury in which the copper ring which can be seen at right swims (the children take salt solution and suspend the ring on threads). After sending a current of some tens of amperes from the battery at left, which is regulated by the rheostat, the ring begins to rotate. That's all!

5. THE LORENTZ-MARINOV EQUATION IS THE RIGHT ONE.

According to (1) \vec{f}_G is not equal and oppositely directed to \vec{f}_B . I obtained Marinov formula by the "most simple and natural symmetrization" of (1) (take into account that $\vec{r} = -\vec{r}'$)

$$(2) \quad \vec{f}_m = (\vec{f}_G - \vec{f}_B)/2$$

$$= (\mu_0 q q' / (8 \pi r^3)) \{ (\vec{v}' \cdot \vec{r}) \vec{v} + (\vec{v} \cdot \vec{r}) \vec{v}' - 2 (\vec{v} \cdot \vec{v}') \vec{r} \}.$$

Proceeding from (2), and assuming Φ is not 0, and the partial of A with respect to t [$\partial A / \partial t$, where ∂ is the greek symbol delta here] is also not 0, I obtained by the "most simple calculations" that the \vec{f} force with which an electric system acts on a test charge q moving with velocity \vec{v} is

$$(3) \quad \vec{f}/q = -\text{grad } \Phi - (\partial A / \partial t) + \vec{v} \times \vec{B} + \vec{v} S$$

$$= \vec{E}_{\text{lor}} + \vec{v} \times \vec{B} + \vec{v} S$$

where Φ , A are the electric and magnetic potentials generated by the system at the point of the charge's location, $\vec{B}_{\text{lor}} = \text{rot } \vec{A}$ is the "Lorentz magnetic intensity," $S_{\text{whit}} = -\text{div } \vec{A}/2$ is the "Whittaker magnetic intensity," and

$$(4) \quad \vec{B}_{\text{mar}} = -(\mu_0 / (8 \pi)) \text{Integral} \{ q' (\vec{v} \times \vec{v}') (\vec{r} \cdot \vec{v}) / v^2 r^3 \}$$

$$\vec{S}_{\text{mar}} = -(\mu_0 / (8 \pi)) \text{Integral} \{ q' (\vec{v} \cdot \vec{v}') (\vec{r} \cdot \vec{v}) / v^2 r^3 \}$$

are the "Marinov vector" and "scalar magnetic intensities." $B = B_{lor} + B_{mar}$ [vectors] is called "vector magnetic intensity" and $S = S_{whit} + S_{mar}$ is called "scalar magnetic intensity." (3) is called the "Lorentz-Marinov equation." If neglecting the last term and under B we understand B_{lor} we obtain the Lorentz equation which I call the Lorentz-Grassmann equation. That's the whole theory!

6. THE ANGULAR MOMENTUM CONSERVATION LAW IS WRONG.

My Bul-Cub machine with interrupted current and rotating Ampere bridge with interrupted current rotated under the action of internal forces only. Marinov's formula allows violation of the angular momentum conservation law as the magnetic forces with which two charges interact are equal and oppositely directed but "may not lie on the line connecting them."

7. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO VIOLATE THE MOMENTUM CONSERVATION LAW IN ELECTROMAGNETISM.

Obvious conclusion from Marinov's formula.

8. DISPLACEMENT CURRENT DOES NOT EXIST.

For closed circuits both Grassmann and Marinov formulas do not allow violation of the momentum and angular momentum conservation laws as the first terms in (1) and (2) contain total differentials. As conventional physics believes in the displacement current of Maxwell, it accepts that all currents always are closed. I showed by numerous experiments that there is no displacement current (neither in vacuum nor in dielectrics) and one can interrupt the circuits by the help of condensers. At the age of 15 I understood that displacement current is a phantasmagoria and presented to my teacher in Sofia the following objection: "If the displacement current between the plates of a condenser acts with magnetic forces on other currents, then according to Newton's third law the other currents must act with magnetic forces on the displacement current and set it in motion. But how, comrade teacher, can vacuum be set in motion?" Teacher's answer was: "Shut up, child"

9. THE GAUGE TRANSFORMATIONS ARE ILLEGITIMATE.

According to conventional physics not the potentials but the intensities determine the motion of the test charge (exactly the opposite is true), and thus any change of the

potentials which leaves the intensities the same is allowable, i.e., one can "calibrate" the potentials. It is easy to see that the calibration $\text{div } A = 0$ is allowable. Thus conventional physics "believes" that a "really existing force", the Whittaker force [vector]

$$f_w = -q \mathbf{v} \cdot \text{div } A / 2$$

$$= q \mathbf{v} \cdot \mathbf{S}_{\text{Whit}}$$

can be put equal to zero.

Monstrosity!

To see the action of f_w , take two metal spheres the one charged positively and the other negatively. Put around one of the spheres a circular wire along which current flows so that it is perpendicular to the line connecting the spheres. When connecting the spheres by a wire and current begins to flow, the circular wire begins to rotate. The "only force" which acts on the circular wire is f_w .

10. THERE IS NO PROPAGATION OF INTERACTION.

As only mass can move from one point to another, "interaction" can be only a ghost. But a rational man does not believe in ghosts. On the other hand, the mathematical expressions of B_{mar} and S_{mar} show that the "fields" cannot propagate in space with a certain velocity, as B_{mar} and S_{mar} depend on the "direction of motion" of the test charge. To these people who may object that one is not sure whether the Lorentz-Marinov equation is the right one, my answer is:

Until the day when some falsifying experiment should be presented (this day will never come!) the world is "impelled" to accept it as true.

11. POTENTIAL, RADIATION AND RADIATION REACTION ELECTRIC INTENSITIES.

These three kinds of intensities can be obtained if putting in the expression for the Lorentz "electric intensity" [vector] E_{lor} (see (3)) the observation electric and magnetic potentials

$$(5) \Phi = q / (4 \pi \epsilon_0 r)$$

$$A = \mu_0 q \mathbf{v} / (4 \pi r) \text{ with}$$

$$r = r' (\mathbf{v}' \cdot \mathbf{r}') / c$$

$$\mathbf{v} = \mathbf{v}' + \mathbf{u}' \mathbf{r}' / c$$

where r , \mathbf{v} , \mathbf{u} are distance, velocity and acceleration at the "observation" moment t and r' , \mathbf{v}' , \mathbf{u}' at the "advanced" moment $t' = t - r'/c$ (conventional physics "wrongly" call t' "retarded moment"). Conventional physics, following Lienard and Wiechert, "wrongly" writes A with \mathbf{v}' . For this reason conventional physics obtains only the potential and radiation intensities E_{pot} , E_{rad} and "artificially" introduces the radiation reaction intensity E_{rea} coming to phantasmagoric "self-accelerations." Proceeding from (5) I (and any child who can differentiate!) obtained also the radiation reaction intensity

$$E_{\text{rea}} = -\mu_0 q \mathbf{w} / (6 \pi c)$$

where $\mathbf{w} = \mathbf{w}'$ is the charge's super-acceleration.

$$E_{\text{rad}} = \mu_0 q \mathbf{r}' \times \{(\mathbf{r}' - \mathbf{v}' \mathbf{r}' / c) \times \mathbf{u}'\} /$$

$$(4 \pi (\mathbf{r}' - (\mathbf{v}' \cdot \mathbf{r}') / c)^3)$$

is due to "moving mass" (radiated energy), as charges moving with acceleration lose energy, while E_{rea} acts on the radiating charge itself. To obtain all radiation effects one

has simply to integrate the obtained formulas for a single charge. That's "nearly" all about radiation of electromagnetic waves!

12. THERE ARE NO "FIELDS."

According to the "field-marshals" the "fields" exist physically. One can move them and a moving magnetic field produces electric field, etc. When I hear all these "stupidities," I get diarrhea. After repeating the Rowland experiment (a magnetic needle near a charged disk deviates when the disk is set in rotation), I carried out the inverse one (the disk at rest, the needle rotates) and the co-moving one (disk and needle rotate), taking instead of a needle a Hall detector. According to the "field marshals" the inverse experiment must give the same effect as the direct one (I observed no effect), while the co-moving experiment must give null result (I observed the same effect as at the direct experiment). The Inertial experiment can be done charging a conveyer belt.

13. CURRENT CONDUCTING WIRES BECOME CHARGED POSITIVELY.

Conventional physics asserts that they remain neutral (Clausius postulate). Meanwhile always after measurements, the rheostat in the photograph remained charged and touching it by hand there was a spark. The positive sign was established by the method known to ancient Greeks. Every child explains the effect taking into account that the positive electrode of the battery "sucks" electrons from the wire while the negative electrodes "spits" electrons and the former effect is "primary."

14. B-MACHINES AND S-MACHINES.

The electromagnetic machines working on B are called "B-machines" and these ones working on S are called "S-machines." By the help of the first three fingers of his right hand any child older than 15 can show when looking at the third term in (3) that the B-generators "brake." Meanwhile by the help of only one finger any child younger than 15 can show when looking at the fourth term in (3) that the S-generators "accelerate."

15. THE PERPETUUM MOBILE SIBERIAN COLIU.

Swhit is produced by the first term in (2) and for a complete circuit is null. For this reason Swhit can be observed only at interrupted circuits (see item 9). However Smar can be different from zero also for a complete circuit. Why then has nobody observed it? Because all people have worked with cylindrical or quasi-cylindrical magnets for which $Smar = 0$. Who has cut a cylindrical magnet in two pieces rotating the one half up-down? - NOBODY! The first man who has done this is called Gennadi Nicolaev and lives in Tomsk in Siberia. For this reason I called this magnet the SIBERIAN COLIU magnet and the perpetuum mobile which I constructed with it the SIBERIAN COLIU machine. The machine shown in the photograph is a SIBERIAN COLIU machine. It will work as a perpetuum mobile if the "driving" torque produced by the current induced in the ring when it will be set in rotation with a certain velocity will be larger than the friction torque. I constructed the machine in the photograph in 1993 and the last three years I did "nothing else" than to try to increase its driving torque and decrease its friction torque, noting that all B-currents induced in the rotor generated additional friction torque. The driving torque was produced only by the S (i.e., Smar) currents. Smar is very strong near the cutting plane, from the one side positive, from the other negative. The "dozens" of

my SIBERIAN COLIU machines are presented with photographs in DEUTSCHE PHYSIK.

16. ALL CONVENTIONAL THEORIES FOR THE ORIGIN ON EARTH'S MAGNETIZATION ARE WRONG.

If rotating a cylindrical piece of any metal by a boring machine, one sees that it becomes magnetized. Conventional physics believes first that only ferromagnetics become magnetized and second that the magnetization is proportional to the "angular" rotational velocity, as this was promulgated by Barnett. My friend C. Monstein demonstrated that the magnetization is proportional to the "linear" rotational velocity and I called this the "Monstein-Barnett effect." Proceeding from the Monstein-Barnett effect, I calculated the magnetization of the Earth, the Sun and the planets, obtaining excellent coincidences with the measured values. As Venus is the only planet whose nucleus is liquid, it is not magnetized. The most cherished conventional theory for Earth's magnetization is the "unipolar dynamo theory" of Elsasser. It is "ridiculous," as a unipolar machine can work only at the existence of sliding contacts and moving with respect to each other parts.

17. MAGNETIC ENERGY DOES EXIST.

By the most elementary speculations and calculations I showed that: a) the gravitational energy of two masses is not a negative quantity, as accepted by conventional physics, but a "positive" quantity, b) the gravitational potential generated by all masses of the universe is equal to c^2 , c) electricity and gravity are two completely analogical sciences from a mathematical point of view. The "only difference" is that the gravitational "charges" are the proper masses $m_b = m/\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}$ and that negative masses do not exist. There are "no" other differences. Thus, a "magnetic energy," i.e., a "magnetic kind" of energy in gravity, must exist and gravity is to be called "gravimagnetism" (this is the title of part IV of my encyclopedia work CLASSICAL PHYSICS). I proposed a "very simple" experiment which can reveal the existence of magnetic energy. This experiment, moreover, can serve for measurement of the Earth's absolute velocity.

18. THE RECESSION HYPOTHESIS FOR THE GALAXIES IS WRONG.

I call stellar "red shift" this one which is caused by the gravitational action of the star on the emitted by it light, "galactic" "red shift" this one which is caused by the gravitational action of the respective galaxy and "cosmic" - by all cosmic matter. Conventional physics believes that the big "red shifts" of light coming from remote galaxies are due to their recession velocities. This is a phantasmagoria. The most simple calculation, which can be carried out by any child, shows that they are due to the gravitational action of all cosmic matter and that they are proportional "not" to the distance to the emitting galaxy (or quasar) but to the "square" of this distance. I showed that the experimental data fit "much better" to a square plot. Respectively, instead of a Hubble constant, a Hubble-Marinov constant is to be introduced, for which the children obtain the "strictly defined value"

$$HM^2 = 2 \pi \Delta \mu / (3 c^2)$$

where Δ is the gravitational constant and μ is the average mass density in the Universe.

A message from Jaff Seijas July 12, 2001
Lake Worth, Florida

Dear Fito,
Your card to me concerning Mr. Trimingham's
nude-cellist exercise....prompted this little
painting...hope all is well...thinking of joining you
all in Europe shortly,
as always Jaff!



Journal of Fito Day July 13, 2001 Amsterdam

Last night the bell rang. When I got downstairs to open the door, nothing could have prepared me for the shock and surprise that awaited me. It was Kat! Suitcase in hand and looking lovely as ever!

“I just couldn’t stay away”, she said.

I am so happy she has come. We spent most of the evening just going over recent events and filling one another in on current developments. She seemed quite radiant and well rested. She suggested that the few weeks of stepping back and taking stock of her present life had done her a world of good. I could see that.

When Steve-o and Sammy returned to the house, we had a glass of cognac to celebrate her arrival.

I called Marko (who is now living mostly at Clementina’s) and told him the good news.

It’s a huge relief to me to have Kat nearby. Although, she is often inscrutable, her presence acts as a soothing balm to my spirit. Yes, it’s selfish to want her around...or perhaps it’s just the protective shield I put around my Muses.

In any case...all seems right with the world.

✕

In a few hours Clema is picking us up to drive to Marsum, where we will go to the snake-labyrinth dance, part of the summer festival in that region of the Netherlands. It’s not a very long drive and it gives us a chance to get out of town for bit. Sammy and Steve-o have both decided to do other things with the weekend, so it will just be me, Kat, Marko, and Clemma on this little jaunt.

Letter to Sonja Arneau Chateau Vebond, Foutin St. Foy, Decazeville, France

75 Herengracht
Amsterdam

Dear Sonja,

Many Thanks for extending invitations to come and enjoy the wonders of Chateau Vebond!

Such a surprising and delightful gesture could not have come at a better time. There have been many changes, some I will go into further detail in explaining when I see you in person. For now let me just say that after our American tour, and the completion of the Recording session for our latest CD, everyone was a little exhausted. We have, however, regrouped. We also have a new plan for ourselves as artists and musicians. This strategy involves changing our approach to music, and exposing ourselves to new ideas. Always a good plan, if not a bit daunting...I'm sure you will agree. In this new climate of discovery, your invitation comes like a breath of fresh air.

Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez are giving a special concert in Paris on July 25th, and I think most of us will be present. From there, we plan to make our way to Chateau Vebond. Right now it looks as if you can expect to see me, Kat Trowell, Cherry Gollogoly, Ong Nikas, Marko Moon, Sammy Klewis, Steve-o Ness, and possibly Jaff Seijas, and Lovely Darling.

We will of course bring many fabulous treats from Paris!

You are angel. Thank you for all the thoughtful consideration.

With much Love and Respect,

Fito Day!

Message to Lovely Darling July 13, 2001

Dear Lovely,
I would like you to join us in Foutin d' St. Foy, at
Madame Sonja Arneau's Chateau end of July. You may
recall meeting Sonja at the World Congress of Eurythmy
in Brussels in 1998. She has graciously opened her
doors to us for a hiatus. Please consider this. I
think your presence would be a boon!
Let me know what you think,
As Ever,
In the NetiNeti Pleromic Search of the 12 Tone Portal,
Fito!

Email from Lovely Darling July 14, 2001

Fito, don't fret!
Yield unto confusion. Muy confuso? Esta bien, Mon
Cher. It's like this, in Cyberville: Earthlink-
address would collect my mail on MY OFFICE MACHINE,
meaning ...I can't get my old mail when I am out and
about, in Morocco, say, (where I will be before
heading to Mme. Sonja's, after my invitational lecture
at the Universidad de Madrid en Tangiers). Subject:
*Kiss of the Spider Woman, Surviving Sexual Encounter
With the Inner Feminine, a Transhypnotic Technique
Approach to Existential Transcendence*; merci to Papa
LauBari, that sweetie! He invited me to speak as part
of his effort to introduce Ars Poetiques to Arab men
in engineering school. Uphill climb, but we remain
undaunted! It remains to be seen where I will eat,
since I am not allowed on the street alone. M.
LauBari will arrange, no doubt! the Engies are
ENTRANCED (get it?) with TTA and it's implications for
space travel, that is, why pack a body when mind will
do?)
Anyhow, I decided to set up a "chat-mail" for
the daily back and forth, since Yahoo can handle the
storage and I can pick it up anywhere, even a tea bar
in Fez. Sorry about the inconvenience. Earthlink
still works, but think of it as business. Always
trust the phone when in doubt. If you like I can send
a notette to the others, but they are so used to
depending on you and your clipboard! (as we all are).
don't give up!
Lovely Darling

Journal of Fito Day Amsterdam July 16, 2001

I will stick to my usual pastiche format of recording what I remember as brief snatches of recollection.

The drive from Amsterdam northward was pleasant enough. Yes, there are windmills in Holland. At one stop for a snack, Clema entertained us with an impromptu Don Quixote Dance. A madcap parody of jest, she flung pretend fears over rather dilapidated windmill blades, as we all looked on giggling.

✕

When we reached Marsum, we parked her car, and walked to the center of the old town, where a crowd had already gathered. There were vendors selling foods, and a few souvenirs, and a small band of local people playing a hodgepodge of tunes...everything from an um-pa-pa version of the "Viennese Waltz" to "You are the Sunshine of my Life". Mostly the crowd was just milling about talking and gossiping. We parked ourselves on a bench in front of cheese shop and watched some kids with painted faces take turns pushing somebody's poor wheelchair bound sibling as fast as they could around a fountain.

✕

The Snake-Labyrinth Dance goes back to remote pagan days of Celtic origin. It is said that the custom was originally practiced at the Hunnenbedda, a large group of standing stones, not too far from here. As time went on, its pagan theme was replaced by a more bucolic summer festival. After the experience I am not so sure the pagan aspect has been entirely watered down.

✕

Suddenly, as if on cue, the crowds of people began to form themselves into a snaky line. Out of no-where a group of some fifty musicians all playing very old and peculiar instruments appeared; all wearing quasi Druidic costumes. We jumped up and found ourselves a place in the line. I was then aware of just how many people were participating. The line seemed to curl and fold around here and there, disappearing around corners of buildings, and reappearing out of alleys, or around a monument, or fountain.

Then the movement began. At first slow and undulating. We took small steps and began to weave this way and that. After about ten minutes, I no longer took account of where we were heading, but surrendered to the dance. I had lost track of the location of the musicians but I could hear the music coming from some undetermined sector.

The tempo increased slightly and we began to weave all around. Up and down streets and around the square. Then it seemed as if we were going very fast indeed. I looked ahead at Kat who was transported, and fully given over to the thing with eyes closed and a wild expression on her face. I turned back to glance at Clema and Marko, both of whom also seemed quite abandoned. How long this went on I truly cannot assess. The music was otherworldly and hypnotic, the snake procession was a ribbon of people flowing past in different directions and sometimes through the arched arms of other revelers. We were running, I thought, in a frenzy. My hands were locked between Kat's and Clema's and I felt as if I were in link in chain. The thoughts that flew through my mind are now forever flung outward into the cosmos. A range of feelings and emotions so complex surfaced and tugged me from hysterical laughter to uncontrolled weeping. I was lost in a labyrinth of sensation.

✕

The Snake-Labyrinth Dance ended as strangely as it had begun. Just like emerging from a tunnel, we were all suddenly standing still, disengaged in the broad sunlight. People having returned to their original random positions. Everyone talking and roaming around just as before.

I was astonished. Marko and Clemma disappeared into a small café, and I saw Kat light a cigarette as she sat down on a bench. I was some distance from them on the other side of the street and wondered how it was that they so quickly got to where they were! My sense of time seemed somewhat off, but I felt pretty happy. I walked over to where Kat was sitting, shaking my head and laughing. “What do you make of that?” I asked.

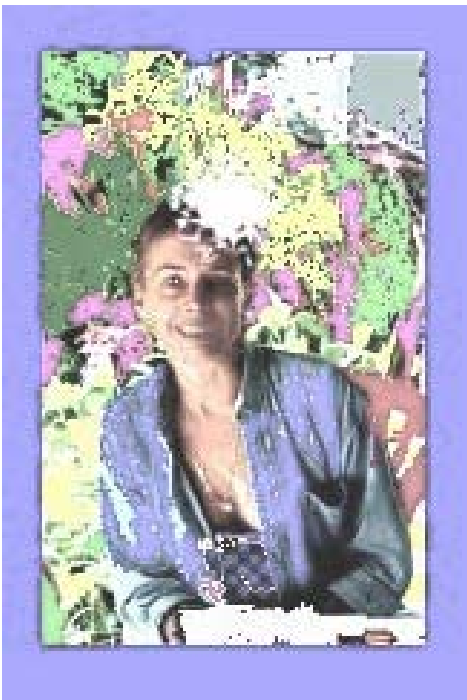
She answered smiling, “It reminded me of the time we took mescaline at your Mother’s house, and we danced around outside. Remember? After we had finished, somebody said...’what was that music?’ You went over to find the tape deck, and realized that we had forgotten to bring it outside?!”

✕

Sunday night as I lay in bed and thought about the events of the day in Marsum, I really could not pinpoint my exact “take” on the Snake-Labyrinth Dance. It seemed peculiar that a town of ordinary Hollanders should meet on a yearly basis for such a fete. It also struck me as odd, that no official presided over the event. No speech was made, no announcements...

I was part of a re-enactment of something very tribal, buried deep in racial memory...

I wondered as I drifted off if my dreams would be as weird as the rest of the day.



Kat Trowell after the Snake-Labyrinth Dance in Marsum, Holland

Journal of Fito Day Amsterdam July 17, 2001

Marko Moon and Clementina Zwerus have announced that they are off to Switzerland for a week. They will be meeting us in Paris for the Nahon/Thouverez recital. They are going hiking up in Leysin near Aigle. The altitude should be good for both of them. It's always healthy to get away and breathe new air!

✕

Kat has been occupying herself with some experiments in singing. She is enthralled with some Italian songs in the "cantabile" style. I heard her practicing this morning... a beautiful thing called "Se l' aura spira" by Frescobaldi. She gave a charming rendition of this lyrical and tranquil piece, and I was reminded of her ability to translate a musical mood into her own personal style. I suggested later that I might accompany her on cello. She wants to do Pergolesi's "Nina Tre Giorni", a delicate and tender love song. I'm happy to see her interested in her voice again, as well as broadening her horizons.

✕

More messages have arrived confirming travel plans of Ong, Cherry Gollogoly, Lovely Darling, and Jaff Seijas. I sense a truly creative whirlwind forming. How could it be otherwise with such a gathering of the gifted. I can't think of anything more pleasant than to be in South of France at Sonja Arneaus' Chateau Vebond.

✕

I was strolling through Vondel Park with Steve-o and we ran into Werner Truckbydden. He was full of questions. He wanted mainly to know if our CD had been titled yet, and what the projected release date was. We invited him to have a coffee with us and told him a little about our current status as an ensemble. He was downright flabbergasted at the news of our withdrawal from the world of Jazz. He seemed concerned that we were abandoning the scene altogether. I did my best to explain that we simply wanted to stretch our definition of musical creativity, but I am not sure I was totally successful. I think I even saw tears in eyes! Oh my! Poor Werner. We'll have to invite him over sometime and let him hear us jam so he won't be too sad. I suppose he is our biggest Fan!

✕

This afternoon we celebrated Kat's birthday by going to the Van Gogh Museum. Steve-o and I met her there and stood before those long admired works in awe once again. She had always loved the famous painting of the Café in Arles by night, and we said a little prayer for the departed genius as we drank in the luscious colors of that exquisite work. Afterwards we strolled over to J G Beune and bought her some chocolate tulips, and then to a kooky shop on the Spuistraat called "Housewives on fire", where we treated her to the treat of her choice. She chose a pair of electric green patent leather knee boots, a two-toned magenta and peacock blue velvet blouse, and pair of earrings with small silver dangling charms (a rotwiller dog for the right ear and a cello for the left!). Our walk homeward included a stop at the beautiful Begijnhof, where we paused and mused over the afternoon's delights. Tonight we have dinner here at the house for her with Sammy, Steve-o, and Nani Hoover.

✕

Everyone is gone to bed. I sit at my desk and feel so happy to be a part of life. Kat's dinner party was a joy. Sammy made home-style meatloaf and mashed potatoes and gravy. Nani brought a pineapple upside-down cake she made. It was a lot of fun. The gift of gab was given freely.

After dinner we got the instruments out. Sammy and Steve-o gave us a free-wheeling and fun recorder duo...something spontaneous that started out Vivaldi-ish and ended up somewhere between “whistle while you work” and “Take the A-Train”!

Then Kat sang Giuseppe Giordani’s “Caro Mio Ben”, which she gave a haunting twist to by mixing a sort of Marianne Faithful languor and Buffy Sainte-Marie vibrato to make a surreal vocal combination. Sammy accompanied her on the piano, and was making some pretty funny faces to correspond to her unusual delivery.

I ended the concert with a version of her song, “Broccoli & Batteries”, played on solo cello!

Journal of Fito Day July 19, 2001 Amsterdam

We are all stunned and absolutely grief stricken by the news of Clementina Zwerus' death. We never expect such news of those who are strong, healthy and in the prime of life, but alas Death claims us one by one. Marko called from Leysin to deliver the sad news. He was nearly completely unhinged and there were many long pauses as he gathered his thoughts. He is returning to Amsterdam tomorrow.

The story of Clema's exit from life is almost unbelievable in its dramatic scope.

Apparently she and Marko had been picnicking up on the mountain. A group of school children and their caretaker had stopped nearby to frolic and play. Marko said that he and Clema had shared a bottle of wine, but were by no means intoxicated. Clema was feeling free and uninhibited and began to dance. As she ran, and leapt, and twirled in a self-imposed abandonment, the children began to follow her. Marko said it was a wonderful sight, full of vitality and spontaneity. At some point the children became spellbound by Clema's grace and imaginative performance. They all stopped and simply watched her in her private reverie. She began to scale some large flat rock formations. Marko insists that no one knew she was in danger. His last memory and glimpse of her was a lovely silhouette poised in a gesture of supplication. She whirled and leaped upward and was suddenly gone. Marko, the children and their guardian all ran to the spot. With horror and sickness they saw the steep cliff on which they stood and the shadowy abyss below. In what must have been a pathetic scene, Marko called out for Clemma again and again, but she was gone. He ran several miles back to the village of Leysin and alarmed the Lodge owners. They called the rescue squadron and hospital. It was 8 hours later that Clema's broken and lifeless body was retrieved from the rocky crag below.

I am empty with nausea at this news. Now within the space of one year I have lost both Brother and Sister of that talented and gifted Zwerus family. Both taken in such ways that my mind reels at the implications.

No would could replace the strong and caring benevolence of "Rosey", and certainly there will be no-one to replace the charm and beauty of Clementina.

Journal of Fito Day July 20, 2001 Amsterdam

I met Marko at the Central Station. We exchanged no words then. I took his bag and walked arm in arm with him back to the house. When we were inside I made him a cup of tea with a shot of Brandy. He sat motionless on the couch in the shadows and wept, I believe for the first time since the incident. I did not interfere. I had already experienced my share of tears and angst over this terrible thing. Some hours later we talked. He went over the story with me and got it all off his chest. I suggested he return to the USA, but he said, "Absolutely not". He explained to me the depth of love he had developed for Clementina during their short affair. He suggested that he would always hold her in his heart as his final muse and that all music and art that flowed forth from him, from now on, would be dedicated to her memory. That her spirit would be the guiding force behind all future inspiration and that he would devote his entire strength to her continual praise through his work.

Obituary for Clementina Zwerus (from the Amsterdam Lokale Nieuwsdienst July 20, 2001)

Clementina Maria Zwerus was killed in a tragic accident in Leysin, Switzerland earlier this week. The world of Dance and Art in the Netherlands will be saddened at the loss of this lovely and talented performer. Miss Zwerus had become a luminary of the Ballet here in Amsterdam, and her innovative interpretations were always exciting. Earlier this year in Miami, Florida, her brother Neil "Rosey" Zwerus, internationally acclaimed Jazz musician, was struck by lightening and killed. The entire community of Dutch artists and musicians is grieved by the news and will hold the memory of the Zwerus' in their hearts in solemn reverence.

Clementina is survived by her Mother, Caroline Zwerus. Services will be held at the Old Church of Peter & Paul, Amsterdam July 21, 2001 at 15.00 hrs.

Journal of Fito Day July 21, 2001 Amsterdam

The Church of Peter & Paul was filled with the friends of Clementina Zwerus. Marko read a eulogy penned from his own hand that was both moving and profound. A few words were also spoken in her memory by a certain Reverend Oetgen. Following this Bruno Grugeryvic played a trumpet solo, a variation on Cherry Gollogoly's piece, "Goblets of the Gods", a piece that Clementina always loved. As I looked up and down the row of mourners my heart was filled with tenderness at the sight of many friends who surrounded me at that moment. I was also touched by the proud and noble spirit of Caroline Zwerus, who sat composed in her grief for the loss of both her children. When the service ended we chatted with one another some, but did not linger. Cherry Gollogoly and Kat Trowell accompanied Missus Zwerus home.

There is a dinner scheduled this evening at the Zwerus home on Beethovenstraat, as is the custom in that family.

✕

Among the many people who came from distant places for today's service was Bruno Grugeryvic. It was, as always, great to see him and I hope we have a chance to talk some this evening. Cherry Gollogoly is staying at the Hotel Ambassade on the Herengracht. It is difficult to be with her and not hear her speak. She is still suffering from a loss of voice, and must write anything she adamantly wishes to convey. Otherwise, she looks lovely. I had not seen her since her abrupt departure from New York City and am comforted to know (and see) that she is truly o.k. ...

✕

In a few days we are off to Paris. I think this will be good thing for everyone.

Letter from Cherry Gollogoly July 20, 2001

Hellas!

Dear Ong,

I asked Fito if I should be the bearer of bad news, and so I have been chosen to relay the sad fact that Clementina Zwerus has been killed in an accident in Switzerland. She died in fall from a precipice while dancing...

I leave for Amsterdam for the funeral services tomorrow.

I have this to add on somewhat happier note:

Our rooms are booked for the 24-28 July at the Hotel St. Louis en L'Ile. I look forward to seeing you and hope that we shall share many delightful hours in Paris and onward to Madame Sonja Arneau's at Foutin St.Foy at Chateau Vebond.

Until then,

with a heart both empty and full,

Cherry Gollogoly

Message from Ong, July 21, 2001

Helios!

The sun has set on my world having heard your unhappy news. The only ray of light perhaps is the fact that she died in dance. I must think that my theory of death is correct and that she merely moved from our realm, which is actually the hereafter, into the world of the living. The other bright spot in my void being our upcoming encounter later this month.

Until then, s'agapo,

Ong

Letter to Caze Jerusalem July 21, 2001

75 Herengracht, Amsterdam, Holland

Dear Caze,

I wanted to make sure that you heard of Clementina Zwerus' death. She was killed in an accidental fall in Switzerland on July 19th. We will all miss her. I believe she was a personal favorite of yours in the world of "Dance". She was an amazing person and without her and "Rosey" the world will be a little less bright.

The happier news is that I am off to France in a couple days with Kat Trowell, Cherry Gollogoly, Marko Moon, Steve-o Ness, Sammy Klewis, Jaff Seijas, and Ong Nikas! What a troupe! We will descend on Madame Sonja Arneau's Chateau Vebond near Descazeville for a few weeks of creative rest & relaxation. Why don't you think about joining us? If not, at least, stay in touch.

I have put my Sax away for awhile and excavated my Cello...time to re-invent myself and the world!

Hope all is well with you.

Warm regards,

Fito Day

Journal of Fito Day July 22, 2001 Amsterdam Mary Magdalene Day

It's very late but I can't sleep. There has been a lot of stimulation today. The morning was spent taking care of business, correspondence, phone calls, and preparations to leave for France. Sammy, Steve-o, and I will be staying at the Hotel Perdrix on the Quai Bourbon, Ile St. Louis, not far from Cherry, Ong, and Jaff. Katherine and Marko however will be at Hotel Perreyve, just off the Luxembourg Gardens. It's a place she knows and loves on Rue Madame, right around the corner from where Gertrude Stein & Alice B. Toklas once lived on Rue des Fleurs. I called and reserved our train tickets from Amsterdam, we should be arriving in Paris around one o'clock on Tuesday, July 24.

✕

We met for an interesting afternoon at Nani Hoover's studio. She arranged a little gathering for Bruno Grugeryvic. I took my cello; Marko brought his guitar upon Nani's suggestion that we might make some music.

Nani had prepared a very nice spread for us. Wonderful local cheeses, breads, some cold sliced meats, bowls of fruits, and cakes, all served in beautiful Delftware.

It was an event that cleared the air somewhat and lifted our spirits from the gloom of losing Clementina. It was a nice day and the large windows of Nani's studio were opened. She had placed big bouquets of Tulips everywhere and the room seemed filled with a convivial ambience.

✕

Cherry Gollogoly did a pantomime for us of a scene from Richard Strauss' Opera "Die Agyptische Helena" in which Helen of Troy pleads for the return of Menelaus' unremembered love. We then set up our instruments and after looking through Nani's sheet music collection we decided to attempt Szokolay's "Sonata Szolofurolara". This piece calls for a flute but we ignored that detail. Sammy played the piano with accompaniment on cello. Kat sang "Ahi, Troppo E Duro" by Monteverdi with Marko on guitar. It was splendid, and we begged for more. She followed up with "Amarilli" by Caccini, which she sang in a sustained classical pose, but in a weird and amusing tempo, and with a Dinah Shore-ish inflection that was truly comical. Bruno Grugeryvic brought us around to a close with his beautiful piece "Caviar".

The music served as a healing balm. When we left the gathering everybody was visibly glowing with the fulfillment of appreciation and joy for this get-together.

✕

Journal of Fito Day July 23, 2001 Amsterdam

When I finally got to sleep last night I rested soundly but early in the morning was awakened by what I thought was a chill breeze coming through my open window. I sat up in bed, rubbing my eyes, and there before me stood Clementina Zwerus. She was smiling and seemed full of the exuberance she had in life. But I knew this was her spirit paying me a visit. She was dressed in the flowing robes of an angel and as she raised her hands toward me her thoughts filled my mind though her lips did not move. She told me that the return of the "Big Three" was imminent. This time however, I would experience three separate visitations by three sets of different advisor/commentators. During these sessions some clue to the direction of artistic focus would be given for the edification the Ensemble and I. It was comforting to see Clementina in this form and made me see with the eyes of Faith and Conviction again the vast connectedness of All that Is in this universe of continual expression.

✕

It is a bit overcast today. A good day for packing and reviewing what has indeed been a time of changes here in Amsterdam. I look forward to Paris. That city where so many artistic spirits have gravitated. I look ahead, but only briefly, to anticipated earthly delights as well, for it is best to do one's tasks at hand and be in the moment. Tomorrow will be here soon enough!

Journal of Fito Day July 24, 2001 Paris

Ah Paris!

As the old song goes “One night in Paris is like a year in any other place”!

So it must be, for the atmosphere of the city enfolds one in a dream both private and shared, and seems to make one’s life larger in some strange romantic way.

As is my custom upon arrival, I took my solitary walk down by the Quai and soaked up the sights and sounds of the Seine. The Ile St. Louis is a small gem of a retreat in the heart of Paris and the Hotel Perdrix is a quiet place, with few rooms, all rather grand in scale, once the carriage house of buildings owned by Princess Bibesco, now managed by a certain Mr. Bouvad Agah, who keeps the place in good repair and makes sure his guests are all quite happy. I have stayed here often and from the view of my window I can see spires of Notre Dame.

Tonight our crazy cast of characters will meet at Le Procope Bistro on the Rue de L’Ancienne Comedie. We have requested the “Voltaire” room (where Voltaire actually loved to dine), and since Cherry knows the Maitre D’...our wish will no doubt be granted.

★



Kat Trowell, happy in Paris

When I returned home from dinner it was very late. Paris, unlike New York City, does sleep. There was almost no noise except for a distant church bell and the cry of a cat. I was undressing and running through the conversations of the evening in my mind when I became aware that I was not alone. The hairs on the back of neck bristled and I intuited that the “Big 3” had come back. I slowly turned and there framed, as if on a stage, by the draperies which hung pulled back from the large bedroom window stood my visitors.

It was Edith Piaf. To her right Guillaume de Machaut. On her left Claude Debussy.

Debussy’s hands rippled as if over an invisible piano from which I heard a distant and lush music that evoked sensations of an awestruck homesickness.

Guillaume de Machaut also played an invisible lute and from its center I thought I heard the ancient voices of Troubadours, voices echoing in long forgotten castle walls. Their song so sweet that my heart swelled with feelings of a remote love.

When Edith Piaf stepped forward the smell of roses permeated the room.

She raised a hand of entreaty and said:

“WELCOME TO FRANCE FITO.

AS YOU WALK DOWN BOULEVARDS AND BY THE SEINE...PAST
MONUMENTS AND CAFES...OR THROUGH GALLERIES OF ART...OR
JARDIN’S RICHLY MANICURED...OPEN YOUR HEART TO THE HIDDEN
MUSIC WHICH LAYS COUCHED WITHIN ALL THINGS. IN THESE SECRET
TONES ARE LATENT SEEDS OF ARTS THAT HAVE YET COME TO BE. SO
MANY BEAUTIES YET UNFURLED LIKE TIGHTLY CURLED ROSEBUDS
WAITING FOR THE DEW AND SUN.

WHEN HUMANKIND SEEKS TO TRANSFORM THE WORLD THROUGH
CREATIVE IMPULSES THEN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE IS AWASH WITH PRAISE
AND ASSISTANCE FOR THIS IS MANS NOBLEST ACT. PRAYERS MADE
CONCRETE AND VISIBLE AS FORMS OF LOVE.

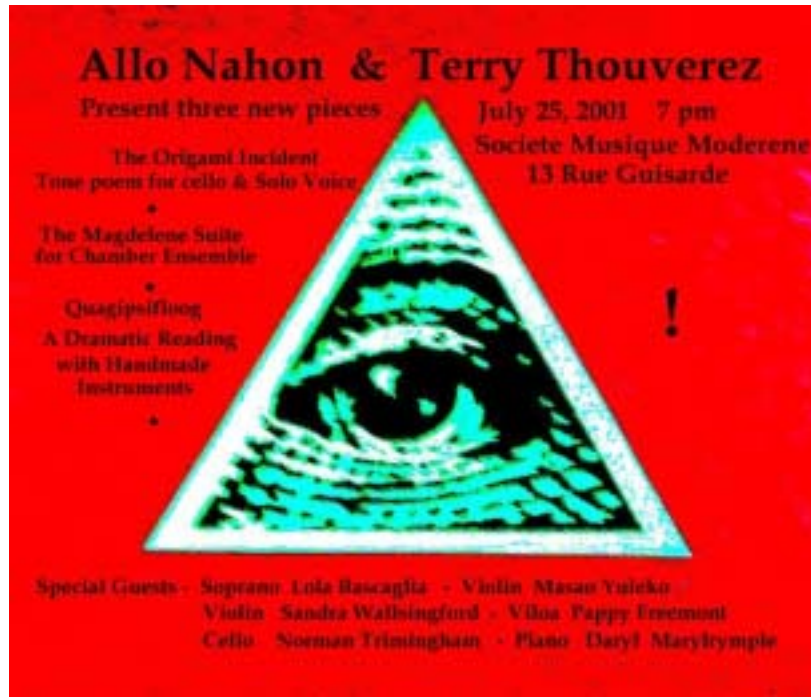
AS YOU WANDER THROUGH THE CITY OF LIGHTS AND THE QUIET BEAUTY
OF PROVENCE ALIGN YOUR THOUGHTS, FEELINGS, AND SPIRIT WITH THE
MUSIC OF THE SPHERES WHICH PLAYS CONTINUALLY IN THE GRAND
DISPLAY OF EVERY EARTHLY THING...EVERY FLUTTERING BUTTERFLY,
EVERY SPARROW, WATERFALL, PEACEFUL GROVE...EVERY GLASS OF
WINE, OR PLATE OF BREAD AND CHEESE...EVERY SILKEN SCARF, OR
FANCY SHOE, OR PERFUMED WOMAN’S LAUGH...

ALL THINGS CONTAIN THE MELODY WHICH IS “LA VIE EN ROSE”.

I sat on the bed overwhelmed. My head in my hands. I could hear the mixed music of Debussy and Machaut merge into a dreamy symphony and lilting above it all the voice of Piaf as she sang that quintessential French song...

Slowly the music became more and more faint and when I raised my head I saw only the rooftops gleaming in the moonlight outside the window.

Journal of Fito Day July 25, 2001 Paris



I spent the morning browsing in bookshops and even did a little shopping to update my wardrobe. At one point late in the morning I passed Le Dome Café and spied Cherry Gollogoly, Ong, and Jaff Seijas engaged in an animated conversation. I did not go in, but kept on walking. I was engrossed in my own thoughts and as I walked by the statue of Balzac I realized just how happy I was to be in Paris. I took a brief nap back at the Hotel Perdrix and left a card to be sent to Sonja Arneau with Mr. Agah to put into the post. Around five o'clock we met at the little square in front of St. Sulpice Church. Cherry took some photographs of everyone, and made Jaff and I pose like gargoyles on each side of the church doorway. It is quite interesting to look so much like someone else that you are not related to; but as I have always maintained (jokingly), I am much better looking! We then had a brief coffee and snack at a local place. Ong entertained us with the details of his efforts to get equipment (vacuum cleaner accessories, etc) crated up and sent to Madame Sonja's in Southern France. He has been in some communication with Steve-o over this past month, and they have shared ideas on creating some new and unusual instruments during the retreat at Chateau Vebond.

Finally it was time to saunter off to the concert at the Societe Musique Moderne.

★

As we had been assured a row of seats awaited us in this small but beautiful Building. It was once, I have heard, the headquarters for the Rosicrucian Society. The first person I knew who performed here was "Rosey" Zwerus. That was in 1989. Since then the theatre part of the building has been renovated, and its quasi-Egyptian deco style spiffed up. Before the performance began, Allo Nahon came out and thanked us all for attending. He then introduced Terry Thouverez, who gave some background information on the other musicians, the pieces themselves, and the story of their creation.

Then the concert began with with “The Origami Incident, a tone poem for solo voice and cello.

The curtain raised on the lovely Lola Bascaglia. She was dressed in a diaphanous paper shift with gold threads that sparkled in the lights. Her hair was coiffed into a sculptural form resembling a tidal wave with what looked like hundreds of lacquered Chop-sticks protruding from every which-way. Behind her, sat the stark naked Norman Trimmingham, shielded by his cello!

The music was in the style of the 20th Century “art-song”, reminiscent of Virgil Thompson’s early songs. Lola’s pure soprano voice rang out bell-like over the audience as she sang a staggeringly complex poem written by an anonymous poet of Edo Period Japan. The Cello was played in the masterful style that Norman Trimmingham is noted for, full of vigor and perfect punctuation.

As the song progressed small pieces of white paper floated down from above, adding a surreal touch. The piece was wonderfully soothing yet eerie, and the audience showed much appreciation for its inventiveness.

There was a brief intermission and then the curtain rose again. Now Norman Trimmingham appeared once again, this time clothed in a tuxedo. Also on stage were Masao Yuieko and Sandra Walsingford with their violins, Pappy Freemont and his viola, and Daryl Marylrymple on piano. There followed “The Magdelene Suite”. This musical collaboration of Nahon/Thouverez is performed in the classic chamber style. The theme is Mary Magdalene’s encounter with Jesus when he implores her “Touch me Not”. The piece begins with a series of “tone clusters” and evolves into the stringed instruments approximation of human voices mimicking the votive antiphons that were popularized in the late middle ages, while the piano in ever complex series of dramatic chords seems to cave in on itself in a finale of atonal abandonment.

The last piece presented was “Quagipsifloog”. This is of course the very word Kat Trowell spoke to me that day in New York City when I tried to penetrate her secretive behavior, which bewildered, perplexed, and finally amused me. When the curtain was lifted, the strangest assortment of objects lay on table spread with a linen cloth. Some looked like tools, others like complicated assemblages of unrecognizable items. Some indeed resembled instruments, perhaps from times past or distant exotic lands. Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez stepped up to the table wearing white gloves. It was clear that they would “play” this particular work of their combined genius. I was not prepared however, for the delightful surprise of Kat Trowell’s participation. She rose from her seat among us and was announced by Allo Nahon as the “speaker”.

As the two men began to manipulate those odd creations on the table, sounds both unfamiliar and weird began to form in and around the space, and Kat began reciting the “Quagipsifloog”. This poem is a renegade progeny of Dada, sometimes incomprehensible in its glossallalia, other times quite clear in intent. Some words were spoken in a remarkably spooky voice, and reminded me of what it may have like to be present at the delivery of the Delphic Oracle. Other word combinations were evocations of entire ranges of emotion that tugged at my heartstrings, or made me pray for their cessation for fear that I would openly begin to sob both loudly and embarrassingly.

The startling accompaniment was quite suited to this extraordinary artistic effort. It is quite clear to me that Allo and Terry deserve all the accolades they might receive for the captivating uniqueness of their musical offerings.

Journal of Fito Day July 27, 2001 Paris

Jottings of some recalled moments:

Cherry Gollogoly and I met at St. Chappelle . It was overcast and there had been a brief rain. We sat silently together leaning against the wall on small inset banquettes, just soaking in the jewel-like serenity and loveliness of that incredible piece of architecture. At some point a group of musicians walked in and set up their music stands near the alter. Within a few minutes they began to play medieval music. I believe I recognized our old favorite “Fas et Nefas Ambulant” from the “Carmina Burana “songs.

I could see Cherry’s eyes filled with tears. I t was very moving to sit in this sacred place of King Louis and hear the music that may have been performed exactly like this so many centuries before. Cherry took out her writing tablet and wrote one word...

GRACE.

★

Steve-o and I had gone to the Place Voseges, that little marvel of design and city planning, to visit a certain shop that sold beautiful notebooks and writing related articles. While we were wandering around under those arcades, he noticed a shop that sold leather accessories for men and women. This boutique is called “Gauntlet”. I knew we were about to look at more gloves. I, of course was the one who had to try the gloves on, since any salesperson might have fainted at the sight (or no sight) of invisible hands! We ended up purchasing a pair of midnight blue sharkskin, and a buttery chamois pair of very expensive gloves handmade by nuns at some remote Greek convent.

★

Ong’s friend, Parisian club owner Bam Bam LaTour, has a place called “The Yacht Club” on the Left Bank. Wednesday afternoon, Ong set up his traveling Electrolux-Quad-Unit for a wonderful piece of street theatre and a musical happening. Quite a crowd gathered and Ong’s version of “The Marseilles” was a smashing hit! The only off-color incident involved a female spectator whose hairpiece was sucked from her head by the mini-vortex of magnetic whirlwinds that accompanies the use of the “Quad-Unit”. She took it, however, in a good-natured stride, and we invited her to join us for a drink afterwards.



Ong at the Yacht Club

★

I walked along the Seine with Jaff Seijas and heard the accordion playing “La Vie en Rose”. We followed the music until we saw a small woman seated on a bench, belting out the song in the typical chanteuse fashion. Naturally I thought of my recent visitation from Edith Piaf. For a moment I sat and shared the bench with the diminutive songstress. I could think of nothing more quintessentially French than this particular incident.



Jaff Seijas painting “La Vie En Rose”



Fito Day with Chantuse

**transcriptions of handwritten messages written by
Cherry Gollogoly to Ong Nikas(with his replies) during a recent stay in
Paris, France:**

1. (note written on the morning of July 25, 2001)

DO YOU MIND EATING CROISSANT'S SINCE THEY ARE SYMBOLIC
OF THE TURKISH CRESENT?

(Ong reply) I do not mind the Croissants as such, as long as they are of the vol au vent nature , “nuns farts” I believe our friend Jaff calls them which evokes a certain image of lightness I think. This being the case I can eat past the Turkish symbolism and in fact can forgive them for the hundreds of years of oppression and horror.

2. (Same morning, later in the day at Gallarie
Molinaire)

DO YOU AGREE WITH SPENGLER THAT "AN ART WITHOUT SPACE
IS APRIORI UNPHILOSOPHICAL?"

(Ong reply) I do agree with Spenglers thoughts on Impressionism in that the things
which are not there is what makes them exist.

3. (Later that day at the Nahon/Thouverez concert)

WOW...LOLA BASCAGLIA HAS GREAT BOOBS!

(Ong reply) I decline comment for reasons of some persona I wish to present, however I agree.

(and ... written during the performance of the
Magdalene Suite)

NOLI ME TANGERE

(Ong reply) !!!

4. (July 26, 2001 writtten at Fauchons during a
shopping trip to buy delicacies to be shipped to
Madame Sonja Arneau's) -

ISN'T IT GREAT TO SPEND 5,000 \$ ON GROCERIES?

OHDON'T FORGET THOSE WONDERFUL BLACK CHERRIES IN
SAUCE...YES...GO AHEAD GET A CASE.

(Ong reply) Yes, it is always best to buy the finest food possible, damn the expense,
especially when it is to be prepared on the premises of and often by the person of
Madame Sonja!

Journal of Fito Day Paris July 28, 2001

I met Terry Thouverez and Allo Nahon Museum of Medals, a small rather overlooked museum, which houses the definitive collection of medals, regalia, and pomp-abillia, and is located in the shadow of The Orsay. I am no longer surprised by anything the Nahon/Thouverez duo can come up with, so the unusual meeting place was taken as a matter of course. We said very little until our tour of the place had finished. I suppose one or both of them had some intense interest in medallions of honor. I found it fairly interesting myself, without any real interest in such things, except as objects of beauty. Afterwards we walked and they brought up the subject of D. Munro's patients who had written the "schizophrenic songs". They asked me again if I had any interest in helping them at some future time in the production of this work in progress. I told them that I would review the writing once again when I went to Madame Sonja Arneau's Chateau. They seemed satisfied with my compliance. The Thouverez family is well acquainted with Sonja's family, and I think I saw a glint in Terry's eye when I mentioned her name. Perhaps he is planning to call her and see if he and Allo might be asked down to Decazesville. They took me to lunch at a sushi restaurant later and I asked many questions about their performance of a few days past at the Societe Musique Moderene. They also had not heard about Clementina Zwerus passing and we were greatly shocked and saddened.



Allo Nahon & Terry Thouverez

★

During the afternoon hours I went with Jaff Seijas to the Louvre. We stopped to admire random works of art that caught our attention. Mostly we talked about the "jazz Abduction" CD. He had some good art-direction ideas which he ran past me. I have always enjoyed Jaff's ideas so basically I told him to take the ball and run with it. It was amusing to watch people take double takes of us, assuming we were twins.

From the Notebook of Marko Moon July 29, 2001

What could have become an astral debacle has been averted after the two weeks I spent poring over the unified theory of the universe and writing much new stuff. I was moving in and out of several realms previously unknown to me and attracted a bunch of new baggage, mostly good but some not so good too (I almost dare not even mention the passing of my lovely Clementina). My current low-key posture is necessary to divest myself of the latter and the process is going well and nearly complete.

Had all types of "kenesis" (tele, psycho, moto), wrote a bunch of open tuning instrumentals, experienced more odd-ball seeming coincidences than I *could* shake a stick at. But through it all ran a thread of longing for the past and its dreams. .

Also considered the fact that the solitude and psychic energy surrounding me could easily segue into psychosis, which while intoxicating and helpful to the creative process in the front end usually ends up with my spending every available cent on inexplicable trinkets and I started seeing the signs around day nine and had to pull up out of the dive.

Let's just say from June to July I attracted a little bit too much cosmic attention and eventually my spirit flowed like water to the crossroads of real self-knowledge and illusion.

Now it rests in a place of great humility and tranquility beyond coincidence and luck, ingenuity and madness, Art and artifice.

Journal of Fito Day August 1, 2001 Chateau Vebond

The train ride down was spent under the headphones listening to some of the BlueNote reissues of classic jazz. I watched Paris disappear and the changing quilt of the French countryside come and go. I was in a travel trance and though from time to time I acknowledged one of my companions with a gesture, or facial grimace, I pretty much just kept to myself and grooved out on the music.

We de-Trained at Decazeville, and there were met by three hired drivers and their cars sent by Madame Sonja Arneau to convey us to Chateau Vebond. Some of the locals were amused at the sight of eight people with luggage and instrument cases and no doubt curious where we might be off to.

The ride to the house was a fairy tale of winding roads, tree lined, with glimpses of lavender fields, and hills green and lush.

The drivers pulled up in tandem to an old high gate and we were told that this is far as they were to take us. As they began unloading our baggage we saw and heard a fantastically painted large gypsy wagon coming up the road. We knew at once that it was the first of many of Sonja's great surprises for us.

A large gypsy man with a curling moustache drove the caravan which was pulled by two enormous Clydesdales bedecked with flowers and bells. A small blond boy, rather impish and holding a violin, sat next to the driver.



Ong, who knows some Romany, spoke to the man, who seemed pleased that someone of us could communicate so eloquently. The boy, who is called Noah, jumped down and ran in back of the wagon opening its rear doors, and pulling down some steps. We all climbed in and soon we on our way jostling up the road towards the Château. The inside of the wagon gleamed with painted designs and floral motifs. We sat on soft velvet seats, and could hear the boy playing his violin as we traveled.

Madame Sonja met us at the end of the drive. She looked beautiful in her crisp summer linens and a large brimmed hat with some lavender sprigs stuck in the band. She seemed delighted to see us all and after many salutations and embraces, she waved her hand towards the doors of Chateau Vebond. We had arrived!



Chateau Vebond

Journal of Fito Day August 2, 2001 Chateau Vebond

›

Chateau Vebond. What does the name mean? Vebond is a Celtic word meaning “a sacred enclosure”. Indeed, one does feel quite protected here. The house is also built near the site of “Foutin St. Foy”, a venerated holy spot where a small spring gushes forth, named after an ancient Seeress, Foy, who later became sainted by the Church to appease the local pagans who converted to Christianity, but could not let go of some of their traditions.

The Chateau itself was built in the late 1600’s and still retains much of its original structure. Renovations made over the centuries have not spoiled it. It is a large, sprawling place, with many rooms, secret passages, and wings. There are also out-buildings of distinction. Architectural follies, towers, and play-houses, dot the surrounding gardens and woods. There are also practical free-standing structures. Sheds that house garden equipment, and maintenance tools. Stables too where horses are groomed. There is a greenhouse-conservatory and a special place for growing mushrooms. There is a grand studio, with a high beamed ceiling, and large windows that let the light stream in. The most unusual structure however is a large guest house encircled by a glade of trees, which is called the “Rippling Waters” House. It was designed in 1951, by Kerry Manning, an American Designer and features a roof created as a hyperbolic surface, a repeating basic unit – an 18’ -long 2 x 6. Generated along an axis and undulating on the ends, these massed 2 x 6’s have developed a continuing rolling musical pattern. The heights of the stepped rafters are also a direct response to the interior space requirements. The whole place gives the feeling of movement.



Rippling Water House

›

I find it my shared good fortune to be spending the month of August here at Chateau Vebond. My room is in the west wing of the Old main house. It is a sumptuous but simple space, rich with antiques, but not overwrought. Two large windows open onto a balcony. There is a painting by Jean Arp over my bed. I am glad that Ong is in the room next to mine. His nearby presence gives me a sense of well-being as he continually beams pacific harmonic emanations, which I am convinced bestow a measure of psychic healing.

A card left on my breakfast tray this morning from Sonja Arneau August 3, 2001

Dear Fito

Although I speak seven languages my English is not the best one for me. But I want to welcome you and our friends to my home. Please feel free. I appreciate very much the wonderful gifts of food and wine that arrived from Fauchon in Paris. Please extend my gratitude. I know that Ong speaks some French, Romney and Greek so I may make some of my more harder ideas known to him to translate. We have known each other quite awhile and he can read my thoughts too.

Once again welcome to Vebond. Yours in Light & Love
Sonja.

The Notebook of Ong Nikas August 2, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Yek dilo kerel but dile hai but dile keren dilimata

The arabava (caravan) was one of the least of the surprises provided by our lovely hostess Madame Sonja. It turns out that the shav, (Noah) not only played in the tradition of Rom but was proficient in modern jazz, in the style of Stephan Grapelli.

Needless to say young Noah and Marko hit it off famously and many tunes were offered up to the muses, but the dance that Madame Sonja rendered was the most pleasant surprise of all. It was reminiscent of interpretative pieces of the 20's, with a distinct Greek folk flavor, tempered with high wire acrobatics in the vein of Cirque du Soliel. Who knew that our hostess possessed these magical abilities?

Devlesa araklam tume.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August 3, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Chateau Vebond!

I am in the picturesque "East Wing". My bedroom is someplace I might never leave if I were given the choice.

Its painted a faded plum color and has bleached pine furniture. There is a large crystal vase that Madame Sonja has filled with an extraordinary variety of wildflowers, twigs, branches of flowering trees, and grasses. The art collection is superb. Many small oil paintings depicting various interpretations of Mary Magdalene and some exquisite Terra cotta statuette of classical allegorical figures grace the room with their serenity.

After the hustle and bustle of Paris I am relieved to be somewhere where I can hopefully work seriously on the return of my voice and to the legions of the "speaking" world.

The shipment of foods and delicacies Ong and I shopped for at Fauchon's in Paris arrived this morning and I think Madame Sonja is truly delighted with our choices.

She loves to prepare simple but elegant repasts and the joys of the cuisine rate high on her list of loves.

There is a small gypsy boy who lives nearby who has caught my eye and I feel that he and I might become friends. He is clearly a little prodigy. He can't be older than 10 and he has mastered the violin...especially the gypsy style, but he can also play in the jazz style of Stephan Grappelli amazingly well.

For now I am just grateful to be among friends and such a lovely atmosphere.

Jaff Seijas Notebook August 3, 2001 Chateau Vebond.

Madame Sonja has graciously placed me in the guest house "Rippling Waters". It's an architectural marvel and I feel totally transported to some other world of perfect order and beauty.

Sammy Klewis is also in the other bedroom of the house. From the back terrace we can see a sloping ledge which descends to a babbling stream, no doubt part of the inspiration for the rippling roof line.

On a walk this morning, I saw Madame Sonja with basket in hand picking lavender in the field.

I offered to help and soon she was explaining the virtues of lavender to me, its health properties and its aesthetic joys.

She also divulged some of her Life's story to me, her quiet childhood in the country, her discovery of spiritual yearnings, and her inheritance of properties. The successful manipulation of funds and lands has been a major test for her, but in her own words it has given her "stamina" and has provided many a "delightful dilemma".

She is a fascinating woman, and I enquired if I might not do a portrait of her while I am here. I also want to do a painting of the lavender fields, even though "en plein air" is not my style, I think it would be a good exercise, as well as evoking the mood of a bygone time.

An inscription from a card left with a gift(an antique RCA Victor record of "The Eagle Dance by Hopi Indian Chanters [circa 1930's]) on Ong's dressing table from Madame Sonja

Ong Mon Ami,

Perhaps you can use this in your Vacuumabunda Compositions...no matter what tribe all chants are sent to the same God No?

Toujours, Sonja

A written reply from Ong to Madame Sonja Arneau

My dearest Madame Sonja,

I have begun the arduous task of deciphering the mysterious disc of Hopi Chants you so graciously provided, I hope to incorporate it into the musical structure which Steve-o and I are so diligently working on. I suspect that it may well be the glue that binds the entire project together, or else blows us all to kingdom come, where we may deliver the music personally, both equally attractive possibilities really when viewed through awakened eyes.

your servant,

Ong

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August 5, 2001 Chateau Vebond

The “shav”, Noah, is a special child. He can read my thoughts, and I have been offered a chance to take the cure of the gypsies. There is a caution involved, and that is something that was conveyed to me through telepathy by Noah, the other day on a visit to the trailer where he lives with his Father(?)and his female caretakers. He impressed upon me an image of a bird flying from my throat, out and away, but lodging in someone else's throat. This means that there is a chance that the affliction may be taken from me only to be delivered to another. The choice is mine. Alas, I may be too frail to resist the hope of being restored, too selfish to say "no" to such a gift.



Noah

Journal of Fito Day August 6, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Some incidental notes

All the equipment that Steve-o and Ong had sent to the Chateau has arrived. Who knows what's

in those many crates? Most of them are very well crated and marked "fragile". There must be at least 40 very large boxes. They were delivered in a van and Madame Sonja had the men unload them into one of the free-standing work buildings. I am sure we are in for surprises galore. Steve-o has already hinted that some very experimental musical instruments may soon be brought forth from his collaboration with Ong.

»

Friday afternoon, I went with Cherry, Ong and Marko to Vorku's trailer. He is the gypsy man who drove the arabava to greet us on arrival. The trailer is in a nearby glade quite close to the spring of St. Foy. Vorku lives there with two women and the boy, Noah. We took them an offering of Wine, Cola, and Chocolates, and an apricot pie that Madame Sonja made. They were very gracious and invited us to sip some tea laced with some liquor, which I believe was homemade. Vorku spoke of the font of St. Foy which once stood by the spring. He also told us about the famed gypsy Saint Sarah-la-Kali, whose festival during May, he had attended.

Noah entertained us once again with some mysterious Aires on his little violin.

These are fascinating people. Cherry seems to have a particular rapport with Noah, and I could see they were communicating without words. One of Vorku's women suggested that the child be used in a cure. Ong translated the Rom for us, as she spoke. Apparently, there is a spell that can be evoked for the restoration of a lost voice. It requires a young boy who will perform a certain dance on a designated spot of ground. The dirt from the dancing ground is gathered and mixed with a potion which is placed on the recipient's throat. Cherry willingly accepted the offer and the woman agreed to a time for the ritual just after the next full moon, which luckily is Saturday. So I believe they settled on Tuesday as the right time. I am hoping for a miracle, as I'm sure Cherry is too.

»

Friday evening during dinner we discussed going for a drive down to Saintes-Maries de la Mer. Madame Sonja wanted to drive. So Saturday morning Sonja, Noah, Ong, Marko and I found ourselves trundled into her Mercedes-Benz on the way to a mini-adventure. The rest of our party had their own agendas, and so after breakfast we bid them adieu and off we went.

The fortified Chapel of Saintes-Maries de la Mer is a beautiful old structure. The village itself one of those picturesque places that make one feel happy to be alive. Madame Sonja knew one of the local priests who told us the legend of the place. It is thought to be the landing port of Mary (mother of St. James and St. John), Mary Magdalene, and their servant Sara, who miraculously escaped persecution in Judea by sailing in a frail craft to the Mediterranean coast of France.

We spent a charmed day and night at Saintes-Maries de la Mer. The midnight ride homeward was blessed by the angelic music of Marko and Noah. When I finally got into bed I rested soundly with strange and wonderful recollections swirling around my thoughts.

The Notebook of Ong Nikas Monday, August 6, 2001 Chateau Vebond

The weekend's entertainment was highlighted by much fine wine and food and an informative tour of the ancient village of Saintes-Marie de la Mer in the Camargue region of France. A midnight ride homeward accompanied by the music of Marko and Noah and a bottle of Marc du Muscat!

I think back fondly of the Paris trek, even the mishaps and foibles, and with much anticipation to upcoming gigs, but the time spent with Madame Arneau will remain forever tattooed upon my soul, frozen in time where I may visit whenever I need to relive one of the happiest times of my life.



Jaff Seijas painting of Lavender Fields

Journal of Fito Day August 7, 2001

Last night Sonja came to me and asked if I would accompany her to look for the spot where Cherry's healing dance was to be performed. The Gypsy- woman had told her that two people of the same zodiacal sign must seek the dancing ground. We wandered awhile in the woods, but then returned to the vegetable garden. Both us felt quite strongly about a certain spot just near the aubergine patch.



Madame Sonja and Fito find the right spot

»

At sunset we gathered at the spot of the ceremony. It was a warm night and as we assumed our positions in a circle, I gazed heavenward and saw some meteors streak through the purple sky.

Madame Sonja, Kat, the Gypsy-woman, and Cherry stood at the north arch of the circle. Marko, Sammy, Steve-o, Jaff, Ong, and I completed the round. Noah, in the center, began a slow rocking. The Gypsy-woman was chanting in a low voice. Very slowly Noah began to stamp his feet and turn about in small circles. Soon he was raising and lowering his hands and arms. I could feel our entire group swaying and it was with some effort on my part that I maintained my firmly planted at my post, for I felt as if I too should begin whirling if allowed.

The pace of Noah's dance increased, and he began to spin about the interior of the circle like human top. He seemed totally in control of his movements yet strangely possessed and I saw that his eyes had rolled back into his head.

Cherry had a look of absolute absorption. Her whole body seemed to lurch this way and that as she followed Noah's movements.

The dance and chant then began to take on a frenzied feeling. Noah's spinning was fast and furious. He was twirling so rapidly I thought he would surely fall or crash into us, but this did not happen. On occasion he would leap into the air and fling his arms toward Cherry.

Finally the chant became a wail of shrieks and it seemed that I heard drums but I am sure it was only the blood pounding in my veins.

Then, as if on cue, as the Gypsy-woman clapped her hands, and Noah gave a final fling of his hands toward Cherry, a flock of birds flew up from the ground around us. Amid the flapping of wings, and the final piercing cry of the chant, there arose a sound of utter beauty. We stood in awe as the sublime voice of Cherry Gollogoly singing a pure and perfect high "C" broke through the night and bathed us in its glory!



Noah performs the healing dance

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August 2001 Chateau Vebond

Exquisite pleasure!

How I have missed being able to vocalize even the slightest grunt. Now I am delivered, and my singing voice is even better than it was before the muteness.

I went to the Gypsies trailer and offered them some money, but they refused it. I offered to buy them a new trailer and some animals of their choice. They accepted this offer. I will grant this wish as their magic has restored a quintessential element of well being in my life.

Before I left them, I hugged Noah, and told him with my eyes (sometimes even having a voice is inadequate), that should he ever want to communicate with me when I have left France, Madame Sonja would know how to find me.



Cherry Restored

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August Chateau Vebond

My first act of praise for the return of my voice was to sing "The Bonny Wee Thing", a song of Robert Burns which had been adapted by Beethoven, outside of Ongs' door early in the morning. This was the first song I had learned as a young girl under my tutelage by Madame Dupont and I felt it appropriate to offer at as my first song with renewed voice. I also felt that I owed much to Ong for all his comfort and wise direction during my crisis. He appeared at the door in his dressing robe and with a low bow, and a kiss of my hand, said something wonderful in his ancestral tongue of Greek. I do not know what it was, but by its tone I gathered it to be some very personal and lovely tribute.

Musing's of Ong August 2001 Chateau Vebond

Cherry Gollogoly...

Ahhhh...the return of her lovely voice. No matter what language the music speaks the true reality which we can but glimpse.

It occurs to me that I know exactly how many heroic out of doors statues there are of Robert Burns worldwide, why I have this knowledge escapes me but it came to me as Cherry rendered her interpretation of "The Bonny Wee Thing". Armed with this knowledge I feel capable of answering but one question...
the answer to which is 50.



Title Page of "Cherry regains her Voice" – Music By Fito Day

Diary of Kat Trowell August 8, 2001 France

Perhaps this is my pay back!

All along I have not openly admitted to myself that I harbor jealousy in my heart. Cherry Gollogoly! I never thought that I could actually feel such animosity for someone. Yet the fact is I do. I tried to “forgive and forget”. I thought back in Kansas City that we might still be friends. I think I was kidding myself and certainly her. It is clear to me that I never really was sincere. And now this!

At the gypsy healing one voice was restored and another one taken away!

My own!

As I stood dumbfounded at the miracle cure, a sudden dryness entered my throat. I felt something depart from my spirit, and as I opened my mouth to speak there was no sound. I knew what had transpired. The Universe had compensated and augmented its distribution of energy. Where Cherry now sang with a renewed emancipation, I now stood mute!

Yes, damn-it! I am frightened. This is the price of dishonesty. I should have been more truthful long ago.

Even now my hatred of her gnaws at me... now she has taken my only real treasure away. I cannot speak and I cannot sing.

I know I should try and see the Light in this situation. I know that ill-will is “bad Karma”, but I have repressed this bitterness too long. I cannot see her as anything but my nemesis. Obviously I will have to go. Perhaps I never should have come back. Did I not sense this on the way to Fito’s house in Amsterdam? What drove me to leave Canada, when I had already cut the cord once? Now I will have to go through the whole bloody thing again. What will it be like to be unable to speak? What will life be for me without my voice?

Journal of Fito Day August 8, 2001 Chateau Vebond

I went from breakfast to Kat's room. I noticed after Cherry's healing that Kat left us rapidly and hurriedly walked back to the house. Then I thought little of it, but I had seen that "look" in her eyes before, yet I chalked it up to over-excitement. Still, after I did not see her with her customary coffee and cigarette, sitting as she does on the veranda, I thought I should pay her a visit.

I knocked and called out. She didn't answer.

I tried again. This time, she slipped a note out to me under the door. I expected to see "Quagipsifloog" written on it, but I was disturbed to see only a quickly written scrawl which read "GO AWAY!"

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August , 2001 Chateau Vebond

I awoke as if nudged. I knew I must get up and go out of my room. I wandered out into the hallway and to the stairway landing. There I saw Kat Trowell, suitcase in hand, descending the stairs.

I called out to her. I asked where she was going...

She turned and in her eyes I saw a look of pain, of anger, of broken heartedness, of deep personal tragedy.

She said nothing but held one hand up to her throat.

It was then that I knew what had happened.

Tears filled my eyes. I think I cried out "Wait Kat, Don't Go!" But she turned away quickly and fled into the shadows. I ran after her. By the time I reached the doorways I could see her entering a car. It must have been a hired car, or a taxi. I did not know what to do. It was the middle of the night. I didn't want to wake the others.

Kat has gone away.

She is the one who
received the muteness that flew from me.

I wept in my room and wondered at the mysterious ways of the world. What shall I do? What can I do?

The only thought that returned again and again to my mind was "Now I must dedicate my voice and all its products of music to Kat. Now I must sing for both of us."

The Note left by Kat Trowell as an explanation for her Departure August 9, 2001

Dear Fito and Ensemble,

As a wise(or was he foolish?) man said, "where you are is never where you're meant to be but it's the most important part of where you're going".

Philosophies are all potentially great, until humans get a hold of them, seems there are always personal agendas . . .

While it's still true that any place is what you make it and "Home is where the heart is", I feel my heart is someplace other than where my physical body is at the moment.

I'm in a constant search for where I belong, TRULY BELONG. It leaves a deep sadness that is always inside me, no matter what I may be immersed in at the moment.

Maybe the Journey is simply about the Journey.

Maybe it's all a "mid life" thing. I'd love to believe that this is a half way point and not nearing the end of the tunnel, but my instincts tell me otherwise.

Time is precious, I don't want to waste a drop of it, and I need to use it wisely.

I have felt for some time now that I am not on the same wave length with all of you and though I admire and respect you, I no longer feel as if I am contributing anything worthwhile to our collaborative efforts.

I leave without "saying" goodbye because I do not wish to make a huge fanfare of my departure.

I will miss you.

Au Revoir,

Kat

Journal of Fito Day August 9, 2001 Chateau Vebond

There are disappointments in life that are hard to bear and yet they must be borne. As the old saying goes..."What cannot be cured must be endured". So it is that in this lovely and serene spot, an ugly incident had to be accepted. I am referring to the departure of Kat Trowell. This time, I cannot let her personal tragedies upset me to the point of distraction. It seems I just got over the incompressible behavior she exhibited in New York City, and now she has gone over the top with another dramatic incident.

Whatever it is that plagues her in this life I can no longer meditate on myself. What's done is done. She has left us again. This time I am afraid that I cannot pursue her. She must do as she must. As Madame Sonja so succinctly put it...."She's gone....it's better for her, so ... No you just damn worry".

Of course I will worry, and I will always wonder what her problem really is. I may never know. Alas, all I can do is wish her well, and hope that she shall, one day, find the peace she seeks.

I took my cello up on the roof and played Bach's Suite #4 in E flat Major as a parting gesture. I played with an intensity I had not yet discovered in myself.

Journal of Fito Day August 10, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Life goes on. So does the creative force that propels me from to day to day. So I find myself feeling quite restored after a day of activities both mundane and exalted. This morning I helped Madame Sonja in her garden and was amused by her singing of ancient French ballads as she worked.

I then followed her to the Kitchen where I was instructed in the art of preparing “Champignons Arneau”

Préparation

Nettoyez les champignons et coupez les plus gros d'entre eux en deux ou en quatre. Pelez les oignons et hachez-les. Taillez le lard en dés. Faites revenir le lard à sec dans une poêle, puis faites dorer les oignons dans la graisse. Ajoutez-y les champignons et laissez cuire pendant quelques minutes, sans cesser de remuer. Mouillez avec le bouillon de légumes. Salez poivrez. Ajoutez l'ail. Laissez cuire, sur feu doux, à couvert, pendant 8 minutes. Pelez les tomates, épépinez-les et taillez-les en dés. Ajoutez-les à la préparation. Prolongez la cuisson pendant 5 minutes. Travaillez la farine avec le beurre. Incorporez le mélange au ragoût. Laissez cuire pendant quelques minutes, sans cesser de remuer. Enfin, ajoutez la crème fleurette. Dressez la préparation dans un plat chaud. Parsemez-la de thym. Servez aussitôt.

It was delicious!

»

After lunch I had a conversation with Sammy Klewis, who has been very private these past ten days. His temper seems to have improved considerably since June, and he showed me some interesting scores he has been composing with some unusual notations and experimental uses of words. He hasn't arranged any music since the “Krenek Thing” and “Who is McCutcheon?”, so I was pleased to see him inspired.

»

Speaking of experimental...Steve-o and Ong have set up their shop in one of Madame Sonja's Work Buildings. They have unpacked and uncrated the contents of the many boxes that arrived earlier and are busy constructing what they have confessed to be the worlds first known “Music of the Spheres” Receptors; these instruments are based on ideas reformed from Pythagoras and William Fludd, and from their combined vast knowledge of electronics, magnetism, physics, and music theory.

»

Some mail arrived today. A letter from Lovely Darling confirming her arrival on the 16th, and a revision of the “Schizoid-poems” from Allo Nahon & Terry Thouverez. There was also a postcard from Werner Truckbyttten wishing me well.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August 2001 Chateau Vebond

The afternoon was spent learning old styles of tatting from Madame Sonja. I was held in rapt awe of her skills in these lost arts of the old world. Naturally, in the tying and knotting of threads many a thought is evoked and many a story woven into the fibers...readable only to those with eyes to see.

While she sat engrossed in her handiwork she sang songs from her childhood. Some were old folk tunes, but others were of her creation. I feel truly blessed to be in the presence of this magnificent lady and honored by her hospitality and friendship.

Jaff Seijas was also present, though silently, as from a short distance away he worked on Sonja's portrait.

I occasionally asked a question, or broke the silence with a few words, but the afternoon passed without much conversation, and without causing discomfort. The level of communication was deeper, and reminded me of childhood's days and ways, when words were not always necessary.

When the evening had advanced into night, I went to my room. I was in a state of delicious comfort. I felt so happy to be alive and restored to my former self. A lavender scented bath complemented my mood. As I tied the sash of my robe I went out onto the balcony. The night was perfect, a gentle breeze blew and the distant clouds were lit by some shimmer of moonbeams.

Then I heard the sound of a guitar. Sweet notes rose up and filled my spirit with soothing pleasure.

It was not long before I recognized the distinct style of Marko Moon.

I also soon recognized the melody he played. It was the music to "On Lake Shipp". This rendition was played with a charm and allure that I had not heard in it ever before. I could sense that some deep beauty was stirring and as the notes spilled out I felt a connectedness to all things in the world.

Marko sat on a bench in the garden. His back was towards me. I made not a sound when he finished his offering; instead I thanked him by singing. Peter Warlock's song "The Singer" came to mind, and so without a second's pause I returned thanks with that lovely and haunting piece...

"In the dim light of the golden lamp
the singer stands and sings
and the songs rise up like colored bubbles
or birds with shinning wings.

Still from the sweet and rounded mouth

The delicate sounds arise

Like floating bubbles whose colors are the colored melodies..."

When I finished my song, Marko stood up, and with out a word he bowed a slight bow his right hand upon his heart.

Such are the rewards of Art.

Jaff Seijas Notebook August 13, 2001 Chateau Vebond

This morning Fito came wandering over to the “Ripple House” with his cello. He entertained me, while I had some breakfast, with some old jazz tunes. When played on cello these songs take on a distinctly different air. Imagine, for instance, “Take the A Train”played in a slow and ponderous mode. It was very funny.

We then took a little walk over to the workshops where Ong and Steve-o were busy with all kinds of tools and gadgets. There was some very elaborate machinery set up...all kinds of computers, sound equipment. cords, electrical stuff...things hanging from suspended belts....big satellite dish looking metal objects...all very Frankenstein’s lab...we tried to make sense of some of the explanations...but wound up just shaking our heads a lot and saying “oh” and “I see...”

Later in the day I worked on Madame Sonja’s portrait while she sat sewing and chatting with Cherry Gollogoly. I think she will like the painting which I will give as a gift for her hospitality.



Portrait of Madame Sonja Arneau

I have been working on the album cover for Fito Day Ensemble’s “Jazz Abduction” and believe I have a nice image for it. The only thing left to do is confirm it’s acceptability with Fito and get the the image off to guys at Flung Records. I think I remember Fito saying the release date is projected for October.

In a few days I will be off to Italy to visit friends and have a showing at Gallerie DeAmicis in Roma. It will certainly be different to be in the city again after these tranquil days at Chateau Vebond. I will miss everyone...the laughter...the food...the music.

Steve-o Ness Notebook August, 2001

The specific peculiarity of this *temporal* arrangement in distinction to *spatial* arrangement is its non-linearity. In contrast to space, it is not linear but *hierarchical*. Later documents not only document earlier events, but also earlier documents (which document even earlier documents).

A routine piece of blackboard chalk is a remnant of an animal skeleton which the earth's forces have lifted to the surface so that it became a part of chalk cliffs. Then it was broken off and processed and now it is being used in order to write something on the blackboard and thus to transmit ideas.

```
(defun pep-to-chord-1 (pep)
  (cadr (assoc pep '((a (f 4 g# 4 c 5 f 6))
    (b (g 4 c# 5 c# 5 e 5))
    (c (f 4 c# 5 f 4 c# 5))
    (d (c 4 d# 4 d 4 g 4)))))))
```

```
(defun pep-to-chord-2 (pep)
  (cadr (assoc pep
    '((a (c 4 f 4 g 4 c 4))
      (b (a# 4 a# 4 f 5 c 5))
      (c (c# 5 a# 4 c# 5 g 4))
      (d (g 4 g 4 f# 4 c# 4))))))
```

Can wormholes exist? V.Khatsymovsky, 10 pages,
Plain LaTeX, preprint UUITP-
20/1993

Renormalized vacuum expectation values of electromagnetic stress-energy tensor are calculated in the background spherically-symmetrical metric of the wormhole's topology. Covariant geodesic point separation method of regularization is used. Violation of the weak energy condition at the throat of wormhole takes place for geometry sufficiently close to that of infinitely long wormhole of constant radius irrespectively of the detailed form of metric. This is an argument in favour of possibility of existence of selfconsistent wormhole in empty space maintained by vacuum field fluctuations in the wormhole's background.



Radiant blast

equation of motion for flexural (bending) waves in a beam is

$$\frac{\partial^2 y}{\partial x^2} + c_L^2 K^2 \frac{\partial^4 y}{\partial x^4} = 0$$

where $c_L = \sqrt{\frac{E}{\rho}}$ is the speed of a quasi-longitudinal wave (E is Young's modulus and ρ is the mass density). This equation of motion is a fourth-order differential equation such that the solutions are not of the form $y(x,t) = f(x-ct) + g(x+ct)$. In addition, the flexural wave speed is dispersive

$$c = \sqrt{\omega K c_L}$$

as evidenced by the fact that the wave speed is proportional to the square root of frequency. Thus, higher frequency flexural waves will travel faster than lower frequency flexural waves.

A force pulse contains many (almost infinite) frequency components

77

79 97

73 99 37

71 93 39 17

72 91 33 19 27

74 92 31 13 29 47

78 94 32 11 23 49 87

75 98 34 12 21 43 89 57

95 38 14 22 41 83 59

35 18 24 42 81 53

15 28 44 82 51

25 48 84 52

45 88 54

85 58

55

The single harmonic is "paired" in this spatial analogue which shows every combination (8 x 8). Each sequence, left and right, is superimposed at 90 degrees and woven into an integrated field. This diagram I call the Harmonic Grid. It is the foundation of time, space, energy, life and knowledge. As explained above, these are not decimal numbers. The harmonic "55" is spoken "Five Five". It represents a wave harmonic rather than a quantity. Any reference to "harmonic" in this dissertation really refers to a pair or more, never one wave. The universe is vibrating similar to the vibration of musical waves. But the vibrations have their own perverse math that we have not discovered. For the materialist this is hard to understand, music is the acoustic vibration of atoms, which is a material vibration. What I call "Spectrum" is the fundamental nature of time that is vibrating to this sequence not materially but in some other dimension. The idea that time is not really "empty" is new. Science only recently discovered that space is not really "empty".

five primary sounds

I, C (Sa)

II, G (Pa) = $3/2$

III, D (Re) = $9/8 = (3/2)^2$

IV, A+ a comma sharp (Dha+) = $27/16 = (3/2)^3$

V, E+ a comma sharp (Ga+) = $81/64 = (3/2)^4$ two auxiliary sounds:

VI, B+ a comma sharp (Ni+) = $243/128 = (3/2)^5$

VII, ^{L+}F sharpend a major half tone (MaL+) = $729/512 = (3/2)^6$

Thus is formed the seven-note scale.

C	D	E+	(F)* $^{L+}F\#$	G	A+	B+	C'
Sa	Re	Ga+	MaL+	Pa	Dha+	Ni+	Sa
1/1	9/8	81/64	(4/3*) 729/512	3/2	27/16	243/128	2/1

note: Do not mistake Pythagoras' Comma for the syntonic comma, equal to 22 cents, which is derived from the difference between the major tone and the minor tone in the Just Diatonic Scale, or discrepancy between the Pythagorean third and the third in the harmonic series which is 5:4.

Heart, the Brain, and the Earth all have their key information broadcasting on the same channel!

Journal of Fito Day August 16, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Drove into Decazeville and picked up Lovely Darling at the train station. Since she was the only person to emerge from the train it was easy to spot her. Her tall and elegant figure was draped in a purple smock and she wore a large brimmed hat festooned with a silk scarf.

She had with her a shopping bag filled with Tunisian Incense and a huge bundle of raw linen for Madame Sonja. She presented me with a C.D. titled "Revisite" by Erik Truffaz. On the platform I demonstrated the Feldenkrais hand movements she taught me to show her that I have kept up with my physical therapy.

Once again, some of the locals seemed amused by foreigner's behaving in foreign ways. When we arrived back at the Chateau, and after Lovely Darling had been shown her chamber, we all gathered in the Kitchen. Even though there are formal dinning rooms at Chateau Vebond, we often gather in the spacious light-filled kitchen for meals. Sitting around the large, old, oak table we enjoyed the quintessential French luncheon which Madame Sonja and one of the Gypsy women (I have since learned their names are Marie-Bibi & Maria Sara), prepared for us.

I suspect it will be an interesting weekend. During lunch Ong announced that he and Steve-o would be unveiling the first of their new creations for us this evening... The "Harmonium Mundi Bio-Resonator". Needless to say, I am quite excited.

Journal of Fito Day August 17, 2001

Ong and Steve-o had constructed a set of bleachers for us to sit on in the west gardens of Chateau Vebond. So as the hour of sunset drew near we all sat in gleeful anticipation as they wheeled out the "Harmonium Mundi Bio Resonator". I really don't think I can adequately describe the thing itself. It actually is four "things". These instruments are set up at some divined distance from each other, and tuned with what appear to be oversize tuning forks. They also have some intricate mechanical settings which require adjusting. The entire ensemble of devices is "controlled" by a wand like staff which is placed on ones shoulder and directed toward the largest of the four free-standing pieces. By a slow and prescribed method the wand is moved vertically up and the downwards. As the "player" completes these actions the four devices are activated and the H.M.B.R. begins to emit the most beautiful sound vibrations imaginable.

I was graciously allowed to be the "Musician" and as I followed the verbal instructions of Steve-o The wonderful thing spread its fantastically gorgeous sounds over us.

The sounds themselves were more than just sounds...they had other effects...there were light displays (whose source I have yet to fully understand) and there were physical effects too. I noticed that everybody's hair was standing up (except for Madame Sonja's, who wore a close fitting hat). There were also other visual effects (mildly hallucinatory) ... balls of amoebic- like colored lights, and rays of light darting about accompanied the audible thrills.

In fact, I felt more like the instrument, since the wand seemed to control my movement more than I controlled it. The "concert" went on for about 30 minutes, and then with a great whoosh of winds the vibrations ceased.

There was applause and wonderment. What was it?

We hope that the two geniuses will be able to enlighten us in terms we can all understand!



Fito plays the Harmonium Mundi Bio Resonator

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August 18, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Everyone gathered in the great salon of Chateau Vebond for a Saturday night concert. Madame Sonja had arranged comfortable seating for us and two enormous urns of cut flowers at each corner of a plush oriental carpet served as boundaries for a performance space.

Since the outdoor demonstration of the Harmonium Mundi Bio-Resonator I have felt highly charged both emotionally and physically, and I suspect the Others do also. So , it was really no surprise to me that when I, as the chosen opening act, began my selected piece, "Bread of the World in Mercy broken", a Renaissance hymn by Loys Bourgeois, opened my mouth and began to sing, my voice took flight into realms of emotion that brought tears to my eyes and stirred my soul. Apparently it had this effect on everybody, since, upon completion, there was a pause of silence, before my friends applauded and I also detected some sniffles, and saw plainly that they were visibly moved.

This rousing of sensation and feeling followed suit throughout the night, and each following musical offering seemed more intense than the next, though all were full of power and energy,

Steve-o and Sammy played a duet. Sammy on piano and Steve-o on a small hand held xylophone. They chose a lovely ancient song from English traditional music, "Fine Flowers in the Valley", which they gave a mildly modernistic twist to, though I cannot say exactly how.

Next, Ong gave a dramatic reading from his vast memory of Gypsy lore. It was, I believe, an old poem which he delivered in Romany and English alternately. I only recall the final verse, which stuck with me due to its dynamic simplicity:

"The wind cried on seeing the terrible sorrows of my heart"...

Vorku, Noah, Marie-Bibi, and Maria Sara, were all present, and I noticed their pride and pleasure upon hearing their native tongue spoken so eloquently.

Fito Day gave us a penetrating version of Ravel's "Pavane pour une infante defunte". I was swept away by this beautiful piece and in my minds eye saw many a fantastic scene of inner worlds come and go throughout the duration of his playing.

The final piece was Marko Moon's fantasy in open tuning for guitar based on a theme from another old English ballad, "Backwaterside". As I watched the nimble fingers of my favorite guitar master, I sensed the incredible beauty that precision and intuition bring forth when guided by the skilled hands of an Artist.

In the quiet and remote setting of Chateau Vebond, we were indeed privileged to indulge in such a pastime. I feel completely honored to be in such company.

The most mysterious event of the evening, however, was to be after the musicale.

We retired to the library, where Madame Sonja keeps her desk, her computer, and television, as well as her huge collection of books. So this room serves as den as well, replete with overstuffed chairs and couches. We were all very comfortable and enjoying a bit of sherry. Suddenly, Lovely Darling leaned back in her chair and then forward with eyes rolled back. She then stiffened and started to moan slightly. At first I thought she may be having a seizure. She was, in fact, entering a trance state. She placed her fingers on the bridge of her nose, and then what I will describe as "rays" or "currents" began to issue forth from her forehead. We were all quite amazed! These "energies"

darted about the room and eventually dissipated, but they seemed strongest directly around Lovely Darling, and actually seemed to be generated from her person. I was sitting near Ong and heard him quietly say “Ah, radiant blasts...”

What these “radiant blasts are”, I am not sure yet, as very little was said after the occurrence terminated.

Lovely took it all in stride and seemed completely nonplused by the experience.

Ong made a brief aside to us assuring us that there was no cause for alarm, and that these phenomena were anticipated and were indeed the result of a close proximity to the activation of the Harmonium Mundi Bio-Resonator.

My, My!



Lovely Darling emits radiant blasts

Journal of Fito Day August 21, 2001 Chateau Vebond

The second of the new and unusual instruments was unveiled this morning. As Ong and Steve-o pulled the diaphanous shroud from the “Aeolian Cepstrum” we all gasped at the artistic and sculptural beauty of the thing.

What is it? Yet another mystery.

Its actual mechanics are not clear to me, but it lifts “voices” from the winds and renders them audible.

These “voices”, for lack of a better word, are huge sounds which resonate and swell over and above the listener and resemble, sometimes, a choir, or sometimes, a solo voice. Still the actual sounds are more than human, more angelic.

There is a smooth panel, much like the “touch-pad” of a lap-top computer, only larger. A person may move his hands slowly over the pad and direct the “receptors” towards different directions, much like the movement of radar or satellite discs. The “receptors” pick up the vibrations carried in the wind and transform them into audible sound.

Ong informs me that these are not mere random radio signals, but the actual voices of All those who have lived, live, or will live in our local solar system.

Whatever they are, the music they make is nearly unbearable in its beauty.

We are promised the presentation of the “Electrolux-Abunda Magnifica Harp” tomorrow. I cannot even imagine what surprises lay in store.



Sammy Klewis manipulates the “Aeolian Cepstrum”

Journal of Fito Day August 22, 2001 Chateau Vebond

The third and final creation of Ong and Steve-o's combined forces was presented to us today...

The "Electrolux-Abunda Magnifica Harp" (a.k.a.: OS-2001-E.L.A.M.H.).

This is the piece d' resistance of the labors!

For the demonstration of this marvel, we were shown into the studio where mats had been placed on the floor for us to lay upon. When we were all comfortable and in place, Ong gave a brief and very simplified explanation of what we were soon to experience.

In a reinterpreted nutshell...the E.L.A.M.H. has the power to literally "suck" the essence of any sound vibration, no matter what the source of its generation (spoken, sung, recorded, instrumentally played, etc. etc...) and reconstruct these vibrations (in some ways that are purely "magical" to me) , so they present themselves as "projections" (both audial and visual) which show the listener/viewer , what can only be described as, the "cosmic" spirit of that which is its source!

For the demonstration, the recording of the Hopi "Eagle Dance" Chants on the antique R.C.A. disc which Madame Sonja had given Ong as a gift was chosen as the source material.

It was quite amusing to see an old-fashioned record player in quaint juxtaposition to the contemporary design of the Electrolux Abunda Magnifica Harp.

We were instructed to relax. Soon I heard the amplified scratches of the old disc on the turntable.

The Indian Chant sounded like the score of an old National Geographic film I had once seen in grade school. Then, there was a low humming which accelerated quickly into the noise a huge generator might make. What happened next is more like a dream than something I actually consciously lived through. The chanting Indian score became larger than life. I could hear individual voices very plainly. The ankle bells, the drum beats, all seemed almost tactile. As I stared up at the ceiling I saw the feet of many dancers and the dust rising. I could not tell from what angle my perspective was focused. After a minute or so, the scene changed to what appeared to be a huge floating disc. It was divided into four equal quadrants. Each section was a saturated hue of blue, red, yellow, and white respectively. I saw a thunderbolt and rain cloud lodged within the white. In the yellow section a rounded mask of stark simplicity. In the blue a serpent, and in the red the eagle. The might and power of the great eagle was awesome. Its enormous wing span and its outstretched claws were fearsome. The sound of the chant was now electrifying and I actually heard the combined heartbeats of the tribe!

I cannot really remember how the vision ended...it seemed long and intense.

Then there was a great stillness and a serene calm.

The others too had the same shared vision.

We were speechless!

**A few questions I asked Ong at Lunch and his answers (Fito Day August 23, 2001
Chateau Vebond)**

What are radiant blasts? Why do they emit from our bodies after being exposed to the H.M.B.R.?

They are animal spirits, and they emit from our bodies because they must.

What is the source accompanying the light displays/ amoeboid lights?

That would be what most people know of as god if I understand the question.

Are the voices generated from the Aeolian Cepstrum produced by Winds? Were you speaking metaphorically when you said they were “All who have lived, live, and shall live “?

They are again produced by spirits, which is much like wind, and I was being quite literal when I said it is the voice of all who are, were, and shall be. I myself have a constant need for wind, I think it began after long incarceration. You would think that sunlight or stars or even freedom would be missed most, but was in actuality the wind. I did not realize it until after liberation when I felt a breeze. I have since discovered that the movement of air is actually initiated by the spirits of all who exist or existed and announces the presence of all who shall be. Hence the movement of air puts us in touch with ancestral memories.

While there are a finite number of souls, I believe, there are infinite spirits. The soul and the spirit are not to be confused. The spirit can be born of itself, or of a group of souls, or even from a concept and can linger for eternity or vanish in a poof. Perhaps this need for moving air explains some of my work with vacuums and other wind instruments, or at least it explains some of the hot air!

The Electrolux-Abunda Magnifica Harp! How'd you do that?!
I can't wait to run my lapis sax through it!

You will not understand how it is done until you run your lapis sax through it, so to try to explain would be useless. I suggest we do this as soon as possible.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August 23, 2001 Chateau Vebond

I have just returned from a harrowing and emotional situation. I was walking with Marco down by the lane when Marie-Bibi came running up to us waving her hands, sobbing, in an obvious state of distress.

Marko ran back to the Chateau to fetch Madame Sonja, while I went with Marie-Bibi to the trailer-home of the Gypsies.

When we arrived, Maria Sara was clutching Noah to her bosom and weeping. Of course I sensed some tragedy, as she pointed to the trailer and motioned me inside.

By this time, Madame Sonja, and Ong were scurrying up the lane and Ong was directing questions to the women in Romany.

When we entered the dimly lit trailer we saw Vorku's body sprawled on the floor. We lifted him to the couch. I knew when Ong reached over and shut the eyes of Vorku that this great Gypsy man had died.

I took Noah back to the Chateau per Madame Sonja's instruction.

As we walked up the lane, I could hear the repeated cries of the women.

I made hot chocolate for the child and then joined the others in the study. Ong had returned and informed us that a heart attack had claimed Vorku. We were all deeply saddened by this event.

Madame Sonja returned and suggested that we should all get some rest.

As I sit here now in my room, I wonder what will happen to the boy?

How in the midst of great happiness in life we are forced to be reminded of life's transience!

Ah...the bitter and..... the sweet.

Journal of Fito Day August 24, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Last night after the local coroner had finished his job, Ong, Marko and I brought the body of Vorku to the Chateau. Madame Sonja had prepared a room used for solemn occasions like this one, in the west wing.

This morning Maria Sara and Marie-Bibi prepared the body after the Gypsy customs and surrounded him with flowers and talisman-offerings in their fashion. The room was draped in red swaths, and the women also wore red, the chosen color of mourning. Madame Sonja presided over a ceremony in that same room and Ong also recited some ancient prayer in the Rom tongue.

After the service we all went into the large kitchen and drank coffee and ate some rolls and fruits.

Ong explained to us that Madame Sonja had agreed to allow Vorku to be buried in a small cemetery on her property. Even though no-one had been interred there for over seventy five years she deemed it appropriate for Vorku's final resting place. He and the Gypsy women had been good friends and helpers to Sonja since her early life at Chateau Vebond, and this would be a way for her to express some gratitude.

Ong also advised us that we would not be attending the funeral. The Gypsies are very superstitious about the rites of death and have strict and private protocol in funerary matters.

It is, of course, raining today. This melancholy weather suits me though, and reminds me of the great tenderness the human heart is capable of when offering condolence and sympathy.

I play the cello again...another of Bach's suites for unaccompanied cello...

The music hangs in the air and enfolds me in a dream.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August 24, 2001 Chateau Vebond

I am wondering if I cannot claim Noah, the Gypsy Shav, as my own. ..

I know this would be a tremendous responsibility but that child and I have a special rapport. I also believe that his officiating as high priest in my "healing" proves that a strong psychic bond exists.

I will consult Madame Sonja on this matter and she if she feels it to be a good idea. I do not know what the Gypsy laws are concerning the adoption of children by non-Gypsies...nor do I know if it will be legal for me to adopt a foreign child as an American citizen. Perhaps I will only be able to patronize him. Perhaps I will simply be his surrogate "guardian"...We shall see. I do feel compelled however to make an effort to help Noah. Now that I think of it, I am not even sure if Vorku was his father, or if either of the women are his mother?

Notebook of Ong Nikas August 24, 2001

Since the terribly tragic passing of our friend Vorku I have taken the task of selling his wagon which must be done according to tradition. The women have already destroyed his personal belongings, all that were not buried with him of course, as must also be done, and all mirrors were covered.

I must not sell it for a large profit and I must be careful making Noah take the money as it carries with it a whole bunch of strings of the superstitious nature.

It is believed that the dead often take measures against the living because they are angered by their current unnatural state, as death is considered to be a bizarre fluke in Rom culture.

Makes sense for the living to view death (and even sickness) as a weird occurrence come to think of it being as it is the total opposite of life. The laws of Marime' come into play very prominently at a time like this and much care must be taken to be sure they are not violated.

Without getting into the laws of marimé suffice it to say that they are similar to kosher laws and govern every aspect of Rom life, even death has more than it's fair share.

The fear of reprisal from the dead not being the least, hence every effort is made to be at peace with the dead to avoid such reprisals. It is not uncommon for the deceased never to be mentioned by name again unless necessary for fear of stirring them up, which is why the possessions are destroyed or given away to non-Rom as a Rom would never accept the objects for fear of retribution from the deceased.

At the Pomana (1st meal after the death) I was quiet honored to be asked to represent Vorku. This tradition required that I dress in a similar way as I am about the same age and build and to actually Be Vorku more or less, this helped the family with the transition I hope.

The mourning will go on for at least a year with intermittent rituals at various times but to all who know him his influence will always be felt, and he will always be missed in spite of any fears.

Akana mukav tut le Devlesa pral Vorku

Jaff Seijas Notebook August 24, 2001 France

I am sure I will not forget summer 2001 at Chateau Vebond. The unveiling of the three wonderful instruments that Ong and Steve-o created, the “musicale” performed in the Grand -Salon, and the passing of Vorku, the Gypsy man, have all had a certain psychic effect on me, and impressed my mind with images that, as an artist, will remain forever cataloged in the file cabinet of the subconscious.

On Sunday, Sammy Klewis, Steve-o Ness, and I will depart for Rome, where I will be showing my paintings at Gallery DeAmicis. My goal for the weekend is to finally decide which image to use for the Fito Day Ensemble’s CD cover...their album “JAZZ ABDUCTION”...

I have learned so much from these people. I wish I were more articulate...I’d write a book about them.

Journal of Fito Day August 25, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Lovely Darling gave an impromptu Feldenkrais session in the studio last night. Madame Sonja, Cherry, Steve-o and I were the beneficiaries of this therapy. As we lay on the floor and followed her gentle instructions, a series of movements and anti-movements of hands, arms, and legs, I could not help but think that the exercises were but another way of aligning ourselves with the great harmony and unity of "All that Is".

When we finished the exercises, Madame Sonja prepared some herbal tea and offered us a song from her repertoire of ancient French songs...

The song she sang was filled with exquisite tenderness and was written by Agnes de Navarre in the 12th century...

Ami, si Dieu me confort

Friend, with God's help
you shall have my heart,
which above all loves you deeply,
Friend, with God's help.
Put aside all worries
since you already own it.
Friend, with God's help
you shall have my heart.
Without my heart you shall not leave,
but you shall have the heart of your friend.
For it is within you, wherever you are;
Without my heart you shall not leave,
I am sure you will keep it well,
and your own, will keep me company.
Without my heart you shall not leave,
but you shall have the heart of your friend.



Madame Sonja sings

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly August 25, 2001 Chateau Vebond

I went to the trailer with Madame Sonja and Ong, whose knowledge of the Romany language would come in handy. Before we entered they sprinkled us with rosewater and then we sat at a small round table with the two Gypsy women.

Ong explained my feelings about Noah to the women. He also relayed my questions about the child's background and interpreted the answers. The two women seemed quite reluctant at first to answer in depth, but nods of assurance from Madame Sonja soothed their anxieties.

They claimed to be the legal guardians of the boy, according to Gypsy law. I learned that Marie-Bibi was indeed Noah's mother, but that Vorku was not his father. In fact Marie-Bibi is a distant cousin of Vorku, and Maria Sara, his wife. The biological father of the boy will remain a mystery. Maria-Bibi grew tense and ashamed at the prospect of revealing anymore. Ong explained to me that Gypsy marriages are for life, and that bearing children out of wedlock is looked upon with utter disgust. Perhaps then, we shall not learn of some imbroglio that Marie-Bibi participated in, but we can assume that there is a pathetic situation involved in her former life and the birth of the boy. Finally, the full names of all concerned were revealed. Vorku Pancsova was born in Yugoslavia. He traveled to Spain in the nineteen sixties and married Maria Sara Villodre before adopting a somewhat sedentary life in France. At some point Marie-Bibi Rousseau, who was then pregnant and living in Decazeville, came to stay with Vorku and Maria Sara, and remained with them to this day. During these revelations, Marie-Bibi got up from the table and walked over to a chest of drawers, removing some papers. When she returned she placed them on the table. Among the items were some photographs, a passport, and a birth certificate of Noah Rousseau, born August 1993. No paternal figure is designated by name. The certificate bears the seal of Cogollos Vega, a small town near Granada, Spain, and the home of many of Maria Sara Villodre's relatives. Apparently, Noah was born there during a family visit.

It was not surprising that Gypsy women could not quite fathom my wish to take Noah under my wing. They suggested, as Ong related, that a Gypsy is always a Gypsy and cannot be otherwise. They did, however, grasp the concept of a protégé and seemed quite sympathetic to the idea of a musical prodigy being fostered by an already well established lady with ties to the "music world".

I saw that this might really be the correct approach. That perhaps, he could be my ward and I would further his education and introduction into the Arts.

Not much more was said, but I got the impression that an answer would surface in a day or two. We left the trailer and walked back along the lane, turning off at the road by the spring of St. Foutin and cutting through the gardens to the Chateau. All the way home, I sensed a feeling of completeness, and somehow in my heart of hearts I knew I had done the right thing, whatever the outcome.

Journal of Fito Day August 26, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Jotting down memories of the day:

This morning I brought my Cello to breakfast and played Lovely Darling her favorite song "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star". I tried to give it the verve necessary to make it unique and memorable. I noticed, later, as I sipped my coffee that a "radiant blast" emission floated from her forehead before silently exploding above the sideboard.

»

After a very French departure on the steps of Chateau Vebond, capped by cheek-kissing and shoulder held embraces, Marco and I drove Lovely Darling, Jaff Seijas, Sammy Klewis, and Steve-o Ness to the train station in Decazeville.

Lovely is off to Geneva for the International Feldenkrais Convention...

Jaff, Sammy and Steve-o to Italy.

I will miss them all and hope that their travels are safe.

Sammy and Steve-o will be rejoining us at some point.

There will be a concert in Roma on September seventh, given by that illustrious duo Nahon & Thouverez. Sammy and Steve-o have in fact been invited to participate as musicians. In a recent telephone conversation with Allo Nahon, he informed me that he has prepared a new copy of the "schizoid poems" with notes about possible directions the composition might take. He will pass these on to me via Sammy and Steve-o when they next make contact.

»

Steve-o wore a pair of silver driving gloves Madame Sonja gave him as a bon-voyage present.

»

I have tried not to think about Kat Trowell's dilemma. Yet, I do find my thoughts returning to musings on her apparent sadness and condition of psychological restlessness of this past year.

I have tried to phone her number in Toronto, but once again I am greeted by a recording notifying me that "the number I have reached is no longer in service".

Where is she? Is she safe? Sane? I do not know. There is really nothing I can do at this point.

But I am curious and pray for her safety.

»

I believe Cherry Gollogoly has been successful in persuading Marie-Bibi to allow Noah to come under the wing of her patronage. There is no doubt that he is a gifted child and clearly has a unique style and scope of understanding concerning all things "violin".

»

There has been some discussion in the past few days about a trip southward to Spain. Marko and Ong both share an intense interest in "Cante Hondo" and Flamenco, and have some friends in Andalusia they would like to touch base with. In particular, Marko's friend Gabriel Rodarte, the acclaimed guitarist, who has invited us to stay with he and his wife in their home in Santa Fe, near Granada. I have never been to that part of Spain, and would very much like to see it.

»

Around three o'clock in the afternoon, I took the Lapis Sax to the studio where the "Electrolux Magnifica Abunda Harp" is housed.

Ong had agreed to assist me in a session. I will make an attempt to describe this extraordinary afternoon but am sure that I have not the command of words, nor the descriptive ability to fully bring to light what may be one of the most spiritual moments of my earthly life.

Ong instructed me to position myself, sitting, and facing the projecting antennae (?) of the E.L.M.A.H.

His advice was that I simply play what I felt on the Lapis Sax...a kind of free riff...an improvisation. He urged me to "just get into it. close my eyes ...and groove."

I had little difficulty in getting into that mode since it was one I was quite used to especially when I put myself in a "jazz" space. I did not want to confine myself to a style however. As I began to play the diminutive and precious instrument, I let myself go and tried to find a personal music.

I was only peripherally aware of his movements as he "turned on" the incredible device. Soon I was simply lost in my music.

The deep blue of the lapis lazuli lulled me into a kind of trance as I shut my eyes and were I not so conscious I might think I was dreaming, for a series of vision rose up in my mind's eye and I saw things both beautiful and touching that pulled at my heartstrings. All the while the deep lapis color surrounded me and I saw the earth, as if I was a great distance away, at it slowly turned in the warm velvety blue of space. I sensed the voices of all those living, and their words were sweet and sad. I heard my music form into a voice which translated those multitudes of human longings into words that were neither spoken nor sung but echoed like a choir of One revealing all the pathos and joy of mankind's condition...

Time? I forgot.

I only remember coming down and opening my eyes which ran with tears. I looked in awe at the little bejeweled instrument and up in wonder at Ong.

He had recorded the session and when he played it back, all I heard were a few minutes of my improvisation and then my own voice speaking these words:

Who are these men and women? Sometimes so grand, so magnificent! Other times so weak, so selfish? Are they not everyone who has ever lived on earth? Are they not the ones who reached down to scratch the cat's neck? The woman who folded her wedding dress into a box. The man who walked to a tavern one fine night in summer. The child who looked through a rusty schoolyard gate. A poet who wrote a poem about birds. Ah tender moments of life. There are such delightful passing moments. A rain passed over a remote village and the crickets began to chirp. Two lovers sat in a rowboat and discussed the deeper meaning of their feelings. An old lady remembered the way her children sang a youthful ditty. There was a wafting smell of fresh baked bread upon a morning breeze. The soldier looked at his dead comrade and wept. The beautiful woman dabbed her ankle with perfume. Long, long into the night a man wrote down his theories. Somewhere on an ocean liner, a foreigner stares at passing waves. In a theatre are old boxes filled with playbills of long forgotten plays. Secret treasures lay hidden in a distant hiding place waiting to be discovered. A boy traces circular patterns on a foggy window pane. Names

spill out like wine from a turned over cup. Names of hamlets, villages, and cities. Names of woods, valleys and glades. ...of churches, monuments, and universities...names of children, of actors, explorers, saints, hunchbacks, and fools. Names of flowers, of stars, of animals, of perfume...The name of a woman who called her self something else. The name of a man who inherited money. The name of she who never rose before noon. His name that was lost and never seen again. Ah, such names as those who have lived worn like badges of a fleeting identity. See the specter of these millions.... the hopes and dreams...the joys and sorrows, the fears and strengths, the shortcomings and the passions....this is the stuff of earthly life from whence comes vision and a longing for love...out of these quickly passing pictures comes the art...that which is continually bestowed upon all the Living....the eternal music of unity.

Journal of Fito Day August 28, 2001 Chateau Vebond

I have received a letter, as Fate would have it, from Felix Blas Vega, whose impressive vocations in life include ,acclaimed jazz historian, professor of contemporary music studies at the University Pompeu Fabre in Barcelona, and Director of the “ International World Music Festival “.

I have known Senor Vega since I was a kid. He is a friend of my family and one of my early music teachers. I also studied under him again as a college student at University of London, and have maintained contact with him over the years. He has invited me to come to the “Contemporary Musical Movements Symposium” in Barcelona beginning on September 20th .

And “Why Not?”I ask myself.

I believe we have finalized our other travel plans as a group.

It appears now that Cherry, Noah, Ong, Marko and I will be heading to Spain on Friday, August 31st . We will rent a van and do an overland trip to Andalusia. I’m thrilled. Of course, I am besotted with romantic notions of what SPAIN is supposed to be, yet I am sure that we will see many wonderful sights on our journey.

Madame Sonja is preparing a bon-voyage feast for us on Wednesday.

I am so grateful to her for all of the hospitality and kindness’ she has shown us all. What a fantastic escape from the hustle and bustle of the world at large!

I wish I could simply put her in my pocket and carry her with me always...

I know she is with me in spirit forever....

Journal of Fito Day August 30, 2001 Chateau Vebond

Last night Madame Sonja gave us a parting gift in the form of a dinner party. This is the first time we have actually eaten in the formal dining room which is located in the east wing of the Chateau. A splendid room which is decorated in an exotic style. Sonja informed us that her mother, Flotil Arneau was a close friend of Elsa Schiaparelli, the famous fashion stylist and Modiste of 1920's Paris "high society". It was Schiaparelli who designed the "Salle a Manger Surrealisme" for Madame Arneau and who left her unique style impressed upon that room.

The dining table is a lifeboat from the MS. Dora Luna (circa 1930)...it rests on a marble base, carved to look like waves. A slab of Indonesian teak wood is used as the table surface. The seats are cushions from deck chairs covered in saffron yellow silk, and behind each seat is a life-preserver that has been gold leafed. The table was set with a sumptuous array of art deco china, crystal, candelabras, and flowers. The walls of the dining room are hand painted and display a surreal vista of shoreline, sea, distant sky, and fantastic sea creatures, birds, and shells.

Before dinner I played a rendition of Bruno Grugeryvic's "Caviar" on the Lapis-sax. Cherry Gollogoly sang Severac's "Chanson de la Nuit Durable" acappella...completely blowing us away with the precision of her timing and richness of her voice. Sonja sang also...a prayer poem she composed in the ancient language of Occitanese, the language of the troubadours of Languedoc, France:

"The dawn breaks...

Walk like a fox on ice, cunning, cautiously and deliberately...

Moments ever changing, some gentle, some glad, some sad and some a struggle...

Afternoons spent gazing upon the sunflowers all marching like soldiers into eternity with their heads bowed...

Peace returns to my garden among the swallows and monarchs dancing about...

'till eve comes ...labor finished ...much hoped for rest...

The great lovers of the world shall have rest at sunset of this day...

Returning to the warm coziness of home

Grateful to end the day in love...

Then dreams come...

The one wrong key turned into many right ones...

We hurry thru the starry summer night through Eons to bring the Eon Lady home...

She is singing when we find her:

"the gentle breeze always blowing in the same direction....goes far."

Dinner was a work of Art.

Madame Sonja ascended to heavenly culinary heights with dishes both complex and extraordinary. The presentation was a feast to the eyes....the tastes, masterpieces of yumminess.

From the "Cinderella Truffles" in flakey pastry to the "Frank Lloyd Wright's Favorite Living Room Color Consume", to the "Persistence of Memory Gateau"...it was a menu that will live on in my dreams!

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly Chateau Vebond August 2001

Madame Sonja prepared a dinner that transported me to another planet!
She looked perfectly exquisite in her vintage CoCo Chanel evening dress. Her offering of haute cuisine brought tears to my eyes.

My life felt strangely complete that evening. I felt as if I was sitting among the Gods on Olympus.

After the dinner, we sat outside enjoying the night air, and watching the meteor showers, bright scintilla disappearing over the cedar trees.

It was then, I told little Noah that we were going to Spain together, and places beyond too.

He turned to us and with a word ...”Cool”...sealed with a huge smile.

His proclamation summed up the entire experience of Chateau Vebond!



Noah Smiles!

Journal of Fito Day September 3, 2001

We drove the rented Mercedes “Utility Vehicle” through mountain passes, small villages, new and exciting geographical formations, rivers, forests, and plains. All the while we talked. Sometimes we reminisced about our time at Chateau Vebond...sometimes we waxed philosophical, other times comical. Sometimes we sang songs, or one of us would play his instrument. It was not like family vacations, where all one wanted to do was hurry up and get there.

We are now in a very little hamlet by the seemingly ubiquitous Spanish town name of Santa Rosa.

Marko, whose Spanish is excellent, was able to work some kind of magic charm on the owner of the Pension Baca, and procure for us three rooms with comfortable beds, a view of the plaza, and dinner!...all for an embarrassingly low sum. We offered to entertain the Inn Keeper and his family with a few tunes, but he explained that his wife was deaf, and they had no children. So we were left to enjoy ourselves, at this first real “breather” on our journey southward to Andalusia.

The full moon is a huge yellow ball in the night sky. There is almost no noise but for crickets and a few barking dogs.

I am looking out over red tile rooftops and wondering what the month will bring.

I can see Ong and Cherry silently playing a card game (tarot?) below in the patio. Noah is sitting under a huge bougainvillea, polishing his violin. Marko sits off by himself writing in his notebook. In these simple actions I sense worlds of possible probabilities.

I ask myself, “Where does a thought come from?”...

In my mind's eye an image of the Cabbalistic Tree rises up, branches spreading out and intertwining, and full of singing birds.

Journal of Fito Day September 5, 2001 Guadalajara

Last night was our first evening in Guadalajara. We are in the Hotel Tres Palomas right on the river. I had suspected that I might be hearing again from the "Big Three". So it was that as I lay on my bed about to slip off into nada-nada land I was not too surprised that I sensed that old familiar feeling...

I was surprised, however, at the forms the "Big Three" chose to present to me. This time, they were not directly related to music but were certainly quintessentially Spanish in substance.

I sat up in bed and saw Salvador Dali, Federico Garcia-Lorca, and what I can only describe as the most patently type-cast Carmenesque-Gitana-Flamenco -Dancer one could have had sent from" central-casting"!

There was a flurry of castanets...and the Flamenca stepped forward...

YOU ARE SURPRISED THAT I AM SO EXTEMEO!
I COME TO YOU AS CARMEN TO THE TENTH POWER! I COME AS THAT
IMAGE OF ARCHTYPAL SPANISH PASSION...IN FACT I AM THE
PERSONIFICATION OF DUENDE!

At this juncture Dali and Lorca (holding hands) step forward...

They utter a cry:

AI YI YI!

The spirit of the Duende carries on...

DOBLARON LAS CAMPANAS
CREYERON QUE ERA LA REINA
Y ERA UNA POBRE GITANA...

Dali steps forward: AH THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY LET IT REFLECT
YOUR PURSUITS...

Lorca now steps up: THE FIELD OF OLIVE TREES... LIKE THE LANDSCAPE OF
YOUR THOUGHTS... OPENS AND CLOSES LIKE A FAN...

The Duende steps forward again....

RECOVER LOST PASSIONS AND FIND CONVICTION IN YOUR HEART.
THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT AND THAT IS ALL THE TIME YOU
HAVE...REACH INSIDE AND PULL FORTH THE MUSIC OF THE
SPHERES...RUN WITH YOUR MUSIC NAKED IN THE MOONS BATH...LET THE
DARK MAROON HEART OF ROSES PERFUME YOUR SONG...

Dali traces a question mark with an invisible paintbrush in the air before me...

Lorca seems to write with an invisible pen words upon the transparent air...

The Duende begins to dance and quickly she spins the projection of the three spirits into a ball of light...a tiny firefly escapes through the open window.

Journal of Fito Day September 6, 2001

There is a fiesta today in the city. It concerns a certain legend about a demon named Zozobra, who is the embodiment of strife and gloom. An effigy of said creature is erected in the plaza and filled with fireworks. At sundown the people gather and shout obscenities, and pleas to burn the thing! Then a man dressed as a symbolic flame comes running out with a torch and sets Zozobra on fire. The creature goes up in flames and explosives while everyone shouts for joy. Then there is a huge dance and revelry for “old man gloom” has been reduced to ashes...

A nice custom.

Cherry and Ong want to go. Marko has offered to watch Noah for us from the safety of the balcony of Tres Palomas.

♪

Guadalajara is one of the ancient homes of Spanish Kabbalists. As I walked through winding streets and browsed in bookshops, I could not help but think of the old sages who may have done the same thing centuries ago.

My vision of the Tree of Life with birds singing in the branches has become a kind of personal symbol for me since we have entered Spain, and I am thinking of some way to perhaps use this image in a composition.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly Spain September 7, 2001

Ong, the magnificent one, and I strolled down to the fiesta last night. It reminded me of the flip side of our walk in Central Park this past summer. Instead of daffodils and sunshine, we were surrounded by jasmine and moonlight. I always enjoy these walks with Ong for they are always more than just "walks"...they are also "talks", and I always find his words reveal to me the content of my soul. Somehow, he is able to read my thoughts and reflect answers to me...often in poetic ways...sometimes with a philosophical bent...sometimes it is what is not said that is important, for he is the master of the "pause". So it was last evening.

When we reached the site of the fiesta we were greeted by the clamor of revelers. We sat for awhile in a small bodega and sipped some "vino fino" and admired the curious effigy of the demon Zozobra. He was a masterpiece of folk-art and local superstition. Standing a towering 50 feet, he is dressed in long billowing white robes, accented by a black sash, and black bow tie. His head was oversized, and his features hideously exaggerated. Black eyebrows jutted forward from above bulging eyes. A gigantic mouth with enormous red lips and a mass of snaky black hair...he was all things "spooky". His arms moved up and down slowly, and from somewhere within him (?), a recording of dolorous and pitiful moans boomed out.

When we finished our drinks, we joined the people. The crowd began to shriek and yell out ..."Burn Him! Burn Him!"...after awhile a little elfin fellow dressed in red leotards with streamers of crepe paper in red and yellow, popped up from some hidden place, torch of fire in hand. The "flame man" danced about for a bit, taunting the crowd. Then he approached Zozobra and held the torch to his garment. Within seconds, the fire spread upward, and all the fireworks encased in the demons body began to ignite. The crowd went wild and drowned out the final pathetic groans of Zozobra. It was a fantastic display of pyrotechnics! The gloom and grief of the year was expiated. I felt it too. I thought of all the weird things that had happened and some of the sad things too...the trials of Kat Trowell...the loss of my voice...the deaths of Rosey and Clementina Zwerus, the passing of Vorku....and I felt these anxieties ascend along with the swirls of smoke and ash... Replaced by a secure assurance that we all live couched in the safety of LovingUniverse.



Zozobra

A card sent to Felix Blas Vega from Fito Day **September 8, 2001**

Dear Senor Blas Vega,

Thank you for the invitation to the Symposium. I accept with enthusiastic anticipation! I will be arriving on September 21. I hope that is o.k.?

As you know the other members of my Ensemble are scattered about here and there at present. I will be alone, so we will have plenty of time to talk. By the way, not only do I have my saxophone *and* a miniature lapis saxophone of unusual beauty (a gift from the Zwerus family), but also my cello...so I will be, virtually, a one man band.

Let me know if there is anything I can bring with me from the South.

Many stories to tell....

Warm Regards,

Fito Day

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly **Spain 2001**

Of course, when I hear little Noah play his violin, I realize that he must soon be taken to Paris, London, or New York....somewhere where I can put him in a good school. He must have a formal education...but one wonders if he can learn anything from formality. His gifts are inherent and will grow naturally if left alone...yet might he not also simply remain an obscure genius, whose talents go unrecognized if he is not somehow brought into the world of "High Art"?

For now we will lead the gypsy life. These next couple months will simply be spent absorbing inspiration from a European Odyssey. But I think by Christmas, I should take the boy and return to the city, and endeavor to be truly responsible as a guardian.

Journal of Fito Day September 9, 2001 Ciudad Agua Fria,

Tonight we rest in another small hotel... aptly named "Hotel Sorprendio!"...which Marko suggests means "a surprise". And so it has been. For each room is painted in the most garish of colors, bright pink, florescent orange, and what I can only describe as "Bad Green!"...and ...yes there is more...paintings of famous clowns! When I entered my room, I was met with the tragic-comic face of Emmet Kelly. Cherry and Noah, have somebody called "Booboo" as their patron saint of buffoonery. Marko is alas destined to be tormented by La Ronda! (a female clownesse). Ong is at least blessed by a somewhat endurable painting of Pierot.

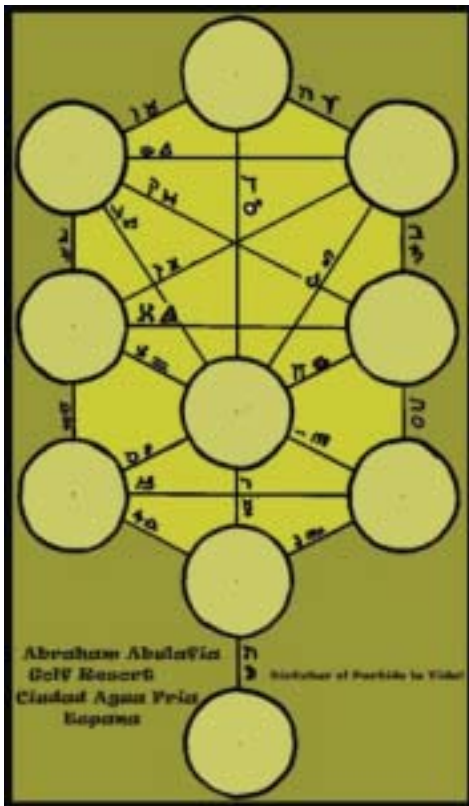
How did we end up here? Well...it's all about Golf!

Ong had heard of some very fabulous golf course where the sand-traps are actually composed of ground up marble and/or stained glass fragments. It didn't take too many inquiries before we discovered that the Abraham Abulafia Golf Resort was located just due east of Cordova, in the suburb of Ciudad Aqua Fria.

Ong, we were both surprised and really not surprised, to learn, is a golf aficionado. He begged us to indulge him in his obsession. How could we refuse him?

Tomorrow he takes us out golfing!

This feels like one of those wonderful moments of comic relief....a break from the "existential dilemma"...and par for the course.



Ticket from the Abraham Abulafia Golf Resort

Musings of Ong Espana, September , 2001

Reflecting upon our time in Spain I am reminded of your surprise to discover my love of golf and your skepticism concerning the Quabalistic nature of this sport, though in my opinion it is barely a game much less a sport.

As a sport/game/pastime I believe it to be the oldest, and really no more than a refined version of kick the rock. In my mythology it began with shepherds returning from work kicking the rock and evolved into them using their staffs to hit said rock and the advent of the hole was introduced to give it purpose and to break it up.

Originally golf courses were of various lengths, some had 12 holes some 10 some more or less, but the golf course that was the boss golf course had 18 hence it was agreed this was the correct number and all course since have contained 18, or else 9 or 36, but always combinations of 9. $18 = 9$, $36 = 9$ etc. Where-in lies the Quabalistic properties of the game.

In fact a round of golf is divided into 2 parts, the front 9 and the back 9, so it is mostly about 9. There are other numbers of course, the limit of clubs one may carry is 14, only 4 players may play together although I have seen 5 or 6, but this is the exception and against the rules.

The rules themselves are numbered in fact and bear a striking resemblance to what I would imagine alchemists notes would look like, or possibly a Masonic handbook. Many make little or no sense but they must be studied and always observed in order to understand their true meaning and they are invoked in much the same manner as a Magus conjuring a spell.

It is the only game I know of where you do not play against someone else. You can, but it is pointless, and it is the only game I know where you call penalties on yourself and most players do. It is also the only event I know of that humbles people enough that in my experience of playing I have met only 3 assholes on the course and two were the same person. What are the odds of that judging from the every day life ratio of assholes to non-assholes?

The Zen qualities of golf are obvious and can be noted in the calm that must be observed in order to excel.

It is impossible of course for anything not to be under the influence of the Tao, but on the golf course it is as if it were all laid out for one to observe, sort of like a map of the Tao, this can best be observed when one does not submit to the nature of golf Tao and tries to play against it always with disastrous results.

Nowhere else are the effects of the negative ego seen quite as quickly or as plainly as on the golf course either. If you tell yourself, "Don't hit the ball to the left", the negative ego of course hears only "Hit the ball to the left", so to succeed one must learn a positive attitude.

If one takes note of all the forces at work while playing a round of golf one could easily obtain spiritual enlightenment or just have a good time, in fact the worse that could possibly happen is a small amount of exercise, unless you get hit by a ball of course, although I did read of a man who was so angry (he went against the Tao of golf and let the negative ego take over) he broke a club on a tree and the broken piece hit his neck severing the carotid artery killing him of course, so you can see that karma plays a large role in golf as well and it is usually instant.

One can also learn the true nature of gravity or positive gravity as I call it and become truly grounded in oneself.

Of course most people are only aware of the professional golfers and see the game in this light where it is a competitive thing, although many of the same rules apply.

The main difference is that a pro can hit 1,000 perfect shots and one bad shot which will ruin his day, whereas the rest of us can hit 1,000 poor shots and one good one and we have had the most magnificent time.

Even the pros understand that for the most part they are battling the golf course and not each other, but more so they are battling themselves or else they are in harmony with themselves which is what they refer to as being in "The Zone". You do not have to be a pro to be in the Zone however, you must merely achieve a state of understanding of yourself and the nature of being that is akin to Satori, or a couple of glasses of Raki.

I have not even mentioned the beauty that abounds on a golf course, I have observed animals ranging from hawks and doves to deer and fox, I have seen herons and gators and ground hogs and snakes. The course itself is not unlike a Zen rock garden in fact the sand traps are often raked into pleasing patterns. The sand traps of Spain in particular are pleasant to be in if one must be in a sand trap as they are made from crushed marble. I suppose there is an excess of marble but it is pleasing none the less.

Courses also vary greatly in terrain, ranging from the ocean bordered Links of Scotland where nary a tree is found, to the mountain courses of North Carolina where trees abound. I have my own theory that

wherever the ball goes there is something there that the golfer must observe or experience, it became evident to me while playing friendly golf, i.e. multiple shots were permitted, and 9 out of 10 times the ball would take the same path over and over no matter how many times the player hit, it occurred to me then that there was something over there that the player had to see.

So fate also plays as strong a role in golf as faith. Upon reflection I cannot think of a single life experience a person cannot have in microcosm while playing a round of golf, from birth to death and everything in between, sure it's bourgeois, but so is anything that isn't work, besides there are courses that can be afforded by anyone, don't take my word for it, go out there yourself, just don't forget that it is stupid and that no one is good at it save maybe a few hundred of the 20 million plus players, who knows, if it turns out that you are good you can make millions while understanding the nature of the universe.

Journal of Fito Day September 12, 2001 Pension Las Campanas , Antequera

How Terrible is the news!!! How pathetic the consequences of Terrorism!

We are all stunned and saddened by the news of the day...the shameful acts of terrorism that have been perpetrated on the City of New York. The televised pictures of the chaos ... alarming and sickening. There is nothing to do today but pray.

Everyone is very quiet. I can only imagine what the rest of the world must be like. I think of my recent time in New York City and try to picture the forever changed cityscape.

Somehow in the face of such sobering events the creation of Art seems rather too personal, too self-indulgent. Yet I feel as if I have no other refuge today.

I return to Bach and my cello.

♪

I received an email from my sister this evening. It address' the very subject of "Art" and it's value in the face of huge world crisis...

Dear Fito,
Art is Healing to the
Soul!!!!
For without Art we would have nothing to tell of the
Soul's journey through life.
Love,
Your Sister V

♪

I emailed Caze Jerusalem to see if he was ok and ask what his take on the scene in New York City is.

His reply:

Dear Fito,

Hate to use this word since I've heard it about a thousand times from newscasters, but the only way to describe the events of the past two days is surreal.

When I first heard about the attacks I had just arrived to work. A guy I share my office with told me, and my initial response was a typical blasé New York response of "eh, what else is new." At the time I had figured it was just another bomb like the one in 1993.

However after I learned it was a plane, then the second one hit and then the Pentagon was hit, I honestly got a little scared.

The police dept. had called our office and advised that we leave due to our proximity to the city and the inevitable mass evacuation. As I was leaving, about ten fighter jets flew right over our building. No one is really talking too much, everyone is very somber. I get the sense of a quiet rage among everyone. I always had a sort of sense that New York was a very powerful city and that it could be a target for something bad to happen, but I never imagined

something like this. It really puts things into perspective; how naive we can be, how important certain buildings are. I can't believe that when all the smoke clears, the skyline won't have the twin towers. It'll be interesting to say the least.

Just so you know, I'm fine...but feel myself being pulled back to my sainthood rapidly.

Talk to you later Caze

Excerpts from the Diary of Caze A. Jerusalem NYC September 2001

NEW ENTRY

I have to write Fito. I have to write Fito. I have to write Fito.

NEW ENTRY

Fall will soon be here. The leaves in the park are starting to turn colors. I'm going to need to find new digs as the park police are starting to recognize me, and there's no sleeping allowed in the park after all.

I remember watching Fito and the kids at that JVC Jazz party here. I was supposed to meet up with them after the performance, but it seemed as though they were busy.

However I did notice that Kat was looking more like she was out of place than usual. Sad really.

It makes you wonder when Jazz made the jump from taboo to appreciated. I'm sure there was a time when the sounds of jazz ensembles were nothing more than the music of devious delinquents. Now it's socially accepted around the world. I'm not too sure what the point of all this is; I haven't been feeling myself lately.

Reb says I need to take a trip to the pyramids. I told him he should bring the pyramids to me. Pyramids ? I don't get that cat sometimes...

NEW ENTRY

Reb keeps telling me I need to get to the pyramids. He won't tell me why, but he's persistent nonetheless.

I woke up from a deep sleep the other night to Reb's bony fingers nudging me. The street was eerily empty, except for a woman and two men, smoking cigarettes on the corner a few feet away. Reb said they wanted to meet me.

Come to find out it was Billie and the sax players that Fito had been telling me about.

They didn't say much, mostly poetic information that I'm sure they would soon tell Fito.

Reb whispered something along the lines of ...Ms. Billie has a brand new Cadillac and I laughed at the absurdity.

Billie recited a poem to me. I don't remember it word for word, but here's what I remember...

SAXAPHONE BLAST

There comes a day when acceptance is all you seek.

There's times and places for everything, but not love.

Love comes from within, like September.

Time may heal wounds, but it don't heal regret, baby.

SAXAPHONE BLAST

Then the three went into song. Now I've never seen Billie live, but as a New Yorker I feel it my duty to be indifferent about the entire fiasco.

NEW ENTRY

So there I was, enjoying a nice Martini breakfast with Reb and the lovely Ms. Sarah Vaughn. Halfway through my third chocolate Martini, we hear this loud bang. The lovely Ms. Vaughn immediately rose up from her heroin induced daydream and held my head gently. Reb vanished.

Ms. Vaughn then sang a sweet song about broken hearts. It made me cry and put me to sleep.

When I came to, Reb was back and howling like a fire engine siren. He wouldn't stop, but instead pointed at a large plume of smoke rising from the lower island.

Then it hit me, someone had stolen the towers.

Reb began to speak in a foreign language but I understood him clearly.

"The Pyramids Await"...

Then he disappeared again.

Now I'm a native, but I've always relied on the towers to guide my way. Now I'm lost. I don't know where to go. I know I'm in the village, but I fear I may never leave. It seems as though I'm not the only one who's reliant on the towers for direction, as I keep finding posters saying people are missing. Maybe they should hand some maps out to people...

Maybe I should find the pyramids...

From Marko Moon's Notebook September 12, 2001

We are like reeds on the bank of a hurricane tossed body of water. Our age and circumstances in life distance us from actual involvement so we grasp for suitable response : donating blood or contributing to the survivors or organizations that give aid and support. How sad that our instincts compel us to inflict acts of unimaginable barbarism on those we deem barbarous. In terms of physics (and the Tao) these events occurred millennia ago and we are unable to alter their occurrence or the backlash.

Journal of Fito Day September 13, 2001 Santa Fe, Granada, Spain

We drove A92 Motorway toward Granada, passing through olive groves and scenic vistas. All the while we talked about the world events and occasionally listened to the radio for updates on the situation in the States. The news did not match the surroundings we found ourselves passing through, which made it all the more surreal. Around two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived in Santa Fe.

I was amused at the co-incidence of being in another "Santa Fe" this year. This place is just west of Granada, and appears rather unassuming considering its once decisive role in World History. It was here that Queen Isabella set up her command headquarters in 1492, and oversaw the expulsion of the Moors. It was also the place Columbus came to ask for his grant to sail the ocean blue....the rest, as they say, is History....

Now it seems to be a rather quiet Spanish town. It is here; however, we shall rest awhile for it is also the home of Gabriel Rodarte, the renowned Spanish guitarist, and friend of Marko Moon. Gabriel and his wife Coralia, have opened their rather spacious casa up to us and greeted us in a truly hospitable way.

I also look forward to meeting Ong's illustrious friend Albano Lazcano Ortiz y Pena, who lives in Granada. Ong has given us some sketchy details of his acquaintance with this fellow. He is someone who Ong met on one of his many world travels, and shares his interest in music, sound production, wave theory, and metaphysics. Senor Ortiz y Pena is, in Ong's colorful words, "one delightfully crazy fucking dude". Ong has also shown me a book written by Albano concerning the evocation of Angelic beings. Unfortunately it is written in Hebrew and bears an accompanying Spanish translation.

Right now, as is my wont, I am retiring to the bath, before supper and a tour of another pleasant house and psychic refuge, where we find ourselves so blessed to be at this time.

Marko Moon Notebook, September 2001

Increasingly techniques of eastern and western religion are being combined in new ways, and techniques to communicate with the higher power simplified. Friends of mine who are very avid about Eastern teachings and other friends who are non-traditional Christians report using the same methods as they endeavor to get connected to God, and as you know every school that lasts is providing some degree of verifiable improvement in quality of life and spiritual advancement. The requirements are pretty much as they have been for the past several millennia, and the average Joe can try system after system until they get some relief. the most important thing for me is that any system can show results as long as there is belief in a higher power or consciousness, acceptance that human will is not even a close second in its ability to control things, regular prayer to talk to the power and meditation to listen to it, and a moral code of human conduct.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly September 2001 Casa Rodarte, Santa Fe, Spain

What extreme's we have passed through emotionally these past few days! From the hilarity of kabbalistic golf, the raw and otherworldly beauty of the Spanish countryside, and the fearful news of the world...we have laughed, gasped, and cried! Thank goodness I am with some of my closest friends. Ah, how I appreciate their tolerance of my emotions as well...and their kind indulgence of my rants!

I am in the most delightful house now, and in a charming room. It is the home of Gabriel and Coralía Rodarte. I had heard Gabriel in concert once in New York City, and of course have some of his recorded music. His wife is a stunning beauty, and I believe Marko said she is a dancer (flamenco, I presume).

Noah seems quite content to be with us. He seems not to openly miss Vorku and Bibi and Maria Sara...but perhaps he has some child-wisdom that I cannot fathom. He says little, but often smiles, and is always ready to entertain us on violin. I was surprised to find that Noah speaks Spanish quite as well as he does English and French. He is truly a little bundle of surprises, and I am so pleased that he is with us.

We shared a delicious dinner of wine, grilled vegetables, olives, cheeses, and breads on the patio which overlooks a hillside view of Santa Fe. There was an animated conversation concerning world events, and then a mellow mood descended over us all. Gabriel and Marko played some lovely duets for our enjoyment...I think they chose selections from Hector Villa-Lobos, but I am not sure and didn't enquire. It was all too pretty to interrupt with formalities.

It's pretty late now and I think everyone is sleeping. Ong asked earlier if we would like to make a tour of the Alhambra tomorrow. I've never seen it, and feel rather excited about being in the midst of such romantic attractions.

Journal of Fito Day September 14, 2001 Casa Rodarte ,Santa Fe, Spain

What a day! Starting with low lying clouds, breaking into sun in a brilliant blue sky, and ending with steel grey clouds, pierced by shafts of setting sunlight, crowned with a rainbow, and softened by a sweet gentle rain. That was the weather events...the happenings of the day matched the variety of atmospheric displays.

I awoke to the distant sounds of Laurie Anderson on the stereo, and then as I dressed the sounds of Coltraine .

Cherry, Noah, and Ong left very early in the morning to go tour the wonders of the Alhambra. So, breakfast was only Marko, me, and the Rodartes.

Coralía, as it turns out, is not only a dancer, and a true Flamenca, I suspect, (I hope I have the opportunity to see her perform) but also a scholar. She is an expert on the Andalusian music of medieval Spain, and has written a book about the legendary Arabian musician, Ziryab, who founded the Cordoban school of music in 822, probably the first musical conservatory in Europe.

Gabriel accompanied Marko and me to the Museo de Bellas Artes, on the Palacio Carlos Vth. We only stayed for a brief perusal of some of the most beautiful Spanish paintings, about which Gabriel seemed to possess a real passion. After this quick cultural dose, we headed for the area around the Sacromonte caves, but not to the haunts of tourists. Instead we went to the home of Jovina Marivel, a Gypsy bruja, and close friend of Gabriel's.

I was amazed to once again be back in the world of Gypsies, and felt as if I were beginning to truly understand these elusive and mysterious personalities. Jovina is one of the ageless women who show many emotions in their eyes. Even though she is quite striking, I knew she must be older than she appeared. She was very hospitable, I assume because we were with Gabriel, whom she obviously adored. She made us tea and served us some singularly delicious honey cakes...all the while talking with Gabriel in Spanish and in the language of facial expressions and hand gestures. She then read my Taro from a card deck that was as intriguing as it was worn.

She sighed and smiled, as she relayed to Gabriel the meaning of the cards.

She knew that I was a musician, and saw my journeys consuming my year. The twist was the summary of her reading. From what Gabriel told me, the seeress saw me participating in some great work. Something that was for the good of all "people". In her vision, I was to be one a selected group who in the not too distant future would visit the ancient home of ancient kings and offer not only our Art as a gift of sacrifice, but something far dearer! At this last pronouncement, she touched my hand three times.

I asked Gabriel if I should offer her some money. He shook his head "no" and gave me a glance of concern. He suggested I offer her some other token. I removed my necktie, a red silk creation, embossed with cubist designs...and handed it to the mysterious lady.

She seemed quite pleased, as she tied it about her waist as a sash.

In the early evening, we found ourselves at "El Gato Contento", a small tavern in the "Campo Principe", where Gabriel assured us we would hear some "real" Cante Hondo, and excellent guitar players. The tavern is dimly lit, and perfectly picturesque. One walks down a spiral staircase from street level, into a rustic décor, of wooden benches, tables, and bar...small electric lanterns cast an amber glow.

After some selected tapas and quite a few "vino finos" I was certainly primed for some entertainment. By now it had grown dark outside, and the "Gato" had become crowded

with aficionados. I suppose I was expected a “show” to start, but instead, the spirit of spontaneity was the master of ceremonies for the evening.

Suddenly, from some shadowed corner, I heard the strum of a guitar, and then the cry of a singer, pierced the air, echoing in my ears. The room fell into a respectful hush. The “juerga” had begun. The singer broke forth into his “jipio”, the sobbing hiccupping sounds, both defiant and pathetic, that is the definition of the cantor’s craft. It seemed like a spell had been cast over me as I drifted into the deep and secret core of the song. Though I understood not the lyrics, I certainly felt the emotions behind the words. Later, Gabriel recalled a segment of the lyrics ...

Los ojos de la viuda
Van diciendo por la calle:
Esta habitacion se alquila
Porque no la habita naide.

The eyes of the widow
Are saying in the street
This room is for rent
Because no one lives here.

When we returned to the casa late in the evening, I was no doubt tipsy...but not just from wine...from LIFE...from LIFE!

Journal of Fito Day September 16, 2001 Casa Rodarte, Santa Fe, Spain

Last night was all about music again. Actually the whole day was. Yesterday morning was rather overcast, and I simply hung out on the balcony with the lap top answering and sending emails and also writing some actual handwritten correspondence.

I could hear Marko and Gabriel practicing below. God! They are so good. They were playing the hard stuff too not just riffing.

Later, after siesta, the whole lot of us went into town (Granada)...first we had a bite to eat...as we were sitting there at our table who should walk by?! ...Szabo Doobie!

Marko jumped up and ran out to fetch him. He was in town for a gig at a place called "Eschavira". He didn't join us but invited us all to come to the show that evening.

Gabriel knew the place and so it was that later that evening we found ourselves at a quite "happenin'" "spot on Calle Elvira.

We were fairly thrilled when we saw that Mark Murphy was giving a show and that Szabo was playing drums for the Hermes Latour Trio (apparently their drummer had met with some unfortunate minor accident and couldn't go on the tour with the group)...

The night had all the makings of a truly cool evening. Who ever would have expected that Granada had so much of a scene!

Mark Murphy started out his set with "Body & Soul", and moved into a quirky version of "Triad" by Grace Slick...we were knocked off our seats! He was absolutely great. His whole set was brilliant.

A little later, Hermes Latour came out and after introducing his group (and Szabo); he also made our party part of the limelight by acknowledging us.

Hermes' trio lived up to their avant garde persona (Szabo fit right in) presenting some very way out material played with precise professionalism.

Then during the break he coaxed me to come up and play a few numbers with them. I begged Cherry (not to hard) to come up with me. Hermes backed us up, as with a borrowed sax I doled out a swimming version of "But Beautiful", which Cherry sang with a lusciousness I'd quite forgotten her capable of!

What a night! It was great to be back in touch with my Jazz-spirit even if in the midst of "Duende" consciousness.

Journal of Fito Day September 17, 2001 Casa Rodarte, Santa Fe, Espana

Ong, Noah and I went into Granada this morning to call on Albano Lazcano Ortiz Y Pena, Ong's mysterious friend we had heard only little about. We parked the car on Calle Las Planetas, and walked through what was at one time in history the old Jewish section of the city...the "Juderia". We arrived at Calle Del Trabajo Grande, numero 32 and rang the bell. After a few minutes, the beautiful weathered door slowly creaked open and an unusual but friendly looking old man greeted us. This was Senor Ortiz Y Pena. He and Ong exchanged warm greetings, flipping back and forth between English, Spanish and Greek, before Noah and I were introduced. The Senor wore clean and fresh clothing which somehow looked as if it were from another era. In fact everything about him seemed curious and uncommon. He invited us into his study. It was also in keeping with the novelty of the morning. Antique furniture, library tables heaped with books... whole walls of beautifully bound volumes, globes, taxidermy, exotic treasures, candelabra...all the trappings of an eccentric scholar.

We sat for a moment longer while Ong and Albano talked, and an elderly lady who spoke not a word brought in a tray of coffee and biscuits. She nodded and smiled and walked silently out of the room.

Suddenly Senor Ortiz Y Pena turned to Noah and said, "So my boy, you are a gifted musician?" Noah smiled and replied in the affirmative.

Noah got up from his chair and walked over to the elderly gentleman. They seemed to share some kind of private understanding.

I was astonished when the old man placed his hands on Noah's head and recited a prayer.

"My tongue, what can it say? My heart, what can it do?

What is my strength, what is my spirit too?

But should music be sweet to You in mortal key

Your praises will I sing so long as breath's in me!"

When he finished he looked toward Ong and I said...

"Very beautiful words written by Solomon Ibn Gabirol. He was a medieval mystic."

Senor Ortiz Y Pena got up and walked over to the bookshelf...he pulled out a slim volume and handed it to Noah.

"You keep this. It's the writings of Soloman Ibn Gabriol..."

Then Albano turned again to Ong and me and began to tell us of the importance of maintaining clarity and consciousness in the dark world we find ourselves living in.

He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a piece of paper and motioned for us to come and examine it.

"This", he said "Is the talisman for evoking Annesh, the Seraphim of Music, among other appellations...It brings to he who calls the power of channeling the so called "Music of the Spheres".

Then in an unexpected movement, Albano pulled Noah towards him, and placed the diagram over the Boy's heart. Noah did not seem frightened.

The old man muttered some words I could not make out...and then released the child.

"This boy is of the Lineage of Angels", Albano mused. Then he asked us to finish our coffee.

Later in the day, as we walked around the town, I asked Ong what he made of the strange visit to Senor Ortiz Y Pena.

He said there was nothing to worry about. He insisted that Albano was a good and wise man, and that any meeting with him was to be considered a blessing.



The Diagram of the Evocation of Anness, Seraphim of the Music of the Spheres

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly September 18, 2001

Fito told me about the visit to Senor Ortiz Y Pena's house in Granada.

At the time, and from Fito's description, I judged him to be an interesting and eccentric old scholar. Nothing, however, so far in life, has prepared me for the shock I received this morning when I went to fetch Noah for breakfast.

I heard his violin playing from down the hall...the music resounded with a robust energy that rang with dynamism.

I knocked.

Then I heard a man's voice. "Come In".

At first I thought it was Ong, or Fito, or maybe Gabriel.

I opened the door and was confused and perplexed when I saw a stranger holding Noah's violin as he sat calmly on the edge of the bed.

Then, shock transformed into awe as the strange man spoke to me...

"Cherry...bonjour...it's me Noah."

I almost fainted as I held onto the door handle for support.

"Don't be afraid", he said.

He arose and walked over to me. Then, as he stood before me, I realized that indeed it was Noah. But how? How could it be Noah, who was but a child....suddenly totally transformed into manhood?!

I reached out to touch his face.

"How...? How...?" I'm sure I repeated over and over again in my astonishment.

Noah looked at me with pity and tenderness.

"It was the talisman Cherry...The evocation, the prayer...I have been liberated from my child body..."

Once again I nearly fainted.

I sat for a long while and stared at the creature who stood before me. I recognized the boy he once was, and marveled at the man he had become overnight.

Finally, he said, "we must go and show the others"...he took me by the hand and we descended the staircase to bring this incredible miracle to the attention of our friends.



Noah Smiles Again!

Journal of Fito Day September 18, 2001 Casa Rodarte, Santa Fe, Spain

At first I thought Cherry had found some poor mad fellow on the streets and brought him in to call somebody for help. She smiled strangely at us as she led the tall fair haired man wrapped only in a blanket, barefooted, and also smiling into the kitchen, where we sat at morning coffee.

Naturally, I thought it was some kind of theatrical joke, but soon I realized that the fellow before us was indeed a grown-up Noah! Not only were his penetrating eyes shinning, but also his winning smile shone forth... clearly unmistakable. Then when he addressed us and asked for our understanding, I nearly wept.

We were all standing by now...in the presence of this marvel. We even had to touch him, and embrace him, so moved were we all by the completely supernatural moment of beholding his transformation.

Even more astounding was the obvious maturity of mind and manner he exhibited, as if he had lived, grown, and blossomed into manhood in the space of 24 hours! Which, somehow he obviously had! No longer were we adults musing over our little charge.

Now equals, we realized that we were with a man we both knew and did not know.

He was entirely approachable however, and radiated a kind of gentle warmth that dispelled all fears of doubt or angst. He also was so pleasing to see physically that it was hard not to keep starrng in awe at his handsome face. Naturally, I thought of the incident at Senor Ortiz Y Pena's home and the words of the old one echoed in my thoughts...."This boy is of the lineage of Angels".

I thought also of Melchezidek, Enoch, and men of spirit who were alleged supernatural beings...fabulous myths of beings who simply appeared and disappeared in time and space...

I also thought of more practical things....laughing to myself, as thoughts of how we would explain him, or what will we do for a passport....or when we shall take him to buy some clothing....

The whole morning was unlike anything I had ever experienced, even in a year of unprecedented experiences!

I am truly now ready for anything!

Journal of Fito Day (Continued) September 18, 2001 Casa Rodarte, Santa Fe, Spain

I have been talking to Ong this evening about our plans. I will be leaving for the “*Contemporary Musical Movements Symposium*” in Barcelona on Friday morning.

Ong , Cherry, Noah, and Marko will be heading to Greece. Eventually, I will hook up with Sammy Klewis and Steveo Ness in Italy and from there, we too shall go on to Greece.

»

Observing Noah has been the most otherworldly incident! I suppose it will sooner or later sink in that he is not the charming little gypsy boy, but now, an obviously very special and unique creature.

This afternoon, Gabriel, Coralia, Cherry and Marko took Noah into town to buy some new duds. He left wearing odd pieces of clothing we had fixed him up with. I am sure he will return looking princely. He seems to radiate a majestic aura...something very refined...and yet totally warm and human.

»

I tried to call Kat Trowell again. Once again I received a recording verifying a disconnected number. I suppose I must give up for the moment. I now feel that she must be on some self-destructive course and that there is little I can do about it at present.

»

Received the following **email from Felix Blas Vega**:

Looking forward to you arrival in Barcelona.

I'm afraid I have been close to silent for the last week. There is so little to say. My understanding of humanity is lost.

Perhaps it was unintentional, but our leaders have managed to whip many of our citizens into a righteous desire to retaliate against anyone of the same religion, or who may live in the same part of the world as those suspected of the mass murder. Is religion the great divider or is it merely politicians? Is the Magus in either of these camps?

Or is it that the human species must escalate its response to every perceived slight? It sounds as though we are fairly near the top of potential escalation at this point. I'm fairly certain I heard a voice in some broadcast medium say he knows where the perpetrator lives, and we should blast that entire country back into the 10th century, leaving nothing but dust.

I'm going to earth 'til my thoughts clear.

Felix

Reply to Felix Blas Vega

Reread your thoughts on the terror thing...

Naturally you have some pretty piercing insights...

Fascism scares me too...

Alas for me there is something about my psychological makeup that makes me flee into the inner self when the horrors of the world (and by that I mean mainly "mans inhumanity to man")...become too much....

As Wordsworth said "the world is too much with me"

Do I think that anything can be accomplished on the nonphysical plane?

I want to believe that....

My impulse is to carry on....in the face of such numbing weirdness....

Sweeping, rake the leaves, pull weeds, walk dog; re-invent the mundane world....as therapy. Or go into studio and create the world as we would have it... (perhaps, that is why I was such a good hippy....)

Now, at this later (?) phase of life...I believe even more strongly in the Magus as a viable alternative....It took a long time to blast Merlin out of the water...and even then they weren't totally successful...

Of course the Magus is a *metaphor* for the one who propels and manipulates powers....and his morality is the knowledge that what is initiated will have consequences.....so one must be prepared to deal with those consequences....

I'm not stuck in the fascinations of the self-indulgent Alistair Crowley, or the theatrics of the magicians of the Golden Dawn....But I sense there is an ancient brotherhood, who share these thoughts no matter what era or place they find themselves...

Nor have I forgotten the sense of humor...

Glamour is indeed a world problem....

And now we see "the show must go on"...

But what show?

Whose show?

Bear with me ...

Fito

Steve-o Ness Notebook September/ Rome, Italy

frequencies based on the common standard of a'=440

Pythagorean tuning: frequencies with a'=440, and variances from 12tet

		with respect to c'				with respect to a'			
Note	Hz a'=440	ratio	cents	+/-12tet	ratio	cents	+/-12tet		
c'	260.74	1:1	0.00	0.00	16:27	-905.87	5.87-		
c#'	278.44	2187:2048	113.69	13.69+	81:128	-792.18	7.82+		
d'	293.33	9:8	203.91	3.91+	2:3	-701.96	1.96-		
eb'	309.03	32:27	294.13	5.87-	512:729	-611.73	11.73-		
e	330.00	81:64	407.82	7.82+	3:4	-498.04	1.96+		
f	347.65	4:3	498.04	1.96-	64:81	-407.82	7.82-		
f#'	371.25	729:512	611.73	11.73+	27:32	-294.13	5.87+		
g'	391.11	3:2	701.96	1.96+	8:9	-203.91	3.91-		
g#'	417.66	6561:4096	815.64	15.64+	243:256	-90.22	9.78+		
a'	440.00	27:16	905.87	5.87+	1:1	0.00	0.00		
bb'	463.54	16:9	996.09	3.91-	256:243	90.22	9.78-		
b'	495.00	243:128	1109.78	9.78+	9:8	203.91	3.91+		
c''	521.48	2:1	1200.00	0.00	32:27	294.13	5.87-		



Miami, FL (US): 25n46, 80w12, Florida
 Atlanta, GA (US): 33n45, 84w23, Georgia (US)
 Kansas City, MO (US): 39n06, 94w35, Missouri (Sammy Klewis' Farm location: 37n05, 94w31 Missouri)
 New York, NY (US): 40n43, 74w0, New York
 Amsterdam DZ, NETH: 52n21, 4e52, Netherlands
 Paris, F: 48n52, 2e20, France
 Decazeville, F: 44n34, 2e15, France (

Chateau Vebond location)
 Barcelona, SPAIN: 41n23, 2e11, Spain
 Rome, ITALY: 41n54, 12e29, Italy
 Crete, GRC: 35n29, 24e42, Greece
 Cairo, EGYPT: 30n03, 31e15, Egypt

Journal of Fito Day Casa Rodarte Santa Fe, Spain September 19, 2001

I hate to leave my friends! But I know we will be together again soon. It has been such a remarkable visit to Spain so far. The world events , as bizarre as they appear to be, are no match for the optimism of these amazing companions. And Noah! Oh my...whatever he is...we are truly blessed to be with him. He may indeed be a different order of being...one of the angelic hosts! Then there is his music! Oh God....what a gift! There is no way I can even put down in a simple sentence just how perfect, how transporting his violin is. He played before dinner last evening. We sat by candle light and the atmosphere was all aglow. As he played, we realized that the music came from his head, or shall I say soul, for he literally poured out huge emotions through his chosen instrument. As the music weaved in and through us, Coralía got up, no doubt totally possessed by “Duende” and began a dance that followed Noah’s nuances perfectly. She was beautiful beyond description in the candle light. Her lithe and supple body spelled out a story that was of a gentler, more perfect world. Then, Cherry stood, and by the look in her eyes, I could see she too was taken away by the spell of music. She opened her mouth and out spilled a song that was in no human language, but was of every language. It was heartbreakingly tender, and tears filled my eyes. As she sang, and Coralía danced, and Noah played...I realized that nothing...not hatred, not wars, not numbness, nor apathy, could stop the tide of the Spirits thirsty quest for beauty.

Ah such moments....



Coralía dances for us

Journal of Fito Day Callejon Santa Cecelia, Barcelona, Spain September 20, 2001

9:30 pm

Marko took me to the airport this early this morning and when I arrived in Barcelona, I immediately took a cab to Senor Blas-Vega's Home. It seems odd to be away from my fellow travelers but I am happy to be safe in Barcelona. It is always interesting to be on one's own for awhile...although I am hardly on my own really. Senor Vega and his wife, Nora, have welcomed me warmly. Indeed, I feel like their son, having known them for so long.

Suddenly, I am in quite a different environment. The Vega's live in the ancient Gothic quarter of town on Callejon Santa Cecelia, in an impressive old house, sequestered in a maze of alleys. Lovely Spanish tiles frame the doorway from the street, and then you walk into a quiet interior plaza where a few shady trees guard a small fountain. There are some potted plants in huge terracotta urns and a few statues peeking out from behind giant hanging planters of ferns and begonias. Canaries are twittering and shafts of sunlight breaking through illuminate the Moorish-style floor tiles. Quite a magical entrance.

Felix and Nora had coffee and sandwiches ready for me and after they showed me my bedroom and made sure I was comfortable there, we descended the stairs again to the patio where we ate and talked about recent events, worldly and personal.

Nora, an American, born in Louisiana, was quite eager to talk about what is now called "The 1st war of the Century"...I did my best with this subject, but I am afraid that I am more willing to step back now and see what develops before I have anything to add to the already complex ideas surfacing. I think Felix sensed this and in his diplomatic way, brought out the schedule of events for the "Contemporary Musical Movements Symposium". I was surprised to see such an interesting variety of topics, and also to see the names of several acquaintances listed. It was exciting to see David Bowie among the speakers and performers as well. Suddenly the whole event took shape for me and I was ready to participate with a renewed enthusiasm.

Naturally, I cannot hope to attend all the events of the week, but I am sure I will learn something during this visit.

After lunch, Nora and I strolled over to the Picasso Museo. She asked all kinds of questions about my recent trips and the "Fito Day Ensemble". She informed me too, that Felix had recently undergone a successful operation for prostate cancer, and how good it was for him to get back into the "swing of things" via the Symposium. I also learned that they were going to the USA for awhile after the event. They have another home there in Lake Worth, Florida. This is also where Jaff Seijas has been living. They all know one another, and Nora was interested in my news of him, and our recent time together in South of France.

We returned for siesta. I spent some time writing a few emails and polishing my cello and saxophone. I also cleaned the little lapis sax which is small enough that it can travel safely in my suitcase.

My room is filled with antiques, and paintings, and Felix's sculpture (his other passion). Tomorrow I will get up early and go to the Church of the Sagrada Famila with Felix, before we head over to Pompeu Fabre for the days edification.



Contemporary Music Movements Symposium **Barcelona Spain September 20-27, 2001 Topics &** **Guest Speakers:**

New Consonant Music

Mirelle Glezs Phillipe Massart

Dafydd Bullock Vadim Orda

Ambrose Tardidi Lola Bascaglia

Fractal Music Project

Claus Dieter Schulz (University of Stuttgart)

Physics and Music

Gleb Anfilou

Understanding the Theremin

Hadrian Latour

Eurodance Compositions

Abby Thorton Damien Huffletwain

Phi-Ratios, Heterodyning and Powers of Phi

Duane Ferguson

The power of Music and the power of the Mind

Dr. Victor Munro

Schumann resonance

Una Von Schifffenmeister

Pythagoras "The Theory of Celestial Influence"

Timothy Wertzburger

Gurdjieff and Music

Blaine Churette

Atalanta Fugiens: Rethinking the Alchemy of Music

Fr. Raymond Labelle

Jazz: Do we Like It?

Felix Blas Vega

What's Cool?

David Bowie

Special Musical Events:

Cello Moderne:

Contemporary Works played by cello virtuoso Norman Trimmingham

Song of the 7th Ray:

Performed by Lola Bascaglia

Fezantium

Performed by Masao Yuieko

Selections from Vanacek

Neil Rosenshein

Special Guests Appearances:

David Bowie Bjork

The Paris Micro-Ensemble Barcelona Quintet

Dido Floog

Ambrose Tardidi is one of the great composers of our time...But who has heard of him? He is one of the leading figures in the world of "New Consonant Music", an interesting appellation which is neither about consonants (in the musical sense) or being "New" in the avant-garde sense. It is rather a musical direction leading away from the turbulent atonal modernism of the 20th Century, towards an understandable music of pleasure. It evokes an attitude of serenity, simplicity and clarity. As Tardidi himself says, "Is innovation so damned important in light of the fact that our creations are bound to be as unique as ourselves?"

It was wonderful to be among the audience of Mr. Tardidi's lecture this morning. I was also tickled to see and chat with Lola Bascaglia and Norman Trimmingham, whom I had last seen at the Nahon/Thouverez concert in Paris. I think they were surprised to see me too. Both of them have functions to participate in here at the Symposium.

After Tardidi's Lecture, the Paris Micro-Ensemble performed one of his new works entitled "Floribunda". Indeed, it was very pretty to listen to. Each section, and there were four, is named after a flower...Orchid, Gardenia, Iris, and Rose. During the performance, I found myself drifting off to NaNa land however, which is perhaps what is intended.

I introduced Norman and Lola to Senor Blas-Vega, and we had a nice lunch together before returning to the afternoon session of the Symposium.



It was not an easy choice to decide between learning more about "New Consonant Music" or rushing right into "Fractal Music", but I opted for "Fractal" and found myself quite entertained by a quirky afternoon of altered states without drugs. For once the Lecture/discussion had ended the participants were treated to a dazzling electronic musical trip of sound generated in the "fractal" school-of-design!

What is it?....I quote Mr. Claus Schulz:

"Fractal music is a result of a recursive process where an algorithm is applied multiple times to process its previous output. In wider perspective all musical forms, both in micro and macro level can be modeled with this process. Fractals provide extremely interesting musical results, and the field is becoming one of the most exciting fields of new music research."

Now that I am recounting what I can remember of the day, I must say in all due respects to those great minds who offered up the fruits of their knowledge at the symposium...that, so far...nothing has come close to the magnificent labors of Ong and Steve-o and the musical sensations of the Chateau Vebond experience this past August.

Journal of Fito Day September 22, 2001 Barcelona

Got up very early (not very Spanish of me), and strolled through the ancient Gothic Quarter, the backdrop of my current adventure. Soooo quiet...this morning, as I ambled through crooked streets recalling the days of Hamilcar Barca, the Carthaginian General who founded this city in the 3rd century. I imagined the early times when it was perhaps even quieter. The carts full of goods, the faint sound of a lute player, and the strange fogs from the sea rolling through these alleys. It was all very romantic. As I wandered lost in thought, I became aware of some footsteps behind me...rather scampering little noises, like someone small following me. I turned and saw the most adorable Welsh Corgi I have ever seen (not that I have seen all that many). She was petite and clearly smiling at me. I bent down to pet her and noticed her eyes, one blue, one brown. She wore no collar. I fawned over her for a bit and then turned to leave her but she stayed with me. I said all the things one says "Go Home now...You better go home..." but she would not go. Finally I tucked into a small bodega which appeared to be open, The smell of coffee wafted out onto the street and I used this as an excuse to hide from the little dog. Alas, she followed me inside. I asked, as best I could in my childlike Spanish, if anyone knew this dog. There were only two people in the place, the owner, and a rather plump lady who seemed not to hear me. The man said "No", indicating that he had never seen the animal before. I drank a cup of coffee and bought a fruit pastry before leaving, the little dog in tow. As I continued my journey, I asked people along the way if they knew this dog. All I got as answers were negatives and lots of quizzical shrugs. What's a Corgi doing in Barcelona I thought?

By now, I reached the entrance to the Blas-Vega Home. Luckily I saw Nora, coming up the street with a newspaper and a shopping bag of food in hand.

"Who's this?" she chuckled.

I told her the whole story.

We entered the house with doggie following.

Felix went around the neighborhood asking if anybody knew anything about the animal. Apparently, nobody knew anything.

I sensed this was the prelude to something else unexpected.

Finally, I made my pronouncement! I knew she couldn't be simply set outside again, nor did I like the prospect of animal control coming to whisk her away. Nora and Felix, though sympathetic, flatly refused to have a dog, on the grounds that

"Pincho", the cat, would never tolerate such an intrusion. So, I said I'd claim her. I dubbed her "Magdalena", since it was on a street bearing that name that *she* found *me*. Good grief!



Fito y Magdalena en Barcelona!

✂ Journal of Fito Day Continued 9/22/01

I put all thoughts of “daddy-dom” out of my mind and Felix and I headed for the headquarters of the Symposium.

I had to really apply myself during the first in a series of lectures on “Phi-Ratios, Heterodyning and Powers of Phi”, delivered by Duane Ferguson.

There were lots of sources cited.

Here are some quotes from Mr. Rick Anderson:

“Phi possesses the strange property of being able to *automatically generate its power series when heterodyned successively with its own next-higher or lower powers!* I believe this fact is a key to many fascinating areas yet to be discovered. As far as I can tell, this trait is not shared by any other number.

Powers of Phi

$$\Phi^0 = 1$$

$$\Phi^1 = 1.6180339$$

$$\Phi^2 = 2.6180339$$

$$\Phi^3 = 4.2360672$$

$$\Phi^4 = 6.8541004$$

$$\Phi^5 = 11.0901669$$

... etc...

Now, what do you suppose happens when we take two frequencies, $f_1 = 1$ unit, and $f_2 =$ a frequency that is Phi times larger, or $f_2 = 1.6180339$, and modulate them-- *nonlinearly mix* them-- in an AM modulator? The two new frequencies are the sum, which is 2.6180339 -- hey, that's the same as Φ^2 , and the difference, which is $.6180339$ -- hey, isn't that Phi to the -1th power? It is. So we stumble upon the very interesting fact that powers of Phi are automatically generated whenever we "heterodyne" or modulate two frequencies that are related by a ratio equal to Phi.

1,2,3,5,8,13,21,34.... how can a bunch of Fibonacci integers give rise to one of the strangest and most prevalent of the irrational numbers, Phi?....

My feeling is, that when we really know how to tie Phi, Pi, and Epsilon together with music and geometry, all applied to wave structures, we will have found the keys to the very basis of the structuring of reality. “

And so it went, with many a diagram and slide presentation.

We were treated, however, after the luncheon break, to a performance of Hadrian Latour's “Song of the 7th Ray” played and sung by Lola Bascaglia on the Theremin. There is only one word for it “WOW”!



Lola Bascaglia at the Theresemin

✂ Journal of Fito Day Continued 9/22/01

Nora had prepared an absolutely delicious meal for us. And I for one was quite happy about that, since the day had been mentally exhausting and I was ready for to simply “kick back” and enjoy some fairly mindless and simple fun. She informed me that Magdalena had been a perfect angel in my absence and had waited calmly without bothering Pincho, and not even barking once.

Magdalena greeted me as if she were already my dog for years, and when I gave the command to stop and sit, she obeyed. Obviously somebody had trained this animal well, though she seemed not to miss her former master.

During dinner we three humans chatted and laughed and talked about all kinds of things. I was perfectly content to enjoy Felix and Norma’s company, eat good food and drink some vino. Precisely what we did!

I suppose I should be used to unusual occurrences this year. But still, I was rather amazed at the fun and downright mind-blowing event of the evening.

We retired to the music room, a spacious chamber set aside for relaxation on the grand scale... walls hung with old Spanish tapestries, overstuffed leather sofas, and doors that opened wide to a balcony which looked over into the downstairs patio. A guitar, drums, flutes, tambourines, even bagpipes here and there, should anybody feel inspired...but the centerpiece of the room was a very nice upright piano of German construction that the Blas-Vegas had bought during a stay in Austria.

We were about to shuffle the deck for a rousing game of “Bromage”, when all of sudden, little Magdalena jumped up on the piano bench and placing her paws upon the keys began to moosh them up and down and gurgle, chortle, and howl, in what can only be described as “dog singing”.

We were astounded...delighted...

What kind of animal is this?

I was sure she belonged to me now!



Magdalena at the Piano!

Email to Cherry Gollogoly, Ong, and Noah September 23, 2001

Dearest Supreme and Noble Entities, Companions of Life and Travelers in time and Space,

The Symposium, so far is quite interesting. I am making notes and keeping all the ephemera connected with the thing, in case you want to see any of it later. The big news is that we now have a pet! A piano playing Welsh Corgi girl who came out of the blue and attached herself to me. You'll like her and she's a polyglot as well.

Hope the trip to Greece was o.k . Please fill me in on the details ... where you will be, etc.

I expect that when I leave here, I will stop in Italy and connect with Sammy and Steve-o and from there be on our way to Greece.

Hope all is well with you.

You are in my thoughts of course,

Love, Fito!

Journal of Fito Day September 24, 2001 Barcelona

Abby Thorton and Damien Huffletwain were the presenters of a wacky discourse on “Eurodance Music” at this morning’s session of the Symposium. A mismatched but somehow perfectly suited duo they appeared before us tattooed, pierced, and coiffed in the style of the urban- pagan-tribal- member. These two youthful “Euro-Trash” peacocks came emblazoned with some amazing scholastic credentials and I for one felt as if I should at least be open enough to lend an ear. Their lecture (?), if one can call it that, for it was also part demonstration of dance technique, attitude and fashion runway, sought to explain the origin of popular trends in “Eurodance” and enlighten us on the current manifestations of the musical philosophy of the “Hip-wa-zee”. I learned (at last) the difference between “Eurodance, techno/trance/dream/house, bubble-gum and classic Italo style”.

“All the same kind of music, yet each single song sounds different and has a character to it!” ...when Abby Thorton gave this pronouncement she waved her hands over us like Evita Peron over the masses below the balcony.

Finally, we were taken through a mini-history of musicians (“light and dark”), who altered popular tastes globally and led us to this present point in what was termed “the cultural ausienandersetzung”...

To sum it up in the words of Mr.Huffletwain : “we are headed for a trance-dance(or home-alone) experience that involves an alchemical consolidation of nomad/world-cultural blends, which utilize cutting edge techno advances and sensory enhancements, approaching what can be now safely be called a new “opera” designed to transport the participants into higher evolutionary consciousness”....

Oh yeah.....



The mood of the afternoon was right in keeping with the morning. I attended the “Leda-palooza Musicale” in the auditorium given by the Icelandic High-Priestess of Pop Music, Bjork.

She wore a costume that was made of feathers and from the left shoulder the neck and head of a swan (taxidermy?) jetted outwards...she was backed up by the “Paris Micro-Ensemble” on various instruments both acoustic and electronic. The Bobsy-Twins of weirdness, Thorton and Huffletwain, amused us with interpretive dance while the Diva of EuroStyle sang one of her most chthonic masterpieces....

“Let’s Unite tonight...We shouldn’t fight...Embrace the light...Let’s Unite tonight”...



I should have done the Spanish-thing and gone off to “siesta”. Senor Blas-Vega warned me, but did I listen? Nooooooooo...

Instead I went back to the “Symposium of Contemporary Music Movements”, and hunkered down in the lecture room where Una Von Schiffenmeister was already in progress with her topic, “Schuman Resonance”.

I should have known when she gave me the “stern Library Lady look”, eyes glaring over reading glasses that I was in trouble.

Here are a few quotes from her clip-board:

“Clinical studies have proven that the vibrations from rhythmic sounds have a profound effect on brain activity. Just like sound waves, the brain has its own cache of vibrations which it uses to communicate with itself and the human body; EEG equipment distinguishes these waves by measuring the speed with which neurons fire in cycles per second. Alpha waves range between 7 – 12 Hz, causing deep relaxation. Alpha is also the base of the window frequency known as the Schuman Resonance, a vibrational frequency of the earth's electromagnetic field. It is possible then that the brain waves of a person in the alpha state could resonate in sympathy with the earths’ emf” producing a positive link amplifying the vibration.”

Norman Trimmingham was present at this lecture, and I caught his eye from across the room. Wish I hadn’t. He gave me a wink He then quickly scrawled something on a pad And held it up to me, like a bad school boy. It read “RESONATE THIS!”, and he pointed to his arse!

I burst out laughing. Too loudly....

Ms. Schiffenmeister addressed me...

”Did I say something amusing sir?”...

Now I was in trouble...I couldn’t stop laughing.

Then everyone else started giggling and pretty soon it became contagious.

I got up and left the room...silliness following in my wake.

Perhaps we were victims of Schuman’s funny bone and could nothing but resonate with humor...

I decided to walk home.

During the course of the walk, I stopped at a Café on the Ramblas, and had a sherry and read some of the London Times. Another mistake.

The news of War and the mobilization of troops put me in an apprehensive mood, and I found my light and airy feelings all gone.

By the time I reached the Casa Blas-Vega, I had a headache that was stupefying.

I rushed up to my bedroom and grabbed little Magdalena, plopping down on the sofa in my room. Thank goodness I feel almost immediately to sleep.

A note slipped under my door September 24, 2001 Barcelona

Fito,

Saw you run upstairs with a pained expression!

I think my advice that you stay away from some of the symposia is quite sensible, either that or you should cut back on your medication!

On a higher plane -- Miss Nora and I are greatly enjoying your visit with us..

I'm so pleased that Magdalena and the cat seem to cohabit without contumely. We would be pleased to have both of you visit our "place to escape the city" farther up the Costa Brava. It's in San Feliu de Guixols, about an hour and a half drive north of Barcelona.

We were fortunate to find a little 17 century chapel on the cliff overlooking the harbor. It either needed severe restoration and conversion or be demolished. It's now quite livable and our choice place to sip a carajillo and watch the storms from Girona roll over the mountains on their way to the sea.

If you need aesthetic inducement to visit or just another trip into another plane, Dali's home is just north of San Feliu...ooooooooooooooooooooommmm/ooooooooooooooooonnnng.

See you at dinner...

Ciao bello, Felix



Felix Blas-Vega in Barcelona

Journal of Fito Day (Continued) September 24, 2001 Barcelona

I thanked Felix and Nora for their gracious invitation to escape to San Feliu de Guixols.

We talked about it some more, and since the Symposium ends on the 27th, and since I had planned to be off to Italy on the 1st October, it seems a perfect weekend for such a trip. They were happy about it and I am looking forward to a little sea and sky. We further planned to take their car and drive away from Barcelona on Thursday afternoon. All that is left for me to do is change my airplane ticket from departing Barcelona to departing Gerona.

Email from Cherry Gollogoly September 24, 2001 Athens, Greece

Dearest Fito,

We arrived in Athens late last night. Bumpy flight but Noah read to us from Amnon Reuveni's book "New World Order" and kept us preoccupied. Marco seems a bit distracted, but Ong is in top form. I'm just plain bushed. This is simply to let you know we are safe and sound. More later...stay in tune and know that you are loved,

Cherry Gollogoly

Journal of Fito Day September 25, 2001 Barcelona

Felix gave his talk today ... "*Jazz: Do We Like It?*" It was mainly a discourse concerning the way we listen to music and how we can train our ears to appreciate intellectual ideas but how harmony and rhythm are the true sources of musical pleasure. His eloquent ramble reminded me of my student years and rekindled my appreciation of his insights. After the lecture the audience had a question and answer session. I had my tape recorder:

Q: What kind of music do you really like?

Felix:

I'm pretty eclectic in my tastes. I like pop vocalists who enunciate clearly and whose themes sound a bit depressed -- misspent youth (late Sinatra & Leonard Cohen), unfortunate working class (Bruce Springsteen), ironic losers in life (Harry Chapin). I groove on those pathetic tales common in country music songs. For jazz I've gone from what we used to call hot jazz in my youth to what we called cool jazz in my later years. The same is relatively true for the tempo in most music I listen to now. For the "classical" genre I actually listen to romantic stuff and some more modern composers -- the 17th/18th century Teutonic intellectuals usually get treated as background music when my mind is elsewhere.

On what level does Jazz speak to you?

A really good moody trumpet like Russell Gunn makes me feel the atmosphere he's working on -- gets me into the smoky dive mood, however much of the tinkley piano with bass music that is close to jazz feels too much like the background stuff in a white table cloth/rich folks joint (it's ignorable).

Do you think Jazz is historically bound now? Has it become as formula as say Baroque music is...?

I have to believe that as long as musicians continue to create they are not lost in history. The guys who stay with predictable styles will be soon forgotten in any generation. In an effort to be avant garde has it simply become unlistenable? Too abstract? Unfortunately I'm not aware of any avant garde that is too far out or abstract. It may be there; I just don't know about it.

Do you think it's just an egghead pursuit to groove on jazz now...since the real jazz denizens were awash in drugs and life on the edge?

No, I'd hate to be called a complete egghead -- 50% maybe. Too bad some musicians seem to be listening to other drums and sniffing. They may have missed some good times because life after midnight does pare down the variety of experiences available during daylight hours.

How important is Time and Place...in the true understanding of "jazz" as we think of it today?

Not certain of your question. As I understand the genesis: Purely historically it came from "untrained musicians" who could embellish since there was no sheet music to restrict them -- hence the progressive); and it used some of the native rhythms of a far homeland. It probably could not have originated from Scandinavians in Minnesota. Am I on your track?

Do you think that the structure of jazz ...using improvisation as its code has morphed into some new form of music in the 21st century?

I think it was new from its beginnings, and it's new every time a musician resists the temptation to do the predictable/salable thing.

What did you like when you lived in NYC...as far as jazz...?

In those days I thought Stan Kenton and the big band groups were where jazz lived. But then we used to go to the upstairs unairconditioned Palace on 3rd Avenue and listen to Dixieland, sweat like a horse and drink lots of beer, and cheer wildly at the end of every piece.

Who in your opinion is the greatest jazzman? woman?

Can't answer that. Each of the musicians had his own specialty and I enjoyed each for a different reason --Ellington, Chick Corea, Bill Evans, George Shearing, Ella, how 'bout Mel Torme? 'Course I'm giving away my age with that list.

Do you like contemporary music? Pop? Classical?

As mentioned up front I need to hear the words, and I like to distinguish the pure sounds of a note or chord so the current "pop" for teenagers doesn't make it. Classical -- certainly.

Do you like electronic? Avant garde atonal...twelve tone, etc?

Not so much as acoustic. The Theremin is historically interesting.

I'm more into romantic, scene setting, stuff and for me that's the traditional forms and sounds.

Do you like opera?

Only the arias that soar, *Prison Song* from Faust, Boheme's *Call Me Mimi*. Forget the recitative, fat sopranos and over dressed sets. I once tried to get a friend who is a director at the Vienna State Opera to consider doing Othello with singers in the nude and painted different colors. Opera, it turns out, is all about convention.

Do you think music has real healing and or therapeutic value?

It certainly takes the bumps out of my nervous days, and puts some excitement into the dull times. That's gotta be therapeutic. Don't know if it cures dementia or whooping cough.

What is your favorite music?

That changes too much depending on the day and my mood to give a straight answer.

What memory of music in your personal life is the strongest?

Aside from Lohengrin's wedding procession at one specific time, it is most likely when I was coming unglued one night in a very noisy bar in Paris. I guess for me that means the music that accompanies a strong emotional event.

If you could pick a favorite song what is it?

Send In The Clowns or *First Time I Ever Saw Your Face*. Some jazz people have done them up good too.

What is your favorite classical piece?

Again it's hard to be that tight. I do love the wonder of Prokofiev's waltzes when it sounds he must be totally drunk.

Any comments on the relationship between music and science?

Musicians (which I am not) are often said to also have interests in math or science. My guess is that those playing progressive music are less involved in the tight structure

required by science, whereas music “readers” need that kind of formal structure.



During the lunch hour I paid a visit to the Museo De Arte De Cataluna and decompressed before some spectacular works of Art. In particular some frescos of Seraphim transported from the Benedictine monastery of Santa Maria d’Aneu, I found alluring...not to mention that one of the faces looked exactly like Noah (as he is now). I wanted to buy a postcard of this work but there were none.

Upon my return I slipped into a comfortable seat for the lecture of Dr. Victor Munro. This time I was not late! As I skimmed through the prospectus, it suddenly dawned on me that this was *the* very Dr. Munro that Nahon/Thouverez had spoken of last summer in Missouri when they showed me the “Schizoid Songs” that they wished me to help mold and shape into music.

His talk was very intriguing but for the life of me I cannot really reassess it. Somehow during it’s delivery I was in complete accord and full of affirmations and agreements about his observations...now I can’t recall the first concept!

I did introduce myself however, after the discussion. Dr. Munro seemed quite guarded but when I told him I had read the “writings” and was good friends with Terry and Allo, he warmed up some.

He invited me for a drink later in the evening. I thanked him, but in true schizoid fashion, I neither accepted or declined.

Journal of Fito Day September 26, 2001 Barcelona

This morning I took little Magdalena for a walkie and heard some wonderful music coming out of a diminutive Iglesia in the neighborhood. I peeked in and saw a group of sisters chanting in the polyphonic style. Nice way to start the morning.

Nora made some coffee for Felix and I and we three sat and talked about the world events briefly and what I call “the Chinese Checkers Effect”. It’s a concept that tries to explain why seemingly intelligent people often can’t comprehend the simplest ideas. There are, of course, different kinds of intelligence, and it is our duty as “thinking people” to try and be objective. Yet, how frustrating when people appear to be “dorks” and just “can’t see the forest for the trees”. From there, we dived right into what the Blas-Vegas’ call “the tyranny of Things”. This came up when after fifteen minutes of trying to thread a needle, to sew a button on Professor Blas Vegas’ sport coat, and the thread and needle going every-which-way but the desired one, Nora, in exasperation, quietly tossed the whole affair aside and softly said “to hell with it!” But, it is a great idea, way beyond “Murphy’s law”...it endows “objects” with a kind of consciousness and autonomy...and who knows perhaps it’s true.

Felix and I left the house and took a street car and walked part way to the “Symposium”. When we arrived, he went on to his 3rd and final lecture about “Jazz” and I wandered into Blaine Charette’s group of searching souls, gathered beneath her banner: **Gurdjieff and Music.** One look at Ms. Charette told me to trust my intuition and flee. She was a languid looking creature, with one of those New England -“waspy” locked- jaw accents. Obviously she had been rejected by her family and taken to obscure metaphysics as a substitute for societal prestige. There, amid the glamour of Gurus she found her niche... This was all speculation on my part, but I think I’m right-on in my observations. Anyway...I had heard of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky and the so-called “4th Way”...I had no idea that they dipped into Music theory, but clearly they did. Ms. Charette’s delivery grew more and more impassioned and from time to time she looked upward as if she were taking dictation and then reading back the information to us...I assume that the Great Man himself was speaking to her from above and beyond. Perhaps I am too cynical, but she was just too affected for me. So...I quietly got up and slinked out. Fortunately I was in the back row.

I then (quietly again) entered into **Atalanta Fugiens: Rethinking the Alchemy of Music** presided over by Fr. Raymond Labelle. This was more to my liking. Father Labelle was a warm and humorous fellow and a captivating speaker. A slide show was in progress of illustrations (engravings I think) from an ancient manuscript entitled “Atalanta Fugiens”, an alchemical tract that also has an accompanying musical score. As each picture was displayed we also heard a recording of a portion of the music that Father Labelle had played himself on a synthesizer. These pictures were mysterious and compelling and the images reminded me of events that happened to me and my friends in this past year. The music was in the early baroque style and lovely, simple and elegant, it transferred a mood of longing and hope.

When the lecture was completed, tenor Neil Rosenshein sang selections from a work of Vanacek’s that was allegedly inspired by the “Atalanta Fugiens”.

Journal of Fito Day 9/26/01 continued

I went to lunch with Lola Bascaglia at something called TiTi, a kind of Euro Bar Bistro that blended Starbucks with Spanish sensibility. After we sat down and were chatting, I noticed a rather unusual looking woman at the next table. She was tall and heavily made up, wearing a dress that was stylish but not contemporary...something kind of 1980's Yves St. Laurentish... the more I looked the more I thought she was somebody I had met. Then I realized that it was Dr. Munro in full drag! Is he a drag queen or a transvestite? I was pretty surprised. He/She was lighting a cigarette and caught my eye of curiosity, with pursed lips and then a smile, the Doctor beamed with a sort of dramatic wistfulness. I wrote on napkin "Dr. Munro" with an arrow drawn and pointing...➔ and passed it to Lola. She returned a look wide eyed and incredulous. We giggled.



The afternoon was an amusement. Masao Yuieko performed something called "Fezantium" on violin, accompanied by Hadrian Latour on Theremin, and Dido Floog in a dance interpretation of the piece.

I was blown away when I read the program notes and saw that Steve-o Ness had composed "Fezantium"! I never heard him mention it.

Wow. Well it was very good and I could hear Steve-o's musical nuances coming through.



P.M.

Curiously enough I got a call from Steve-o in Rome. I told him I had heard his "Fezantium" only this afternoon. He said he had written it when he was in grad-school, and it was his first piece of published music. He went on to give me the low-down on the Roman Scene. He and Sammy had been playing some gigs as backups for the Pepe Mirando Group, and sometimes Florinda Zanetti, at the "Classico Village" on Via Labetta, and also a smaller club on the same street named "Ecco". There was some news about Allo Nahon and Terry Thouverez too. Steve-o said that he and Sammy had been going over the words of the "Schizoid Songs" and actually some ideas for instrumentation, but he added they wanted my assistance on this project.

I told him about some of the things that had happened in Spain so far and to look for my arrival in Rome beginning of October.

It was great to talk to him. I wanted to ask about his hands, but I couched my question disguised as an offer to bring him some new gloves, adding that Spanish leather craft was pretty nice. He said only that if got one pair of gloves, he would also have to buy another suitcase.

The evening was spent strolling up at Muntanya Pelada at Park Guelle wandering among the spectacular fancies of Antonio Gaudi's dreams. Felix, Nora and I enjoyed a sampler of Tapas and some wine at a quaint little restaurant and watched the moon rise, the clouds disappear and the stars make their appearances way out over the sea.

I thought of all the great music and adventures I had while in Spain thus far. The magic and mystery of a very lovely country...

Journal of Fito Day September 27, 2001 Barcelona

When David Bowie walked up to the podium he was greeted with applause befitting not only celebrity status but a person of unique genius. I had seen Bowie once, early in his career as his alter-ego “Ziggy Stardust” and another time as “The Thin White Duke”. He is indeed an amazing performer, song-writer, actor, and Artist.

Now, he appeared before this rarified group of Musicians and Scholars, as a “Philosopher”.

His Topic **“What is Cool?”** turned out to be one of the most interesting discourses on modernity, style, and Art, I have ever heard.

With his suave eloquence and piercing insights into the creative process, he managed to convey ideas both complex and intellectually weighty in a clear and illustrative synthesis of structure and in words we could all follow.

But finally, the answer to the Question...was left curiously uncolored.

Naturally what is “cool” at one point in time may easily fall into absolute “un-cool” in another. Yet, there are works of Art, Ideas, and even personal stances that transcend their hour and live on and on in eternal “coolness”.



At 7 O'clock p.m. Mr. Bowie gave a concert in the Manuel Falla Auditorium. I'm quite sure that this musicale was unlike any other in our (or his) experience. Not only was it a small audience, but his back up group, the Barcelona Quintet” was not his usual format. Nor was his musical choice what most of us think of as total “Bowie”.

His performance included some poetic reading as well. The programme notes list Brian Eno as “Lyricist”. The Music was a re-score of Bowie's “Heroes” for Theremin, harp, cello, vibes, glass harmonica, and Fender Bass... (Hadrian Latour played the Theremin). There was also an instrumental played solo on Synthesizer by Bowie, entitled “Hermes Trismegistus On Hold”. The short recital concluded with Bowie crooning W. B. Yeats' poem “The Second Coming” from his own score and translated into French, which gave the fearful words a deceivingly lovely edge.

Thus....did the Symposium come to a close.



Well...we had planned to drive out of Barcelona in the afternoon, but nobody wanted to miss a chance to see David Bowie, and we are all glad we waited. We are, however still going and I am downstairs now, packed and waiting for the Blas-Vegas' as they do their “last minutes”. So, I'm making a note here on the computer and watching Magdalena watch me. I have a good feeling about the weekend. So c'mon already!

Journal of Fito Day September 28, 2001 San Feliu de Guixols ,Spain

It seemed as though no-one was on the roads and we were in San Feliu way before midnight. Not much happened however, since we were all tired from the busy day. We went straight to bed.

But now its early morning and I am sitting at a little table in front of an open window looking at the most lovely pink and blue sky and a stretch of deep and dark turquoise Mediterranean water with wonderful shapely rocks jutting upwards, cliffs and trees, and flying sea birds. Church bells ring in the nearby distance. I don't really have a clue of the geography of the place because it was dark when we arrived, but I can't wait to go exploring.

There are lots of emails on my machine but I think I will simply unplug from tout le monde for a weekend.

I hear Nora and Felix stirring about, Think I will get the Guarneri out and do a rousing rendition of some Troubadorian-Thelonius Monkish improv to get things going!

Journal of Fito Day September 30, 2001 San Feliu de Guixols ,Spain

The weekend is finished. The time here was spent doing absolutely nothing. A welcome relief from all the movement and schedules of this past month.

Nora did some nice little watercolors. Felix and I went on some long walks along the coastline and discussed the "deeper meaning" of Life... of course reaching no conclusions about any of it.

Once again, at the close of every month this year I find myself briefly looking back over the events that transpired and then ahead at what may come in the remaining months of 2001.

The Blas -Vegas' have been wonderful hosts. Spain has been a total surprise in every way. Tomorrow they will take me to the airport and as unbelievable as it seems at the moment, I will be in the Eternal City...Roma!

Journal of Fito Day October 1, 2001 7 Via Canova, Rome, Italy

It's been a long day! I arrived in Rome with little corgi-girl Magdalena, who turned heads as much as any film starlet and had to be petted by every other person! I am sure we were a sight...man...dog...cello-case...sax-case...suitcase...

Steve-o came to meet me and we all trundled into a taxi for a breathtaking ride through the crowded streets until we reached Via Canova, and the unexpectedly posh digs, that Jaff Seijas had managed to secure.

Jaff was out doing things, but Sammy was there making some late luncheon for us, and after I cleaned up a bit, they presented me with a brand new, "hot off the presses" jazz C.D....our very own. The just released "Jazz Abduction" by the Fito Day Ensemble. I was quite happy to see it and a flood of memories returned to me as I recalled some of the highlights of our time in New York City, the recording session at Flung Records, and some of the happier events of the summer.



Jazz Abduction C.D. released October, 2001



I took a nap for about an hour, walked Mag around the neighborhood a bit, came back and listened to the C.D. to see how it sounded. I think we did a really good job this time and the guest appearances give the whole album a unique musical flavor.

Jaff Seijas came back and we had a good chat about Spain. I brought him up to date on what gossip I had available.

When evening fell, we all went to dinner at a nice place called Myosotis on the Vicolo della Vaccarella. Then Sammy and Steve-o had to go for their gig, which was the last evening as stand-ins for the Pepe Mirando Group. As much as I wanted to hear them display their versatility, I was just too damned tired. So I found my way back to the House and crashed.

**Review of JAZZ ABDUCTION / Fito Day Ensemble by Werner Truckbyttén
for the Nederlands Muzik Gazette**

The Long awaited release of “Jazz Abduction”, the latest offering by the Fito Day Ensemble has finally appeared. I, for one, am very happy to have it and doubly happy to find it surpassing all previous recordings in scope, ingenuity and musical acumen. The story begins with Fito Day’s whimsical “Canterdig”, a quirky little number based on a flip idea that combines jazz sensibility with Chaucerian wit. Track two is a fast paced whirlwind of frenetic acid-jazz that softens midway into a dream-like escapade of cerebral pastiche, finally approaching an almost classical effervescence as Steve-o Ness’ “Not the Commuter Train” takes us on a musical journey from point A to point B and elsewhere. Kat Trowell is positively unbelievable in her throaty and nearly robotic delivery of “Broccoli and Batteries”. It’s hard to even imagine that the same voice can so sweetly re-invent itself in “Channel, Chunnel, Chanel”; yet she does just that, as she interprets one of Mr. Day’s more amusing lyrics. Marko Moon’s poem “On Lake Shipp” has been given a haunting background of Solo saxophone, and Spanish Guitar. He and Miss Trowell blend their voices into a touching paeon of spiritual beauty, which is more like a prayer than a song. Next, a quintessentially “French” version of “La Vie en Rose” is somehow transformed by the time we realize it has ended into a quintessentially “Fito Day” performance of this great standard by Edith Piaf. In Sammy Klewis’ “Who is McCutcheon” we hear the expert Bassist groove blithely into the kind of riff that few Standing Bass players are capable of these days. Not to mention the clever lyrics and off-beat syncopation that is chanted rather than sung. In “Neti-Neti”, a poem by Dr. Lovely Darling, the Ensemble uses its full powers of expression to color in a mood of Spiritual longing. “The Krenek Thing” is a work that Fito Day Ensemble has performed many times before “Live” audience. This is the first time they have committed the piece to a recording and they have surpassed themselves in the mastery of this difficult fusion of classical-modernism and jazz improvisation. The “Ong Sessions” featuring “Musical-Philosopher” Ong Nikas is not easily described. I can only say that “hearing is believing”. This piece is beyond music as we know it and approaches another form of Art, though so new is it, that I cannot yet define the effect, except to say that it is transporting. Bruno Grugeryvic is a guest artist also, performing with the Ensemble his beautiful “Caviar”, a deeply stirring and moody piece that never fails to move one emotionally. Finally, Cherry Gollogoly, who began her career in Opera, sings her poem “In Egypt with No Underwear”. This is the supreme finale of a stupendous collection. We may very well have reached a plateau in “fusion-jazz-world” music with “Jazz Abduction”. We stand on a promontory and look outward upon vistas both strange and wonderful.

-Werner Truckbyttén

Journal of Fito Day October 2, 2001 Rome

I met with Terry Thouverez and Allo Nahon this morning at the apartment where they are staying on the Via Archimede. I told them about hearing Dr. Munro's lecture at the "Symposium" in Barcelona, and about the "drag" incident at the restaurant. They were quite happy that I was still somewhat interested in the "Schizoid poems" and once again gave me a fresh, re-structured version of them. We discussed the possibilities of form and they wished me to consider the pentatonic scale as interpretive device. They also suggested the use of unconventional instruments (naturally). I hesitated to mention the great creations of Ong and Steve-o that I experienced this summer past. Since they had not brought up that subject, I was inclined to think that they had as yet not heard about them. I explained that the Ensemble was on a kind of self-imposed hiatus (of course they were aware of this), and that at some point, probably early next year, we would resume our association. I suggested that perhaps March or April would be a good time to set that project in motion.

Early evening I met with Jaff and everywhere we went people assumed we were twins. Our visit to the National Gallery of Modern Art was a nice break from the hustle and bustle of the street. When we left there we walked to gallery where Jaff is showing. I think that the motorcade that passed us with a police escort was the exiled octogenarian King of Afghanistan. This, naturally, made me think about the world situation again, so I stopped and bought a newspaper, which I conveniently (psychological subterfuge?) left on a bench near the fountain of Neptune.



Photo of me and Jaff Seijas taken with my camera by a Japanese tourist, Rome, Italy

Musings of Ong Nikas ,Hotel Calliopeia, Athens Greece

We will likely be spending an inordinate amount of time in Athens, which is the most awful city on the planet quite likely. Cherry and I have decided to do nothing for a week but eat.

Sammy Klewis plays with words as Anagrams

“When In Rome”

Now Mr. Heine
Where Im Non
Him New Nero
Whore Me Inn
Hero Win Men
Him No Renew
Hire Men Now
In Her Women
How Inner Me
Me No Whiner
Or Im In When
New In Homer

“It’s All Greek to Me” :

Age Killer Totems
Agile Motel Treks
Some Elk Aglitter
Kismet Toll Agree
Air Kettle Golems
A Gemlike Rest Lot
Egrets Molt Alike
Tell A Tiger Smoke
To Merge A Skillet
etc...

Email from Cherry Gollogoly October 2, 2001 / Hotel Calliopeia, Athens Greece

Dearest Fito,

Can't wait to see you again! Please forward details of arrival a.s.a.p.

Many interesting developments...But all that can wait.

Come soon!

Love and Olive Branches,

Cherry Gollogoly

PS: Calliope (Calliopeia), the "Fair Voiced" and the eldest Muse, is the muse of epic poetry and is seen holding a writing tablet in hand, sometimes seen with a scroll of paper, and wearing a diadem of gold....sound like anybody you know?

Email from Marko Moon Hotel Calliopeia, Athens Greece
October 3, 2001

Sorry if I've appeared to be uncommunicative or less playful than in months past. My focus since June has been to get as close to reality-based self knowledge as possible with the strong feeling that illusion, self-deception, and a preoccupation with self-gratification had to be addressed and eliminated to the extent that is possible in order to make progress physically and spiritually, too. The majority of the groundwork is completed and I'm glad I did it but there have been periods of very down psychic energy as the foibles of the ego unraveled and were examined under the microscope.

The primary up-side has been an improved appreciation for and connection with the higher power devoid of ritual and a realization that it is possible to know peace, transcendence, and acceptance with varying degrees of intensity. That's enough for now.

In the Tao,

Marko

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly Hotel Calliopeia, Athens, Greece October 4, 2001

I am sure I've gained some weight but I don't care. Ong and I have devoted ourselves to restaurant hopping in an endeavor to take our minds off the ugliest place in the world...yes Athens may actually be neck and neck with New Jersey, just across the river from New York City in the Ugly-race...One wonders how could this be the ancient Capitol of Beauty and Grace? When I look up at the monuments of long ago splendor (now rather Disney-ish in scale) I am bewildered by the march of "Progress" (!?). But, in all fairness, I must add that other aspects of Life's pleasures are quite alive and well....especially....Food! My favorite place so far is "The Secret Underground Taverna", a fantastic eating experience, not for the fainthearted, on the corner of Sokratous and Theatrou at the bottom of the fruit and vegetable market. I was the Only female present.

When Ong and I descended into the dark and smoky cave I at once thought of Persephone entering the underworld. All eyes were on me. I glanced out over the group of men and with a triumphant, though not threatening cry, raised my arms and chimed "ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ ! "

All were silenced. Then everybody went back to what they were doing and we were seated by the waiter. We proceeded to snarff down the most delectable delights...I have no real idea what some of it was....but it was all mighty damned good.

We've got to get out of this town!

Musings of Ong October 2001, Hotel Calliopeia, Athens, Greece

I fear that poor Cherry and I made a fatal mistake by taking nourishment while visiting the underworld as it seems now that we may never be able to return to the surface again, but what the heck, if we are to languish here let's eat drink and be merry.

So we spent the evening and well into the morning at a taverna near Constitution Square which translates to The Black Cat.

We dined on a lamb dish which was cooked and served in a clay pot, then Cherry had yioarti (yogurt with a carmel topping) I did not, followed by untold amounts of Retsina, very chewy retsina too I might add, just the way I like it, served well chilled in colorful metal pitchers and poured into ethnic glasses (juice glasses) as I call them.

I noticed Cherry's face distort when she tasted the wine, so to make the retsina drinkable to her I told the history of the drink which goes like this;

In order to persuade the Greeks to abandon their pastime of drinking large amounts of libation, which no doubt offended the religious sensibility of the conquering Turks, and since they planned to hang around some 600 years they (the Turks) put pine resin into the wine.

To make a long story stop, the Greeks of course developed a taste for it and to this day poison their own wine in celebration of freedom.

Of course it makes a good preservative too, but I prefer the more romantic version.

There was much music and dancing and around 3:00 am, even though her repertoire of Greek music is limited, Cherry blessed the crowd with a rendition of Never on Sunday in French, which of course brought down the house.

Upon entering many of the kafeneon's we have noted that all conversation and music, in fact all plant and animal life it seems, comes to a halt at the mere appearance of a woman, until they register that it is just a crazy American of course, so we will probably be spending more time in taverna's than kafeneons in the future, especially as we come to the smaller towns.

While Greece is the cradle of western civilization they still seem to be nursing this separation of the sexes thing, especially in the cafe settings, and if a Greek woman were to enter the scene would likely be more like the stoning of the widow in Zorba.

There does exist of course the Melina Mercouri type woman who strike terror in the hearts of Greek men and can often be found in the kafeneons holding court and expressing her views on subjects that should be broached by no one really, like politics and religion.

To make another long story come to an end my legs tired from dancing Zambeekiko, and our voices tired from smoking and shouting, we left the tavern at around 5:00 am and headed back to the hotel stopping only to watch the changing of the guard.

I think that Cherry has a crush on the Evzones, or perhaps it's the uniforms. These young guys all over 6 feet were originally crack troops from the mountain regions, but now serve mostly as palace guards and such, their skirts have 600 pleats, each one signifying a year of domination by the Turks (see a theme here? Greeks don't like Turks).

On a related note I here include an artists deception created and interpreted by me of a dream Cherry had early in the morning. As it was created by me it should of course be viewed with a certain amount of seasoning.

Yassou. Ong



Ong's Pictorial interpretation of Cherry's dream

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly October 5, 2001 Hotel Calliopeia , Athens, Greece

Perhaps it's too much of everything....wine, food, dance, and song...I awoke from a weird dream early in the morning full of strange symbolism. In a nutshell...I saw my six male companions, Noah, Ong, Fito, Sammy, Steve-o and Marko standing in front of some ancient temple ruin. We were all singing a song in the old mother tongue. How I remember the words I will never fathom, but I do...

"The foreign girl was bathing

And was scented three times on Saturday with scented soap

And another three times on Sunday

With the aroma of dawn.

A great Angel passed by and she greeted him and he greeted her back:

Hello my foreign girl

My partridge...

Angel, if you love me take me to Crete.

Oh my girl

I will take you there, and still further.

I will take you to unknown islands

In a golden ship

And far away even to Egypt."

As we sang this wonderful ditty, I was aware that the Harmonium Mundi Bio-Resonator was activated and we were all becoming one with Ong in his ancestral land. At the finale of the song, we all appeared to be manifestations of Archetypal Greeks.

I must have been singing in my sleep, for Noah, awakened, slipped gently into my room and asked if I were alright. I told him about the dream but he made no comment. He only smiled his lovely, mysterious smile and by placing his hands together on the side of his face, motioned for me to return to sleep.

Journal of Fito Day October 4, 2001 Rome

I found Steve-o on the patio this morning. All around him were spread his notebooks, papers, and books. He showed me some of the original plans for the Instruments that he and Ong had designed. I must confess that to me those pages could have as well been hieroglyphics...all those formulae and drawings and printouts of undecipherable diagrams...whew! He explained to me that his studies in Harmonics, frequencies, waves, etc., were responsible for his current condition (the invisible hands). Of course, I had already surmised this. He went on to try and enlighten me. His theory of how this anomaly happened was, however, couched in the language of "science" and left me adrift again. I simply added that I hoped his health and safety are not endangered. He assured me that if anything his "health and safety" are in maximum working order, if not somewhat heightened.

⌘

Decided to devote the rest of the day to contemplation and prayer. In the city of Catholics, what better place to do this than one of the many churches here. Of course, I

decided to pick three of them since that is the spiritual number of the year (perhaps of all years).

My first stop, after yet another long taxi ride, was "MADRE DELL'EUCARISTIA" on Via delle Benedettine. It is here that reported miracles have been occurring since the early 1990's. The Holy Mother has been allegedly speaking to a local woman, Marisa Rosi, and also demonstrating supernatural manifestations of the Host.

This is not an exceptional church compared to the thousands of others in Rome. It bears no important Artists name attached to it, nor is it architecturally distinguished. When I arrived some local people were entering and I thought to myself how like small neighborhood churches in the USA this one was. I sat close to the alter and since I am not an adherent to any specific creed any longer, I simply closed my eyes and thought thoughts of peace. Then I walked up to the place where the Madonna statue is kept. There she was, a not particularly fine statue, but certainly one with some unusual charisma. Not to mention her river of dried blood stains which poured from her hands which holds a chalice in one hand and the Host in the other. I was touched by the childlike faith which accepts these plaster statuettes as transmitters of the Spirit. I wondered at the simplicity of such beliefs. How little it takes for people of limited imagination to be swayed by "beliefs", whether real or perceived.

As I was leaving, I saw a woman entering the church. She was disheveled and dirty. She looked as if she had been working in a garden, her hands and knees were black with soil, and her dress was soiled with mud. Her mouth was stained greenish with what appeared to be grass; indeed there were bits of dried grass stuck around her lips. I thought of Nebuchadnezzar, who ate grass and went mad. I watched her as she walked up to the statuette of the "Miracles". She was mumbling, maybe chanting, I could not tell.

From where I stood I thought I saw her reach up and take the host from the image. The woman held it high above her head still mumbling. From the center of that host I thought I saw an unmistakable patch of blood which flowed out onto the woman fingers.

I quickly turned and left. I did not want to witness whatever else was about to transpire. I thought only of fresh air as a substitute for the agonies of the Tormented.

⌘

My next stop was at Santa Cecilia in Trastevere.

This church stands on the site of a 5th century building that was built in turn over a Roman villa. According to the story it was the home of Valerio, a Roman patrician who was so confounded by, and yet admiring of, his Christian spouse Cecilia's maintaining her vow of chastity, so that he too converted. Valerio was martyred for his reward, and Cecilia was arrested trying to bury his body. Her martyrdom was a tragedy of clumsiness. The persecutors tried to behead her with three whacks of an axe, unsuccessfully. She took several days to die, during which she sang songs. This is how she became the patron saint of music. When her tomb was opened in 1599, it revealed her still-undecayed body. It then disintegrated, but not before a sketch had been made, by Stefano Maderna. He based the sculpture of the beloved lady that lies below the high altar on this rendering. This church seemed appropriate for a musician's prayer. I lit some candles. One for Kat, Cherry, Ong, Marko, Sammy, Steve-o, and Noah. Then another group for dearly departed

souls: “Rosey” and Clementina Zwerus, and Vorku the Gypsy. Quite a little blaze of light from my section of the altar.

My meditation was all about music, especially my own. I thought of our new album “Jazz Abduction” and hoped that it would bring some joy into the world. I thought about the Lapis Sax and my Guarneri and the recent new instruments that Ong and Steve-o had created, and how much joy these things had given me.

Just as I was thinking these things and looking upward at the beautiful fresco by Pietro Cavallini of “The Last Judgment”, I heard the soft and bell-like voice of a young girl. She was singing a canticle from some ancient source and as I focused on her figure, I could see she was being instructed by a Nun. Perhaps this was in preparation for some event to come, but I saw it as personal gift to me.

⌘

Lastly, I thought VATICAN! And then I thought....NO!

Instead, I walked a bit and decided I would go into the first place that exerted some attraction over me. Turned out it was a cafe, because suddenly I needed a little pick me up. After that I found San Nicola in Carcere on the Via del Teatro di Marcello.

This is an 11th century church built within the ruins of three Republican-era temples, dedicated to the two-faced god, Janus, the goddess Juno, and to Spes also known as HOPE. They overlooked the Forum Holitorium, the columns of which are still embedded in the wall.

I thought of Gods, old and new, dead and living... of the tremendous power of Myth and man’s search for meaning. I thought of my own search for meaning.

The sun was beginning to set.

I wanted to go back to the house now.

I took one last good look at the ruinsoh Then as Now....Now as Then.

Journal of Fito Day October 6, 2001 Rome

This is the final weekend in Rome. Going backwards (?) in Classical Time to Greece. We leave on Monday. The only real plan so far is to link up with Cherry, Noah, Ong, and Marko in Athens. During a telephone conversation with Ong there was some mention of getting out of Athens pretty quickly since they are all tired of it already and antsy for the pleasure of some of the more beautiful areas of Greece. Ong mentioned starting our journey towards Crete in Agia Varvara a town west of Athens which is home to a sizable population of the Rom of Greece, and with whom we have all begun to feel quite at home with!

October 7, 2001

Steve-o and Sammy spent the day getting packed, going to the American express building next door and changing money, and getting their checks from the Pepe Miando Group. I went and rented the car. What ever has possessed us to drive to Brindisi and take the ferry boat to Athens...I may never fathom. But, oh how mythological of us...Three men and a dog en route to the Golden Age.

Late in the afternoon, I walked to the park around the Villa Borghese. I wondered about the next phase of my musical career, the future of the Fito Day Ensemble, and the direction of my Art. I was really too distracted by beauty for any deep analysis however. I kept thinking of a quote by Phil Ochs, "In this Ugly Time the only protest is Beauty..."

A Letter from Jaff Seijas October 9th, 2001 7 Via Canova, Rome, Italy

Dear Madame Sonja,

It seems like ages already since summer in France! All is well here and my showing went pretty well. I hope that you are doing fine also. I enjoyed Fito's visit very much, though it seemed hurried. Everywhere we went people assumed we were twin brothers. It is uncanny...the resemblance. He and Steve-o and Sammy left yesterday for Greece. Did you know Fito picked up a little dog in Spain? I was told that the "group" was to be in Greece for most of October. There was some mention of Egypt too, but it seems a rather unsafe place for Americans these days. I am thinking of joining everybody for further adventures later, but for right now I have much left to do here in the Eternal City. I am enclosing a copy of the new album "Jazz Abduction". As you know I did the cover art, but it is the music that is important. Possibly the best offering yet of the FitoDay Ensemble.

That's really all. I simply wanted to keep in touch.

Warm Regards,

Jaff!

Fito Day Journal /October 10, 2001 Hotel Calliopeia, Athens Greece

I don't really remember many details about the trip to Athens. What I do recall is the mood of the trip. A jumble of emotions, myriads of thoughts, and many distractions, all set against a backdrop of fast driving, and stopping to pee (both dog and humans). Then there was the ferry boat crossing! A ship of fools indeed! Jostled along with tourists of all sorts, renegade Scandinavian youth, Greeks going home from whatever brought them to Italy, crying babies, and a band of sailor-musicians... at first I thought I was captive on a floating circus. Then too, I got sea-sick on choppy waters, but after a couple of ouzo's seemed stabilized.

Greek customs followed and then a berserk taxi ride from Piraeus to the Hotel Calliope. At the end of this weird rainbow was Cherry Gollogoly waiting like a mother hen in front of the hotel to welcome us.

⌘

Its way past midnight and still raining like it has been ,all of today. But I am pretty happy that we have all regrouped. The proprietor of the hotel finds us all pretty unusual but he is distracted by other guests and a bevy of Egyptian students who are also here. Thank goodness we are off to Agia Varvara in the morning.

After we checked in and got oriented we all went out to dinner at a place called Byzantino. The only thing Byzantine about it was the menu, which may as well have been written in secret code. People seemed somewhat curious about us everywhere, six men and one woman but we remained undaunted. The evening was great actually. There was a lot to chat about since our visit at Chateau Vebond.

I know I should sleep, but the view is pretty stupendous...high on the hills above, spotlighted and glowing are the fabulous ruins of the Acropolis!

Journal of Fito Day October 11, 2001 Agia Varvara, Greece.

We have two rental cars now, both mini-vans, which easily accommodate us...dog, instruments, suitcases, and the possibility of newcomers. Agia Varvara is located on the western site of Athens, at the foot of Egaleo Mountain. Naturally it did not take us long to drive there. Ong had received a phone call from Madame Sonja earlier in the week suggesting we visit Agia Varvara. She said that Maria Sara had a brother who had married a Russian Rom and who had settled in Agia Varvara and that Noah should be taken to meet his kin. I asked Ong if he had told Madame Sonja about Noah's sudden metamorphous. He said he had, but that Sonja had thought it best to withhold the information from the Gypsy women for the present time. We found a small hostelry kind of place near the Church of Agia Varvara (Saint Barbara) and there we checked in with virtually no fanfare. It was quite clear after an hour or so that this would be a short stay since nobody actually knew just what we were doing here anyway. There were many Gypsy faces in the streets and wherever Noah went people tried to touch him and most of them said some words...most notably "leshya'e" (Ong translates as Rom for "helpful spirit"), or "evlogimenos agkelos" (Greek for a blessed angel). Noah did not seem to mind these attentions and took it all in his good-natured stride.

It's a pretty surreal place all in all. It's not a place for tourists really. There is not much to see. I did go into the church with Marko. Since we were so close to it (only a couple doors down) we took our instruments (guitar and saxophone) and after asking a youngish priest (he spoke some English) if it was o.k. to play inside, we two sat up near the nave and played some improvisational riffs. Naturally we bore in mind that we were in a church and this fact also seemed to influence us. Our music was soft and sweet, and I felt calmed by the glittering mosaics of forgotten saints that glowed in the flickering light of votive candles.

Later, we returned to the Inn, which apparently was simply called "the Inn", and asked if anybody was hungry. Cherry and Ong had declared a day of fasting after the "great glut" of the past week, so Steve-o and I braved the evening without knowledge of language, and assured the rest of them we would return with some grub. Fortunately, the daughter of the Inn-keeper overheard this conversation and insisted that she be allowed to feed us in the kitchen. Everybody, sans the two over-indulgent ones, wandered through a maze of hallways and beaded curtains to a back room, which opened out into a kitchen...warm and inviting. Penelope, the girl, served us a delicious supper of simple yet comforting food, as we listened to Greek radio. She was quiet and lovely and very gracious as she served us, soup, bread, olives, and wonderful cheeses.

⌘

That night I slept in a small room in a turret. I was the only one, besides Cherry who was not doubled up. Little Maggie, lay quietly on a beautiful worn rug, and I prepared for a good night's sleep.

Then I realized that I was not alone.

"Of course", I thought!"it's time for the appearance of the" Big 3"...

and so it was.

I was sitting on the edge of the bed. Right before appeared a golden triangle. I could not guess the actual size; because I was not sure with what sense I was seeing the vision.

At one corner appeared a deep red dot, which grew into the form of man. I somehow knew this was Homer, the great ancient bard. From the right lower corner of the triangle, a small blue iota, which transformed into another man...Pythagoras, the sage. From the apex of the triangle there issued forth a flickering flame of intense fire...and there developed the most beautiful female Goddess-figure. She wore a diaphanous shift and a helmet of intricately worked gold....I knew this was Athena.

Homer: The Blind may see what the sighted miss...

Pythagoras: The gifted may lose sight of the larger picture...

Athena: Mortal! Look not at the passing dramas of the world! But instead project your strengths outward upon those shifting scenes...and trust the Wisdom of your impulses!

Few words...but heavy with impact.

I fell backwards upon the mattress and heard the most beautiful of music. I was at once reminded of all the Love and Beauty in this life and I found myself repeating in my heart "Thank you"...."Thank you"....

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly October 12, 2001 Agia Varvara, Greece.

How did Russian Gypsies come to this town? I don't know. It was explained but I still don't follow. In any case. We called upon Violka, the sister of Maria Sara and her Russian husband, Latco. It was a strange walk, down cramped and winding streets. People stared at us in great curiosity, but as we passed, they made hand gestures (not foul ones) and pointed to Noah, uttering the now familiar words, and sometimes even crossing themselves after the catholic fashion. Noah and I walked in front, hand in hand, and the men followed in a flank of twos. I am sure we were thought of as a some sort of pilgrimage procession, and perhaps we were.

At last, we arrived at the address of Violka and Latco.

They were very sweet people and after much slight bowing and greetings, and some sort of ritualistic sprinkling of rose water and a chant of "vujo" and "baxt" as we entered the house, they motioned for us to sit. The room was clean and full of hanging copper implements, pictures of saints, and faded photographs of family members. I recognized Vorku and Maria Sara, and Marie-Bibi in on of these pictures.

Ong served as our translator.

There was a long conversation. There were many references made to Noah. Several times the man came over to Noah and touched him right on the middle of his breast.

Finally, some candles were lit, and Ong told us we must perform a song. Nobody had brought any instruments, but Lacto pointed to a balalaika and and a fiddle in the corner of the room. Noah took the fiddle and Marko took the balalaika. Suddenly I found myself singing to a spontaneous melody. The words of my dream song of the week past came to my lips. It was a mysterious and wonderful moment in time. When we had finished our routine, we stood up and paid our respects.

We walked back to the Inn. It was very dark and late. Not a soul was about.

Steve-o Ness Notebook October 12, 2001

A 432 >1.0595123	A 216	A 108	A 54
G# 407.73128 >1.0610328	G# 203.86564	G# 101.93282	G# 50.96641
G 384.27772 >1.0618003	G 192.13886	G 96.06943	G 48.034717
F# 361.91146 >1.0555751	F# 180.95573	F# 90.477865	F# 45.238933
F 342.85714 >1.058201	F 171.42857	F 85.714285	F 42.857142
E 324 >1.0595212	E 162	E 81	E 40.5
D# 305.79848 >1.0618002	D# 152.89924	D# 76.44962	D# 38.22481
D 288 >1.0588235	D 144	D 72	D 36
C# 272 >1.0596642	C# 136	C# 68	C# 34
C 256.68508 >1.0687481	C 128.34254	C 64.17127	C 32.085635
B 240.17358 >1.0479549	B 120.08679	B 60.043395	B 30.021697
A# 229.18312 >1.0610329	A# 114.59156	A# 57.29578	A# 28.64789
A 216	A 108	A 54	A 27

D# = 152.89924 the augment 4th from its root "A" a once outlawed interval. Divide by pi = the radius of the inner circle of Stonehenge. Multiplied by pi = height of the Great Pyramid.

Also this note is extremely close to the number 153 an ancient Pythagorean story problem that we of "The Code" have solved. Found in The Bible , John Chap 21, Jesus returns from the dead and mentions this highly significant number to some of the apostles. What we discovered recently is that the entrance to the Great Pyramid is at the 17th course (level)

$$1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9+10+11+12+13+14+15+16+17 = 153$$

$$17 \times 9 \text{ (total pyramids at the Giza complex)} = 153$$

$$204 \text{ (total courses at the Great Pyramid)} / 1.3333333 \text{ (a 4th)} = 153$$

360 feet up the Great Pyramid is the 153rd course

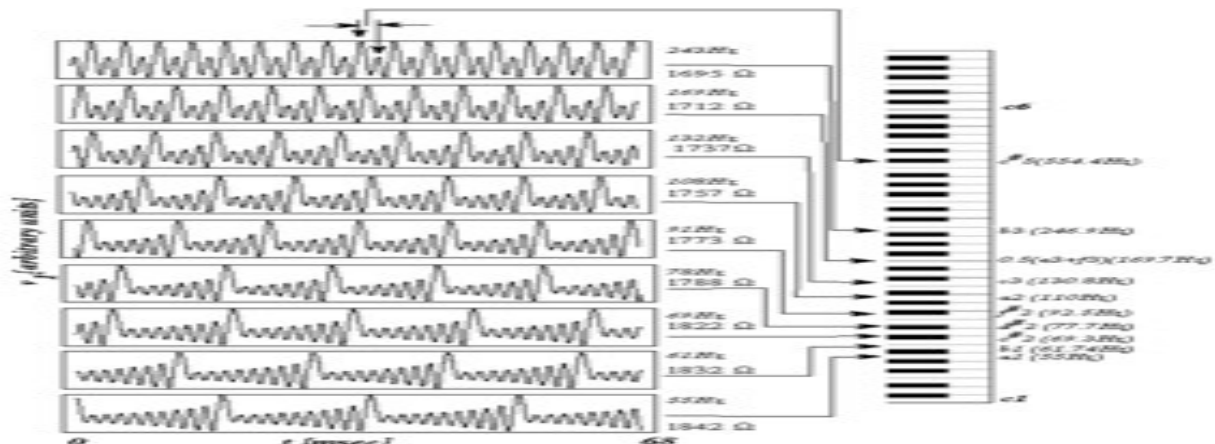
The length of the grand gallery inside the Great Pyramid is 153 feet

$$153 + 513 = 666 \quad 6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216 \text{ (new standard)}$$

$$315 + 351 = 666 \quad 2160 \text{ miles is the diameter of the moon}$$

$$135 + 531 = 666 \quad \text{(not the devil but astronomy)}$$

1 and 5 and 3 are the degrees in a scale used to make a chord



Journal of Fito Day October 14, 2001 En Route (Peloponnisos – Greece)

Everything has been one big fairy tale since we left Agia Varvara. The strange surreal beauty of the landscape and the mood of country I have never traveled in. Passing by the Isthmus of Corinth heading south into Peloponnesus...I feel that we have entered into another world completely. What's in store? I don't have a clue. The itinerary will include Tripoli, Sparta, and the island of Kythira, where we will eventually get on a ferry to Crete.

⌘

October 15, 2001 Hotel Mycenae, Argos

We stopped in Argos and checked into a hotel. The woman who was in charge of the establishment was sure we were a "Gay" tour group. She assured us that Greece was very progressive these days. We just giggled. Actually I've never really pried into the sexual preferences or behaviors of my friends. It never really was an issue with me. But suddenly, perhaps sparked by the perceptions (off base or on) of the concierge, I am curious...oh well ...not *that* curious.

Anyway our Hostess (I later learned her name: Mrs. Kalambokidos) was also keen on giving us a history lesson. Indeed, I did learn a few interesting facts from her. Namely, that :

Argos was the first town in Greece, as well as in Europe.

When evening rolled around, we just hung about in the lobby, which is also a sort of restaurant/cabaret affair. We asked permission to play a few numbers and it was granted.

There were only a few people in the place...some Greek business men, two gangly English chicks, and the son of the Concierge, who doubled as waiter and bar-tender.

I had a pretty good time for being a little frazzled. I played sax and Cherry sang "Goblets of the Gods", which seemed all too appropriate in our little "Hellenic Hey Hey"...

"In a certain room
Where images are reduced
More is contained
Than what could be deduced

There's a storm brewing outdoors
The ions conquer our tongues
The song we sang is sung
Pretty speeches fall on the floor

The scene waxes the scene wanes
We both succumb to nods
A wry smile
A knowing grin
Becoming more froth upon the goblets of the Gods."

Jottings from the Notebook of Mark-o Moon

Rethinking - a painter sits, poised in his sidewalk cafe'
dressed in fall hues, brushed taupe, creating a new karma. . .above reproach.

)

Reflections - on the elegance of clouds: both esthetically and as a brilliant engineering
mechanism for transporting millions of gallons of water long distances silently. After this
thought felt better, almost immediately.

)

Reviewing - an inspirational passage from Plato: loosely translated: you've either got it
or you don't. Sage words indeed.

)

He (surveys his left hand fingernails) as, she (breezes by nonplussed)
for the local heir-apparent to Stevie Ray Vaughn
there is no need to speak to the reigning beauty queen
of a previous graduating class
for the gorgeous black-hole of need
no luck in a chance
in another age, they could have smoked
groped, coupled, then parted
but it's been forgotten
how to say it
"You cool?"

Journal of Fito Day, October 16, 2001 Hotel Mycenae, Argos, Greece

Well, let's see....it turns out that Missus Kalambokidous' son, Nestor, really is gay. Aside from that he knows who the Fito Day Ensemble is. He ran upstairs and quickly returned, proudly displaying his copies of "Phantom Shoes", and "Goblets of the Gods". He then became our self-appointed tour guide. His English is pretty decent and he is an amiable sort of chap, and so Ong, Cherry, Sammy, Maggie and I set out into the day with Nestor as our "fearless leader". Marko, Steve-o and Noah stayed at the hotel. We left too early in the morning for them apparently.

Nestor got us tanked on Greek coffee first, which is more like a potion than a beverage. Then as we walked up and around unfamiliar streets, he told us a few things about the legendary city we were now exploring. His manner of speaking and choice of phrasing was rather endearing and I will try to give a few examples from memory. (you have to imagine an accent somewhere between Lilly Tomlin, Liberace, and Marlon Brando [in Streetcar]).

Nestor:

Hermes reveals important secret to mortals you know. He told me in a dream that Phoroneus was really Adam. You know....like Adam and Eve? Phoroneus, he was the first man. He lived several generation before the great Flood... I am his ancestry.

Did you know that Men lived with no cities or no law all that time? Everybody spoke Hermes language. Hermes told me this...Did you know that he had the secret code of all language? Well, just like people... Mortals use secret to quarrel. That's how everything got fucked up. All of sudden there was different countries.

(Nestor rolled his eyes several times at this juncture and his expression seemed "all-knowing".)

See...then came governments!

So Zeus gave over the first rule to Phoroneus, because he is the first to make offerings to Hera, building a temple for her. Phoroneus invents a city next. Then he got all the peoples who were living everywhere around and said, "I'm the new king!"

So, that's where it all comes from. You, me, war, peace, and jazz too...

⌘

We arrived at a beautiful grove. Somehow, in the midst of the town, there appeared this perfect sequestered sanctuary. This was the spring and bath of Phoroneus.

Nestor informed us that it is a hot-spring and is famous for its curative powers.

Suddenly, he peels off all his clothes and motions us for us to get in.

I watched him enter the steaming blue waters and felt I could not resist. Within a minute or so we were all taking the waters and loving every second of it. The spa seemed to induce a kind of elated euphoria. It was Sammy who began to sing. At first I thought it was his song "Who is McCutcheon?", but soon I realized that it was not a song I'd heard before. As he elaborated I felt great joy and energy enter my body, and as I scanned the faces of the others I could see they too were having a similar experience. Sammy's song made no sense...at least the words didn't...but the mood of the tune was all about harmony.

When we got out, Nestor said..."You see? Hermes Language..."



Sammy in the Spring of Phoroneus

Journal of Fito Day October 18, 2001 En Route

I am a passenger in the back seat of Mini Van #2. We have just driven away from Tripolis. Here is what happened there.

Ong (it must be remembered we are in his ancestral homeland) guided us directly to the center of the city and specifically to the statue of Theodoros Kolokotronis, one of the great liberators of the Greek fight for freedom from the Turks.

He gathered us around like children and sang these words:

Saranta palikaria
apo ti Le-, mor' ap' ti Levadia
pane gia na patisoune
tin Trompo- mor' tin Trompolitsa
Sto dromo pou pigenane
geronta, vre geronta apantoun.
-Ora kali sou gero
-Kalos ta ta, kalos ta ta pedia
pou pate, palikaria,
pou pate ores, pou pate ore pedia
-Pame gia na patisoume
tin Trompo- mor' tin Trompolitsa

- "Good day to you, old man"
- "Welcome, my youths; where are you going, young men?"
- "Where are you going, my youths?"
- "We are going to conquer Tripolitsa"

He was quite moved and tears were in his eyes.

Nobody spoke a word.

We trundled back into the vans and drove quickly out of town.

There was another stop on the outskirts of town.

This time we were, once again, like children on an outing with our instructor.

We stood on the edge of a rocky cliff, the sun shining, a gentle wind blowing.

Ong removed a small scrap of paper from his billfold. Then with his cigarette lighter set it on fire, and stomped the ashes into the soil, spitting three times upon the spot.

Then with a voice of both passion and tenderness he said this to us:

"I cannot fully explain what I have just done. But I will tell you that my actions demonstrate a healing process in progress.

Freedom is not something that belongs to one man without it also belonging to All men.

As the great Plato once said "Of the portents recorded in ancient tales many did happen and will happen again..."

Then Noah walked over to Ong and held his hands above Ong's head. I could almost see the shining, golden laurel wreath; I imagined he held over our friends bowed head.

I knew we were witnessing a moment of intense spiritual awakening and I instinctively shut my eyes in prayer.

⌘

It was indeed a brief visit to Tripolis but one not soon forgotten.

We drive on now...I can see our other mini-van ahead on the road, with Sammy at the wheel, and Mark-o and Steve-o engaged in an animated conversation. I sit quietly writing this entry in my seat. Noah stares out the window, and Cherry is entertaining us by singing some of her famous Scottish ballads, of all things! Ong is at the wheel. What Days and Nights are these!!!

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly October 18, 2001 Monestary of Vrontouchi, Mystras, Greece

We ate lunch at a place called Diethnes in Sparta and it was so very delicious. Yet the general consensus was that nobody really wanted to stay in the city. What a bunch of misanthropes we are all becoming. Perhaps it's simply that we are now full-fledged gypsies and love the call of the road, and the freedom of smaller, more manageable burgs. For whatever reason, we all agreed that plan "B" go into effect.

Steve-o had mentioned all along (well since Athens) that he would like to visit a friend of his, Myron Karakinos, who had become a monk at the Monastery of Vrontouchi in Mystras. They had met while in college and instead of becoming the engineer his parents had planned on, Myron, apparently found God in Catholicism and returned to his native land and took his vows. Steve-o had kept in touch with this fellow over the years and now since we were but a few miles away, and the prospect of a less urban area seemed appealing, we encouraged him to get on the phone and call the Monastery if possible. Ong went with him and acted as interpreter. They came back not long afterward and announced that the monastery did have an outside line, and by "chance" Brother Myron, just happened to be on "office duty" on Thursdays. Ah Providence!

The best news was that the hospitable brothers had available lodging for "retreat" purposes and that we were welcome to hang our hats there should we desire it.

I am now writing from a dreamy little cell. From my window I see huge cypress trees and ruins of ancient buildings, once part of this great Byzantine complex. It's very late at night and though it's been a terrifically long day, I feel awake and inspired.

We were met at the lower gated road to the grounds of the Monastery by Steve-o's friend, Brother Myron, and another older monk, I think his name is Brother Cyril. Myron is a tall handsome person and he greeted us all warmly. I believe he will have some time to take us on a tour tomorrow. He and Steve-o had much to say to one another, and I inferred that this was not an order of Brothers who practiced vows of silence. Nor did they seem put off by me as a female, although my cell/room does seem to be the farthest away from all other amenities!

Musings of Ong October 19, 2001 Monestary of Vrontouchi, Mystras, Greece

You can reach this monastery by road from the village .It felt as though the hand of God was leading us to the monastery. As soon as we arrived, we stood speechless gazing at the grandeur of nature. The view is a perfect gift-offering from the monastery.

Before us, was an enormous building, resembling a fortress rising to many stories on a towering cliff; this is the legendary monastery.

Everyone we met greeted us like a dear old friend, and it didn't take long before we really were friends. It will be hard to drag ourselves away. The monastery tables are laden with bread, olives, cheese, wine and kindness.



The Byzantine icon of the Virgin Mary holding the Christ Child in her right arm is a relief made of wax and mastic attributed to St. Luke. She is endowed with a curious feature: from wherever you stand you have the impression that the Virgin's eyes are following you.

The monastery museum contains holy relics and treasures, carved wooden crosses, venerable manuscripts, Gospels, and the like. The silhouettes of the monks with their long hair, full beards and erect figures testify that another way of life - the ascetic way, reigns here.



An Afterthought-

After my incident in Tripolis:

I hope that in our own country will soon stop resenting our freedom, or so it seems to me at this time, and move on to more cosmic pursuits.

I dream ahead to the promise of Crete, the home of my beloved Yiayia where more adventure, no doubt, awaits us.

Journal of Fito Day October 20, 2001 Monestary of Vrontouchi, Mystras, Greece

It has been like living in another era, certainly another world. In fact I wonder just how in touch with the world (as we know it) these monks are. Yet, to be fair, I must say that the world they *do* live in is one of great dedication, to their work, their environment, and their beliefs.

We have been surrounded by a past that still lives and is echoed daily again and again through the medium of prayer, polyphonic chanting, and images of icons.

The brothers themselves, of whom there are many, create a world of harmony, based on the contemplative life, the Christian ethic, and a framework that provides a structure for their religious activities. I am in awe of their choice to choose the world they wish to be in, enter it, and maintain it. The outside world, though not totally ignored, is simply reduced to a series of events that exists in its own milieu and is forever subject to the whims of men.

The Byzantine aroma of a mysterious past pervades here, and it is easy to see why the place is called "Mystras".

The founder of the Monastery was Pachomius, the Great Protocyncellus of the Peloponnese! Quite a title! He was in the service of the Emperor in the management of the political affairs of the Despotate. Pachomius was a real business man and quite a go getter-cleric. He gained so many privileges and received so many donations from the imperial court that in twenty years he founded two churches (The Holy Theodoroi and the Panagia Hodeghetria), complete with outlying buildings and refectories unsurpassed in lavishness.

I have taken to the tetra style cruciform church (with five cupolas and a sixth crowning the narthex). This style of the basilica and cruciform plan is unique to Mystra. It's a wonderful place to play the Lapis-Sax. The Brothers have allowed me this privilege and I have honored their kindness by only playing Byzantine "Stichera". These are transcriptions by a certain duo of scholars, H. J. Tillyard and Egon Wellez (Monumenta Musica & History of Byzantine Music and Hymnography). I found these collections in the Library of the Monastery and was graciously granted the right to borrow them. They are basically, a series of processional antiphons. Naturally intended for human voices, but notated in such a way that one can easily interpret them with a solo instrument. It's been a great exercise for me. Noah has also accompanied me during these sessions. At first he only sat quietly in the glowing candle light nearby. But recently he has brought his violin and we have tried the some selected pieces as a duo. Oddly enough, though no longer surprising, he does not need to see the musical score!

Journal of Fito Day October 21, 2001 Hotel Urania , Kythira ,Greece

On Tuesday we leave for Crete from the port of Kapsali.

But today I look from my window on a world of great beauty...of sea and sky and whitewashed buildings. Not to mention that perfectly framed within the window's boundries I can see two small rocks protruding from the sea. This petrified duo are the mythical genitals of Uranus. It was here that Aphrodite, the goddess of love, was born when Cronos castrated Uranus and flung his balls into the Kytheran Sea!

Ah the strength and power of willful Gods!

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Today I went for a long walk with Ong. Magdalena followed diligently. We hiked up to view the sea from the peak sanctuary which turned out to be Agios Georgios on the Mount. From this vista we talked of many things... Of Cherry's remarkable recovery and resurgence into Life. Of ...Noah and his fantastic transformation since the visit to the Spanish Kabbalist, Albano Lazcano Ortiz y Pena... and of the Gypsies treatment of Noah; their veneration and his obvious Angelic qualities...of Marko's deepening quietude and his centeredness, poised in a meditation that is not shared with us, but surely we are a part of...Of blue-haired Steve-o and his disappearing hands, his notebooks of equations and his forays into the science of frequency and vibration...of Sammy's deliverance from "crankiness" and his now nearly saintly aura made even sweeter by his recent dip in the spring of Phoroneus...of the disappearance of Kat Trowell from our lives and her complete detachment and severance from us as a group of friends...of my visitations from the "Big 3" and my newly charged interest in music of All varieties...Of our recent trip to Madame Sonja's and the fabulous musical instruments created there...and of Ong's own passionate journey through his ancestral country and his increasing awareness of the importance and influence of Art in the life of Civilization as we know it...

The details of these mental wanderings I will keep to myself. Perhaps, Ong himself, has something to say of these matters...to whom and exactly what I may never know. But his observations have helped to clarify my own thoughts and feelings about matters both of intellect and of heart.

Journal of Fito Day October 22, 2001 En Route to Iraklion, Crete

We left the cars behind and now are but sailors upon the sea. We are being ferried towards the Isle of Crete. The water is deep and dark blue. The panoramic world seems divided in half. The eastern sky filled with clouds of pink...shafts of sunlight breaking through...the western sky is dark with rain clouds generating ions. We sail on the ferry boat "Volakis" on the middle path through these divided waters. I am sitting in a large enclosed communal space on top deck...from here I see Cherry in sunglasses at the prow, scarf blowing in the breeze...holding a little leashed Magdalena. She personifies my feelings of looking forward into the future...

Journal of Fito Day Hotel Penelope , Iraklion, Crete October 23, 2001

The Hotel Penelope is not typical of the Hotels in Iraklion. It is not a high rise, nor is it new and "modern". In fact it is quite old. It is small and has but 12 rooms. Ong knew of it and has stayed here before. It is run by a Mr. and Mrs. Phadias and is a trip back in time. Once, Lawrence Durrell stayed here...who knows maybe one of his books was partially written here.

I love it. It's completely comfortable and has wonderful old furniture, rugs, and pictures of saints. It has views of the bay and feels like some place one has been before.

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There are email messages on my laptop from Madame Sonja, Werner Truckbyttén, Caze Jerusalem, and Bruno Grugeryvic.

But right now all I can think about is food!

Tomorrow!!! Oh distant friends....right now the comfort of a taverna is all that seems important!

Email from Madame Sonja to Ong October 23, 2001/ Chateau Vebond

Dear Ong!

Sacre Bleu!!!

I have the most terrible news!

What can it mean?

On Friday last, I traveled up to Paris to do some shopping. When I returned I found that ALL of the tres fabuleux Instruments that you created here had been stolen from the studio!

The Gypsies were also away in Rodez, so no-one was here at the property.

Who could have done such a thing? And why?

The lock had been cut and I saw there were large tire tracks on the earth.

Whoever did this simply pulled up a lorry to the building and stole the pieces.

I am so saddened by this event.

I hope the instruments will not be damaged.

I have called the police and made a full report.

Such amazing creations will be hard to hide, no?

Please telephone me, so we may talk.

Your Cher Ami,

Sonja

Ong's reply to Madame Sonja October 23, 2001/ Crete

My dearest Madame Sonja,

Would that I were as concerned with the material as much as I was in my youth, but try as I may I cannot seem to muster any negative emotion related to this recent theft.

Perhaps it is the shock that makes me feel this lack of emotion, but I fear that I may have lost the capacity for violence. My only concern is for our Rom brothers and sisters currently under your protection, since as you are well aware the authorities do not like to labour over unsolved crimes, especially when they have convenient peoples to blame, so please give them this message from me; Te den, xa, te maren, de-nash.

As for the instruments I am more curious than anything to see where they surface and how they shall be displayed or played, for surface they shall, what other possible worth could they have but esthetic or musical? Maybe this fate is one they have chosen for themselves or perhaps it is just something they must experience, I just hope it is for the higher good of all, and while I shall miss them I prefer to view this as an opportunity to assemble new, perhaps improved ones, and move forward into the next phase of this mysterious journey.

I remain your faithful servant,

Ong

Journal of Fito Day October 24, 2001 Hotel Penelope, Iraklion, Crete

It's a beautiful sunny morning but we are overcast with clouds of alarming news from Madame Sonja. It seems somebody has stolen the instruments that Ong and Steve-o created this past August in France. Ong has been on the phone with Madame Sonja re-assuring her that he is not overly worried. I know that this news has upset him however, and Steve-o as well. Indeed, we are all quite worried about such expensive and unique creations being poorly treated or even worse, destroyed. Ong suggested that there is something "conspiratorial" afoot. Yet, he and Steve-o both do not appear completely unhinged by the event. With a sort of grand resignation Ong advises us to simply enjoy Crete and adopt the "Que Sera Sera" attitude.

There is nothing to do but carry on.

⌘

What!!! It's the small world motif!

Bruno Grugeryvic will be in Crete tomorrow!

Seems that Bruno's brother Aldo (an accomplished bassist) has a gig at "De Facto" a local club, and both Bruno and Szabo Doobie will be joining him. We are delighted. I called him immediately and told him where we are staying. He asked if we felt like sitting in on a set one night and I was happy to say yes. We haven't really played together in a long time. I did mention that Kat Trowell was no longer with us...But that Cherry Gollogoly was. He sounded in high spirits and we are set to do the deed on this coming Friday night.

Email from Madame Sonja to Ong October 25, 2001

Cher Ong,

The police have been everywhere searching for clues and making fingerprints.

You know how the presence of the Law affects the gypsies too. Marie-Bibi and Maria Sara are afraid that all the activity is about Noah. I assured them it was only about the theft of the instruments. In any case, they have made their report and we shall probably not see them again. That's the way these investigations go...no?

But I hope that the blessed articles of your inspiration are safe.

Stay well and enjoy your homeland,

Keep in touch too Love Sonja!

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly October 25, 2001 Iraklion, Crete

How Lucky I am to be in Crete!

I am standing before the mirror, noticing I have a tan, or is it just a swarthy weathered look? But even more interesting is what I have done to my hair! What will the guys say when I walk out and they behold my new Cretean Look?!

I went to the Pharmacopeia and bought dyes...yes...hennas and black...and went to town on my coif! First I cut it after the Egyptian fashion...a la Cleopatra. Bobbed and banded. Then The darkest, deepest blue-black dye...Next...the henna rinse. Presently it has a perfectly "National Geographic" look...Just like the old illustrations of Egyptian women. I think it will be fun to appear on stage (the stage of Life as well) tomorrow night in my newest incarnation.

Journal of Fito Day 2001 Hotel Penelope, Iraklion, Crete October 26, 2001

Today is freeform. I plan to take a walk and practice some so I am in shape for tonight's gig.

Cherry has given herself a new look. Very "Rock n Roll Egypt". I was amusing to sit across from Steve-o and her at coffee this morning. Now they both have such artistic hair-colors. The nice old lady who served us was clearly fascinated and I could tell she wanted to ask questions. Her own hair was an odd shade of lavender. I wondered if she thought she had stumbled upon two fellow hair artisans.

There was a message from Bruno Grugeryvic left at the front desk for me. It was an invitation to the Fito Day Ensemble & friends to join him for supper after the show. How very Brunoesque...always the gentleman.

I observed Ong on his cell phone...cigarette in one hand making exclamatory gestures as he talked. He was on the sidewalk outside the Hotel pacing up and down. I am sure he was talking to the French Authorities about matters concerning the theft.

I stopped by Marko's room and asked him he wanted to go with me. He declined. I am a little saddened by our lack of heartfelt talks these days, but I am not taking personally. I know he has had a big task of "reeling" himself in. Whatever his reasons for maintaining a quiet composure I must respect. Of course I realize that he may very well not be totally finished mourning the loss of Clementina. This and other influences in his life must all be considered.

Noah passed me in the hallway however, and asked if I were going out. So I grabbed my wallet, camera, and little Magdalena and we were off.

⌘

Journal continued (6 p.m.ish)

The show is tonight at nine. Right now I'm just relaxing and thought I should record some of the highlights of my outing with Noah. It seems the spell of his persona is not limited to the Rom people, but extends now to others. Everywhere we went; people took notice of him, and often tried to touch him. He took it all in his good-natured stride and never seemed put-out by anything. Then there was the "girl-corgi" to add to our attention getting devices! So, there were many stops for chats, queries, pettings, and general lollygagging. We walked mapless and without direction, just going where we would. At one point, we passed The Venetian wall near the Chanioporta. It was here that a group of sailors, who had never seen a corgi, insisted that we have a drink with them. ..Raki of course. We sat in a small Taverna and had but one(or was it three?) drink with these guys, who were all very gregarious. The highlight of the stop was the empty piano seat which Magdalena immediately recognized as an opening to perform. She jumped up and

tapped out a few bangs and let out a few howls. The sailors, indeed the entire clientele, were thrilled and amused with her.

We wandered up steep streets which became progressively narrower and finally reached a grove of pines atop some cliffs. The incredible beautiful sea of deep turquoise spread out before us. I had stopped and bought some bread and olives which we devoured as we drank in the scenic panorama.

We did a little more exploring and found an ancient rounded church...quite small...almost a chapel. It had all the earmarks of Byzantine craftsmanship, and must have once been quite splendid. It seemed odd to find a church up there, but maybe such locations are favored on the island. The most remarkable feature of the place was a painted icon which had lain embedded in the wall for these many centuries. I was at once struck by its beauty but more by the resemblance of the figure of the Christos to Noah. He said nothing of it but I am sure he noticed it.

Around 3 o'clock we found ourselves back in a part of the city where there were many markets. We chowed down again on "this and that" as we walked along. Before too long we miraculously found ourselves on the street where the Hotel Penelope stands. Upon entering we found Cherry sitting on the veranda, chatting with some tourists. She suddenly appeared quite at home in her new visage, as if she had always looked that way. She was glad to see us and wanted us to come up and see some dresses she had purchased for our opinion on which one might be best for the show this evening.

⌘Journal continued 4 A.M. What a night! Hope I can sleep...and I must because tomorrow we are making a field trip to Knossos.

The De-Facto Club is small but jumpin' spot in a fairly happening part of town. It was wonderful to see Bruno. He was looking quite well. This was the first time I have met his brother Aldo, though of course I had heard of his legendary bass playing. Szabo Doobie was his same crazed self.

We listened to a great set of original material by Bruno. His trumpet was almost too much for such a small club. The audience was wowed beyond belief. Then the Fito Day Ensemble with Cherry Gollogoly joined the trio. Sammy played piano in deference to Aldo Grugeryvic. Steve-o played a vintage xylophone that has stood in that same spot for decades... I think. Ong, sans vacuum-abunda joined us for an incredible vocalese version of "Never on Sunday". Cherry was really good. Her voice was in top notch form. We did a couple of pieces from the new album, and several old standards (which the crowd loved). It was just a lot of fun. Great to play jazz and forget about the world.

When the gig was finished we went to a small restaurant called "Bimi's" and did a lot of eating and plenty of talking. Most of the people at the club followed us to the restaurant, so the poor staff was suddenly going crazy at 11:30 serving late night diners and foreigners at that!

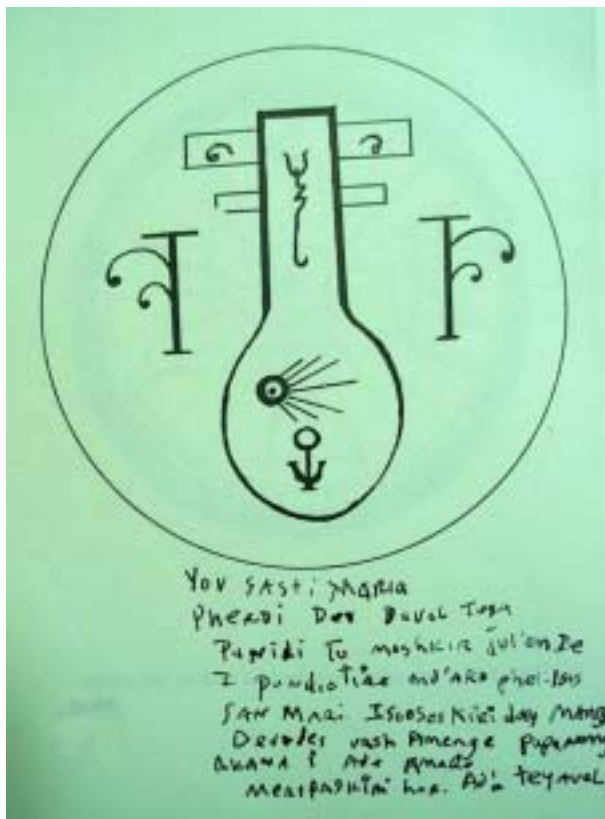
An email from Madame Sonja to Ong October 26, 2001

Cher Ong,

When I delivered your message to the Rom, Marie-Bibi openly wept. She then went into the trailer and after a while came out bearing an envelope with instructions to send you it's contents. I am scanning this message in case you travel and the poste being what it is. The original is in my safe-keeping and you shall have it when-ever you wish. I simply thought you may wish to see it. I believe it is written in the hand of Vorku.

With love and boundless respect,

Yours Sonja Arneau



Copy of the Message from Madame Sonja

Journal of Fito Day October 28, 2001 Crete

Knossos Revisited!

How is that an ordinary tourist outing turns into an extraordinary and profound experience? I could say..."So what else is new" at this juncture of the year...in a year full of extraordinary events...yet I cannot...for each manifestation is hallmarked by its own seal of uniqueness.

We got up early to be beat the masses...funnily enough there were few people at the site, even though it was a lovely sunny day.

We began ambling about just marveling at the structure, the murals, the mood of the place. After a while I realized that our group had splintered. Marko and Sammy had gotten off somewhere along the way. By the time we reached the famous 'throne room', Steve-o, Ong and Noah had also managed to disappear. I looked at Cherry bewildered. She said "Oh, they can't be far..." I looked at Magdalena...she had an expression of dog-worry.

I suggested we take a photo. Cherry stood before the "Throne" and I lifted the camera...but as I did...she let out the strangest gurgle of a cry. Suddenly she was stiff, and all about here was an amber glow. Then, as if some one shook the air like one shakes a rug... (I actually saw the scene before my eyes ripple)...the form of Cherry took on something totally otherworldly. She was transformed, as if by some God-Artisan producing an historical collage into the Minoan snake princess. She held two hands upward and around each arm the curled and brazen serpents wrapped. She wore the ancient dress of the Cretan women, breasts exposed. She opened her mouth and from it issued a sound so chilling as to curdle my blood.

The shutter snapped.

I dropped the camera.

"Cherry....Cherry", I cried...

and it was over.

The Cherry Gollogoly I knew stood before me...tears cascading down reddened cheeks.

We could not fathom what had happened. We could not begin to speculate.

"Quick..." she said, "Let's find the others."



Cherry transformed



Ong, Noah, Steve-o, and Sammy...

We found them at the lavatory. Too much coffee.

I looked at Cherry and by her expression I could tell that what had just occurred must remain private for the time being.

Now Marko...where is Marko?



We spent nearly an hour circumambulating the site. Passing one another again and again, we'd shrug and make gestures of futility.

Finally I simply asked Magdalena..."Where is Marko?"

We followed her as she sniffed, sometimes passing the same guards, or clumps of tourists, who perhaps thought us a bit mad.

Finally we stopped at what was designated as "Silos # 3". A large circular storage unit cut deep into the earth and lined with perfectly placed stones. The "Silos" was surrounded by a metal cordon, so nobody would fall in. It was deep and at the bottom we could faintly see entrances to what were perhaps tunnels.

We looked at one another in disbelief.

No...Not this...Not down there?!!!...



Silos at Knossos

After a brief consultation we agreed that somebody should go down and see if Marko had somehow fallen in, or even weirder, had just gone down into the pit.

I volunteered. Ong and Noah kept watch to make sure nobody was paying any attention to us. Cherry and Steve-o and Sammy pretended to be taking snapshots.

I climbed slowly down, (no easy task) on pieces of ancient masonry that jutted out here and there. At last at the floor of the Silos, I picked one of the entrances and with Ong's cigarette lighter as a torch began the search.

It had to be about ten minutes later that I realized I was in maze. I began to sweat and tried not to Panic. I was calling out for Marko, but I heard nothing.

I started to think of the Myths, the Labyrinth, the Minotaur...It dawned on me that I may be dreadfully lost myself soon. The lighter was hot and I had to close it from time to time to keep from burning my hand. In that clammy darkness I felt I might faint from a paranoid claustrophobia. I made up my mind to turn back, and just when I did I came face to face with the demon. In the shadows, not a few feet away stood the dark figure of dread.

It was the Minotaur. In the flickering light I saw his horns and felt that I was surely at my wits end.

“Who are you?!” I cried out.

I thought surely I would pass out.

Then as the creature walked slowly toward me...I heard the familiar voice of Marko.

“Fito...Fito...It’s me...”



It seemed forever ‘till we made our back to the sunlit floor of the Silos. But when we did, I had yet another great shock to endure. For as my eyes adjusted and I looked at my old friend Marko Moon, I could see that his hair had turned snowy white!



Marko Gone White

Journal of Fito Day October 29, 2001 Iraklion Crete

I sit having a cup of tea. Across the room I see Cherry, Steve-o, and Marko. The palette of hair colors all very interesting...What next?

I am glad we are leaving this afternoon for Xerolimni, Ong's Ancestral hometown. I am told we shall stay in a wonderful old house, but not to expect much in the way of diversions. Actually, I am grateful for that. Some quiet time among goats and olive trees may be just what is needed.

Musings of Ong Nikas Crete October 30, 2001

We make the short trip to Roussa Eklissia and are greeted by most of the town, not a lot going on in this town you know. Yiayia's nephew, who is also the priest and who's name I have no idea since they call him Papas (priest), has slaughtered a lamb and they already have it turning on the spit so I assume Nikko called ahead and informed on us. Papas' daughter Maria is very interested in the blue jeans I have brought for her as she going off to University in a few weeks and this will be an essential part of her wardrobe. She is going to be a real handful I predict, but then priest's kids usually are.

The entire town is sort of on a slant and it all seems to culminate into the kafenion, so we find ourselves gravitating there. The music coming from within helps draw us in as well.

My cousin several times removed, Kostas Mountakis, is inside playing the lyra accompanied by a lute. The ancient music has caused everyone to circle up and dance traditional Cretean dances. These vary from most Greek dancing in that the steps are tiny and the speed is breakneck, it's like the difference between waltz and Bebop, and it is nothing short of amazing to watch tiny women in their 80's some well over 200 pounds move at this speed for prolonged periods.

We of course join in and find that it is easy once you get caught in the music, but we are sure to pay for it later unless we can keep moving, so after the lamb feast we declare that we must move on toward Xerolimni. We leave the car and take a donkey as this is possibly the only way to get to this remote town.

The walk is grueling but welcome after all the eating and dancing and after a few hours we arrive. Xerolimni is not exactly what I would call beautiful it is more like the surface of some distant planet where the main crop is rocks.

Only two families there these days and at the time of our arrival only Mrs. Patrides was there, but what she lacked in numbers she made up for in enthusiasm, she doesn't see people very often. She prepared tyropitas made with the freshest goat's milk and Jerusalem artichokes with greens of various types. Pretty much anything that grows out of the ground in Crete is not only edible but delicious and we are thankful yet again.

After we dine on the delicacies she has prepared Mrs. Patrides leads us to the house where my grandfather was born, or rather where it would have been had it still existed.

There were a couple of walls and you could see remnants of the still where the raki was made but otherwise it looked much like any other ancient ruins.

The wind was very intense on this precipice and only added to the fatigue we were starting to feel. We are, at last, led to the "Other" Nikas House.

A somewhat bleak, but more "modern" (?) construction, with Spartan furnishings. Still, it is a base of operations, and will be fine for now.

Journal of Fito Day October 31, 2001 Xerolimni, Crete

It's Halloween in some places but not here. I am in a delightful rustic setting. In a house that, although not normally lived in (perhaps it's reserved for visitors?) belongs to the relatives of Ong. His extended family all seems very nice and I hope I get to spend some more time with them. They have even provided us with a car(although it is parked a few miles away below all the rocky craigs)...God knows where we might go...but I am sure we will have some outings. It's a quiet, tranquil spot, somewhat barren, but still strangely captivating....so far.

This is the final day of October. As always at the close of a month, I feel grateful for the experiences of this year and look forward with curious anticipation at whatever may be next.



The wonderful old car

Journal of Fito Day November 2, 2001 Nikas House Xerolimni, Crete

I found Marko in the kitchen. He had been up most of the night composing. The work dedicated to the memory of Clemma Zwerus is simply titled “Clemma”, written for two vibraphones. It is a clever adaptation based on the simple tune of “Oh my Darlin’ Clementine”...but it transcends cleverness too. It is not a mere romp...but a beautifully crafted and complex arrangement that layers the theme and folds it back into itself. Occasionally the simple and recognizable portion of the old folk tune surfaces among the interweaving of loops, woofs and warps of the intricate sound tapestry. I can’t wait to hear it played fully and on the instruments it is written for. It’s unusual for Marko to write for “Vibes”, since guitar is his instrument...I think Steve-o will be pleased and challenged by the difficulties of this piece.

I think this creative act had exiated Marko’s grief and seals the period of mourning for Clemma Zwerus.



Opening Bar of “Clemma” by Marko Moon

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly November 2, 2001 Xerolimni, Crete

I have been quite energized since the Knossos experience. My psychic functions are well oiled at this point.

We find ourselves in a charming old house that sets on a rugged piece of land concealed by large rocky outcroppings. It is not too far from the dwellings of the rest of Ong’s relations but it feels remote. The landscape is stark even Daliesque in its surreal suggestion. The full moon of Last night (though still quite bright tonight) lent a spectral quality to the landscape. We spent a quiet evening here last night just sipping wine and unwinding. There has been some discussion of heading to Cairo and visiting the ancient wonders of that Capitol while it is still “safe” to travel.

There are a few more places in Crete I would enjoy seeing too. Ong speaks of the delights of Sfakia...perhaps we will get in the old car and make a visit there?

It seems a long time since I’ve been home now. When I spoke to my mother in the city I was at once reminded of all the trappings of my life in New York. I miss it, yet I do not. Ah the splendid contradictions. This final quarter of the year has been and remains a period of important spiritual growth for me. The wonderful bestowals of insight and the newly rekindled perceptions of Art, the dispensation of Love, and the redefinition of my own being far outweigh any minor homesickness.

Journal of Fito Day November 3, 2001 Nikas House Xerolimni, Crete

Been in a flurry of creativity. Mostly just writing music...all very experimental. Cello and Saxophone are not a combination often paired but since they are *my* instruments I feel they can meet somewhere and “make beautiful music together”...



There have been some interesting emails...

Madame Sonja informs us that the “authorities” have closed the case for now. No new evidence has been introduced...no new clues...no new leads...so we shall see if the investigation ever re-opens again. As Ong has noted...the instruments will surface again...how they be kept hidden too long?

There is also news from Jaff Seijas. He asks if he might join us in Egypt, when and if we go. His business in Rome is finished now. I suggested he go to my apartment in Amsterdam for a bit and when the Egyptian plans are finalized then we can crystallize our travel itineraries.

There is also a message from Caze Jerusalem...when I opened it I saw Kat Trowell’s name and something kept me from reading further. I will look at it again when I feel more fortified. I sense some unpleasant news about Kat and I simply do not want to know the details of her story.... yet. Perhaps these are unfounded misgivings...I hope that is the case.

Journal of Fito Day November 4, 2001 Xerolimni, Crete

I am shocked and saddened by the news of Kat Trowell’s decline. Apparently Caze Jerusalem has seen her on the streets of the city. He sketches briefly her situation and summarizes her as having taken the “great leap into homelessness”. This explains her lack of communication, the disconnected phone service, and the unanswered letters. To think of her on the street as a “Bag-Lady”, fills my heart with sorrow and pity. All her beauty and talent cast aside!

If I recall the Existentialist axiom, “We are defined by our choices”...I can only speculate on the decisions that led her to *that* choice. I knew our last few months together were riddled with anxieties, but I could never quite uncover the source of her troubles. When next I return to the “States” I will make some effort to find her and perhaps help her if it’s possible and if it’s not too late!

Excerpts from the diary of Caze A. Jerusalem NYC November 2001

If you ask me, spontaneity is the key to life. At least, it's the key to my life in general. God forbid I ever become boring or predictable; Hence the reason why I've decided to leave my glorious studio apartment, my beautiful transgendered friends and the efficiency of a laptop, to live life as a crazy homeless person. The kind people avoid eye-contact with. It should prove to be a mad, mad life indeed.

Call me spontaneous.

Fito and the kids are probably wondering what happened to me after the release party. After transcending to the rightful position of Patron Sainthood it became clear that I had to get back to the source; the beloved streets where Jazz was conceived. So here I am, in a neighborhood I have no business being in at an ungodly hour. My only luxuries being this journal, three Pilot V5's, a stack of Village Voice stationery which will come in handy later, and my cell phone, which I only brought along to remind me how popular I am.

I may be without home, but I've still got my American arrogance.

So here it is...day one of the reawakening of St. Caze A. Jerusalem. They'll write songs about me.

NEW ENTRY

A common misconception about me and my fellow homeless is that we smell horrid and don't get enough to eat. I say to thee nay! NAY!

Since I've left my quote-unquote Life as I know it I've eaten three meals a day at some of the city's finest establishments, including martini lunches, and smell of roses and I'm not just saying that.

Here's the key, all you need are three elements. First, official looking office stationery, which I've conveniently stolen from my previous employer, the Village Voice. Second, you need a proper working pen, which I again, borrowed from the fine folks at the Voice. Finally, you'll need the ability to completely separate yourself from normal society and make a complete ass of yourself in public and I've got that in spades, baby.

Spades Baby, now that sounds like a great title for a song, I must remember that one.

Here's the trick. Most restaurant critics won't tell a restaurant that they're being reviewed. However, if you accidentally tell a restaurant that you're from a major news periodical and that you Might be stopping in, then they'll usually open their doors to you with open arms. Showing up with an armful of Voice stationery and a working pen will only seal the deal.

If for some reason that doesn't work, go into a restaurant and pretend to be one of two things: a raving lunatic or a performance artist. If there's one thing New York is, it's a society of Cool and no one wants to rock the proverbial boat. Go in, make an ass of yourself and walk out with take out.

As for smelling like a rose, most of these places have fully stocked bathrooms with anything you'd need. Plus it doesn't hurt to have a raging case of "Obsessive Compulsive Disorder", which yours truly certainly isn't lacking.

NEW ENTRY

I'm currently sitting in a library somewhere in the city. I just checked my e-mail and wrote a little something to Fito, telling him that everything is alright; I just can't find my towers. It sounds as though he's doing well, off in Europe again with the Ensemble. I miss them.

NEW ENTRY

It all makes sense now. Every last bit of it. The future isn't a 3/4s beat, it's a 3/16ths beat. Ya dig?

NEW ENTRY

It's funny who ya find in a city like this. Namely... the lovely Ms. Kat Trowell. It seems she's lost as well. We spoke briefly. I touched her face.



Caze A. Jerusalem November 2001, N.Y.C.

Musings of Ong, November Sfakia, Crete

Sfakia is probably one of the most remote and unaltered of the larger towns in Crete. I am in love with the beaches which are made of rocks, or pebbles, I could sit in a kafeneon all day and listen to the sound of the waves moving them around. So we do. Luckily there are rooms above the little establishment so we can retire after an exhausting day of nothing but rock listening. Nature rarely moves as fast as most things in our lives, so this is a very grounding experience for us, as it occurs to us that thus far we have been hustling to get from one place to another when in fact there was no reason to, except that we are conditioned that way.

Our lives have been trivialized and compromised in ways we cannot begin to understand, but beginning to understand this we vow to keep a watchful eye.

Tomorrow we may head back toward Agios Nikola, or we may listen to rocks again we shall see.

Journal of Fito Day November 6, 2001 Nikas House Xerolimni, Crete

Cherry and Ong took the old car and went off to the Beach at Sfakia last Saturday. They got back late last night. I heard them come in but remained tucked away in bed. This morning they both looked refreshed and vital. Ong made coffee and we discussed once again the preparations of the Egypt-Trip.

I spent this last weekend re-working my musical scores, and trying not to think about the sad news from Caze Jerusalem concerning Kat Trowell's condition. I am not prepared to write about that yet. I am still trying to digest the news.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly November 7, 2001 Xerolimni, Crete

I have just gotten off the internet and have successfully purchased our tickets to Cairo. We leave from Iraklion on the 15th of November on Egypt Air at 12:00 noon. We will be staying at a Hotel with the unlikely name of "Pyramids Park Inter-Continental Resort" on Alexandria Desert Road.

Now that the plans have been made I feel a strange presentiment, not bad or ominous but more anticipatory, as though something that will forever change our lives awaits.



A postcard to Jaff Seijas 75 Herengracht, Amsterdam

Dear Jaff,

I am very happy you decided to hold out in my apartment in Amsterdam. I trust you didn't have any problems getting the key from Nani Hoover? Make yourself at home. Crete has been thoroughly revitalizing and we have all enjoyed it tremendously. We leave for Cairo on the 15th November and will be at the Pyramids Park Resort... not too far from the actual Pyramids! If you still feel like joining us... that is where we can be found. Keep me informed of your thoughts.

As always,
Fito Day!

Email from Jaff Seijas 75 Herengracht, Amsterdam, Holland November 11, 2001

Dear Fito

Nani Hoover met me at the train station and let me into your flat on the Herengracht. It is, as usual, like being home. It's kind of chilly in Amsterdam this morning and when I went out for coffee at the little café on the corner, I saw a few people wearing those red poppies that represent the dead veteran's memory on "Remembrance Day".

I plan to go to the travel agency today and get my ticket for the Egyptian Sojourn. I do not think I can come until the 20th however, since I received a commission from Bruno Grugeryvic to do the art for his new album. Apparently he was quite taken with your "Jazz Abduction" cover and wants something dramatic as well. By the way he informed me that his album (entitled: Unopened Letter) is dedicated to the memory of "Rosey" and Clementina Zwerus.

I hope everybody is fine. Give them all my best.

Miss you guys,

Jaff!

PS: There is an unusual packet (kind of a poofy brown envelope) that was stuffed through the post-vent at your front door. It is labeled "Fito Day Group". Shall I open it? Or send it onward?

Email Reply to Jaff Seijas from Fito Day (Crete) November 11, 2001

Jaff! Thanks for update! Happy you are joining us in Cairo!

& Yes...open the packet...what is it?

Your friend,

Fito!

Email to Fito Day from Jaff Seijas (Amsterdam) November 11, 2001

Fito,

What in the World?

I have taken a digi-cam photo of the contents...here it is:



Photo of the Ransom Note

Journal of Fito Day, November 12, 2001 Nikas House/ Xerolimni, Crete

Jaff Seijas has sent me a digital photograph of what appears to be a ransom note that was pushed through the postal slot of my house in Amsterdam.

It says (in typical cut out letters ransom-note style):

FITO WANT INSTRUMENTS BACK?

WWW.ILLUMINATI.COM

Obviously the crooks are trying to make contact.

Now, Ong says, we should completely ignore this ploy.

He thinks we should not, under any circumstances become involved with an intrigue...that the thieves will be brought to justice one way or another and that if we do not "play" the game, they will be forced to adopt some other modus operandi.

Cherry asked him if he thought the "Illuminati" reference was a possible link to some covert conspiracy. Ong simply laughs that notion off. "Of what use would musical instruments, no matter how unique, be to anyone else but musicians"? He also added that he thought it best we should not notify the French authorities since that is still a form of response to the ransom note. Even though he was calm when he deliberated over these matters I sensed an undercurrent of concern and a feeling that some undisclosed idea was withheld.

Email from Jaff Seijas to Ong Nikas November 13, 2001

Ong,

Here is a curiosity. Nani Hoover called on me here at Fito's flat and offered up this unusual piece of gossip.

She said she was sitting in a booth in Kantjil Restaurant and overheard Werner Truckbyttén talking on his cell-phone. Apparently, Werner was seated directly back to back of Nani. She recognized his voice and heard him say "Fito Day Ensemble" so her ears pricked up. In Nani's words he sounded "very nerve-wracked". I had told her the story of the disappearing instruments that were created in August at Chateau Vebond. So she was surprised to hear Werner mention them. According to Nani, he said, "The message has been delivered" and "Make sure the instruments are not touched too much". She heard Werner mention Ong and Steve-o and also some discussion of money and something about "You being in Crete". Nani left while Werner was still talking and avoided meeting his gaze, since she was sure he might recognize her.

Now, how do you like that?

And...what do you make of it? Please pass this info on to Fito et al, if you deem it wise.

Sincerely,

Jaff Seijas

PS: see you soon!

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly Crete, November 12, 2001

The Guys have been a bit down for some reason. Perhaps it's just the weather or lunar phase. Even the gifted must have their down days I guess. I decided to make a delicious dinner for them to cheer them up. I walked over to the "Other" Nikas house (as it is now dubbed) and called one of Ong's cousins, a beautiful and temperamental girl named Sophia. She accompanied me to a market in the village and helped me buy and select some excellent specimens of fish and veggies, some bread and olives and a few good local wines. In return I gave her a hair-trim and applied some make-up on her already exquisite face as a few household elders looked on in awe.

I spent the afternoon preparing a mini- Babettes feast and grooving to old 8 track tapes. Somehow one of the Nikas' had managed to preserve the now obsolete machine that plays the damn things and much to my delight some pretty grand tapes as well (except for Neil Diamond). Fito passed by the kitchen at one point and heard me singing along with the 5th Dimension..."Up, Up, and Away in my Beautiful Balloon..."....He rolled his eyes and walked on.

By Sunset all were roused somewhat and I served some wine and cheese. I also persuaded Mark-o to grab the guitar and play us a few tunes. Following that, all moods lifted, I served my little dinner out on the veranda.

The whole group was now in high spirits and I thought how Jeckle and Hydish the temperaments of my beloved comrades had become.

After we ate, Fito pulled out the lapis saxophone and played some really nice improv based on a theme of Coltrane's .

Then we lapsed into conversation and our banter took many a twist and turn. We talked some more about the stolen instruments, the ransom note, and Nani Hoover's overheard conversation ... Werner Truckbyttén on the cell phone. Ong insisted we do nothing about any of it. We also brought up Caze Jerusalem's recent expose on the scene in New York and his sighting of Kat Trowell. This portion of the talk was leading us back into gloomy waters so somebody, Sammy I believe, suggested we have the dessert I prepared.

After the "fig-tarts" we resumed our talk but we were soon interrupted by one of Noah's displays of other-worldliness. He stood with his back to us, and the night-time sky was so dark it was purple. In a voice that seemed to emanate from within him (I never saw his lips move), he said:

"Oh Anness, Seraphim of celestial music, I call on you to bless my earthly family and these companions. Shower your love upon them, and help them to be guided by the Light of All that Is."

As he spoke, around his frame appeared luminous and nebulous shapes, which slowly materialized as little vignettes. I could see the diagram of the Kabalistic "Tree of Life" with its ten sephiroth, and also some beautiful and mysterious letters surrounded by a rosy glow. I quickly stole a glance at the others and all were spellbound by this demonstration.

It lasted but a minute or two and then Noah turned to us with his one-and-only Noah smile.

"I just thought you might need a little lift..." he spoke softly, and his words were sweet with compassion.



Noah Beholds the Sephiroth

An Incomplete E-Mail from Werner Truckbydden (November 13, 2001) sent from Amsterdam, Holland (11:11 p.m.)

Dear Fito,

Something terrible has happened. I now cannot even believe that I am a part of it. I wish to disclose the truth of the matter at once. It concerns the theft of those amazing and incredible instruments that Ong Nikas and Steve-o Ness designed and created in France this past summer. I am deeply ashamed to admit that I have had anything to do with their disappearance. I am, however, guilty and stricken with remorse that anything as mundane as money moved me to participate. I was approached by a certain Mr.D_____ (perhaps it is not wise to reveal names yet), a Canadian, I believe. He claimed to be the representative of a covert group of
{Message ends here}

Journal of Fito Day November 14, 2001

I have received a fragmented email from Werner Truckbydden. It says just enough to be an obvious confession (of sorts). Apparently he has something to do with the theft of the Ong/Steve-o instruments from Chateau Vebond! Needless to say, I am shocked. Werner is perhaps the “Fito Day Ensemble’s” biggest fan. Whatever prompted him to enter into a crime of this nature? He makes some mention of money...it must have been an enticing sum. The message he writes abruptly ends in mid sentence.

I wrote him back and said that I did not receive a completed message but he has not responded. I also tried to call him (and left a message on his answering machine), but he has yet to return the call.

I have talked with Ong about the message. Once again, he advises calmness and passivity.

What next?

Tomorrow we leave for Cairo. Yet another page turns!

Journal of Fito Day, En Route, November 15, 2001

We arrived in Iraklion (again) very early. Cherry, Ong, Marko, Sammy, and Steve-o went directly to the airport. Little Magdalena looked bereft in her traveling kennel. Everyone, in fact seemed slightly agitated. I was too nervous to simply sit around the airport, so Noah accompanied me to the Museum of Antiquities in town for a brief diversion and one final look at the glory of Cretan civilization.

As we strolled from room to room and passed displays of forgotten fragments, I could not help feel that the destiny of objects mirror our own lives...that things come into being out of ideas and once given form pass from person to person, place to place with their own fortunes impressed upon them like a horoscope.

We came upon the famous Phaestos Disc, a beautiful object that bears a script that has never been translated by anybody to date. Many a mind has been baffled by the mysterious script, part pictogram, which spirals outward from the center and is decorated with stick-like runes.

Noah stared at the disc for quite some time and then turning to me said..."Do you want to know what it says?"

"You can decipher it?"...I asked with curiosity?

He smiled and began to recite:

"Oh My love, my darling,
I hunger for your touch,
A long lonely time.
And time goes by, so slowly,
And time can do so much,
Are you still mine?
I need your love.
I need your love.
God speed your love to me.
Lonely rivers flow to the sea, to the sea,
To the open arms of the sea.
Lonely rivers sigh, wait for me, wait for me,
I'll be coming home, wait for me.
Oh! My love, my darling,
I hunger, hunger! for your love,
And time goes by, so slowly,
And time can do so much,
Are you still mine?
I need your love.
I need your love.
God speed your love to me."

Naturally, I recognized the lyrics to "Unchained Melody", but there was no further discussion



The Phaestos Disc

Journal of F. Day Continued: En Route to Cairo

I sit on the plane and make these notes.

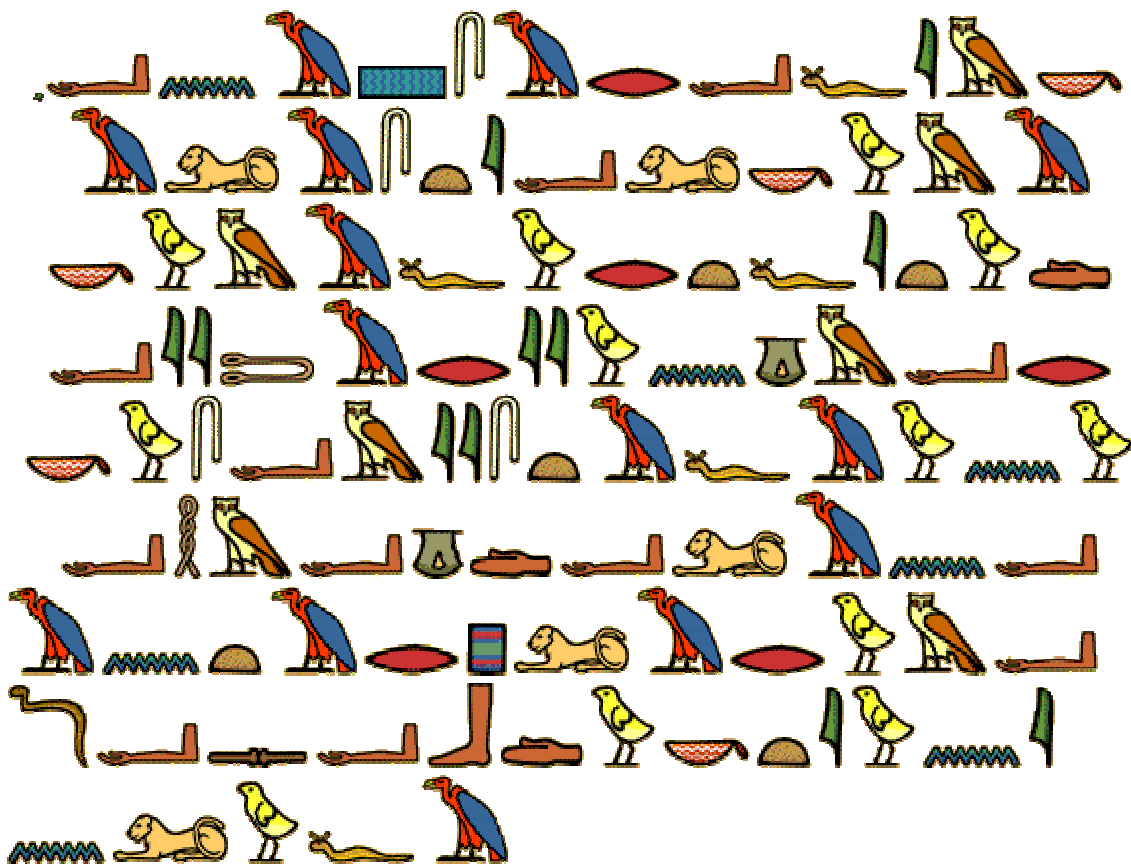
The Island of Crete now looks like so small from this altitude.

The prospect of being in the madness of Cairo seems rather daunting at the moment.

I suddenly feel quite ancient, as though I have lived many, many lives and they've all caught up to me.

Perhaps it is only the notions of all things "Egyptian" that have been a part of world consciousness since man's fascination with Egypt first established that country as a tourist destination!

Even our flight attendant resembles Cleopatra!



**Journal of Fito Day November 16, 2001 Pyramids Park Inter-Continental Resort
Cairo, Egypt**

Starting off in Egypt with a bang!

After a very long ordeal at customs, where all suitcases, instrument cases, and handbags were thoroughly searched, we were met by the Hotel-Van and whisked away to the Pyramids Park Resort.

As soon as we arrived I was handed a message in a sealed brown envelope, which I dreaded opening, fearing more ransom-note madness. Much to my delight it turned out to be a note from Bruno Grugeryvic! This seems to be a pattern for him now...surprising us with invitations. He did not mention in Crete when we saw him last that he would be in Cairo and Alexandria performing. I guess he really did want to surprise us. He is staying with jazz saxophone player, Ashraft Tarek right in the heart of the city. I will call him when I finish this journal entry.

I checked on Cherry in her room, just to make sure she was o.k. and comfortable.

I found her with tears streaming down her cheeks and a wadded up hanky sitting on the edge of the bed. She was just full of emotion and excitement. She reminded me of all those years ago when she and Kat and I first visited Cairo and her camera was stolen, followed by that silly mishap at the gig we played ... the underwear situation and all the hilarity it later afforded us! She was also feeling remorse over the news of Kat Trowell's decline. I assured her that she was not to blame and that Kat had a hand in shaping her own destiny. I think she was o.k. when I took leave of her... I knew she was feeling a bit dizzy over all the travel and now the mysterious spell of Egypt lay just outside the door.

Oh my...what a time we are having!

I need a bath!

PS: Just for a lark, I buzzed Cherry's room and asked if she'd come get Magdalena and take her out for a "walkie" while I bathed...when she came into my room I was dressed only in that ridiculous pair of red undies...bought all those years ago and saved as a trophy to some of Life's more humorous and absurd moments!

At least I sent her away laughing.

Journal of Fito Day Cairo, Egypt November 16, 2001 (3-4A.M.)

At first I thought it was indigestion...but soon I realized that I was awakened by the force of the presence of the Big 3...How like them to always come in the dead of night...I thought I might be too tired for their materialization...but soon I was sitting up with a rush of energy flowing through my body...

My windows were open and a gentle breeze came through, carrying a faint aroma of strange fragrances borne on the Nile...I could see stars twinkling in the Egyptian night and felt suddenly quite at home...

The soft amber glow of the spirits of the Big 3 formed itself into three standing sarcophagi decorated with gold and lapis inlay hieroglyphic designs. Slowly, as if it rolled on silent casters, the middle casket came forward and just as silently the lid opened outward like a door.

There before stood Billie Holiday!

She was dressed in a white diaphanous robe, eyes heavy with kohl and crowned with the diadem of the serpent.

She lifted her hands and the other two sarcophagi rolled forward, opened and presented me with the long-time unseen companions of "Lady Day", Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young...both in the dress of classic Egyptians.

I was delighted and just as I was about to utter a welcome ...

Billie began to speak:

HOW LONG AND HOW FAR WE HAVE TRAVELLED?!! MANY A COUNTRY...MANY A LAND...MANY A CUSTOM, A DIFFERENT SONG...AND UNKNOWN TONGUE...BUT ALWAYS ONE THING IN COMMON...THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE OF LOVE AND IT'S JOYFUL SISTER THE MUSE OF MUSIC.

(At this time Coleman and Lester begin playing a sax duo...a slow and heartfelt rendition of the famous "Body & Soul"...)

NOW YOU HAVE SEEN THE WAYS OF THE SPIRIT...THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH AS WELL...YOU HAVE ALSO SEEN THE DARKER SIDE OF MAN'S FOLLY...OF GREED, OF WANT, AND SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS...AND TOO YOU HAVE WEPT FOR THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN TRANSLATED INTO OTHER ENERGIES...THE DEARLY BELOVED, THE FRIENDS OF THIS JOURNEY... ALL IN A DAY'S WORK MY CHILD...THERE IS LIFE IN DEATH AND DEATH IN LIFE...AS YOU MUST SURELY KNOW BY NOW.

THIS IS MY FINAL MESSAGE TO YOU...SO TO MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET...LET ME BUT ADD...THAT IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE...SOON YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS WILL TASTE THE SWEET WINE OF THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES...SEE YOU THERE...

(Coleman and Lester step forward, lowering their instruments...and joining hands with Billie, transform themselves into the winged sun disc ancient Egypt's emblem...

It radiates a warm glow as it grows smaller and smaller and finally disappears...leaving me alone in the quiet of my hotel room.)

A message from Jaff Seijas, 75 Herengracht, Amsterdam, Holland
November 17,2001

Dear Fito and All,

Nani Hoover arrived at the apartment with the newspaper this morning. She has loosely translated the article I am forwarding here to you.

Article in De Telegraaf, November 17, 2001

Amsterdam-

Werner Truckbyten, local music critic and author, has been reported missing after not reporting to his office at the Nederlands Jazz Gazette for three days. The police searched his flat on the Prinsengracht but there was no evidence of foul play. The investigation of his whereabouts will continue. Any information about Mr. Truckbyten can be delivered to the Amsterdam Police.

- What do you think has happened to him? Anything to do with the overheard phone call?
- Hope all is well in Cairo,
- See you soon

As always, Jaff

Journal of Fito Day November 17, 2001 Cairo, Egypt

This morning I sat outside in one of the Hotel cafes with Ong. As we sipped our coffee, I shared with him the details (however sketchy) of Jaff Seijas' message from Amsterdam concerning the disappearance of Werner Truckbyten. Ong simply shook his head saying, "Alas, poor Werner."

»

Finally got a-hold of Bruno Grugeryvic. He is performing at the *Cairo Jazz Club* this Sunday night and wants us to join him.

»

I am supposed to be getting ready to go now. Cherry has a little tour-ette planned for us. I think we may be calling on the Sphinx this afternoon.

»

(Saturday evening/Nov. 17)

I went with Steve-o, Cherry, and Noah to visit the Sphinx. As I stood gazing at the 241 feet of weathered stone that has become one of the worlds foremost symbols of "Enigma", I could not help but think of the famous "Riddle". How many questions have been asked by every living human since humans first walked upon the earth? How logical it seemed for there to be a monument to Man's questioning mind.

Noah instructed us with some History and Speculation. How he knows these things is part of his own personal mystery. He spoke of Zep Tepi, 'The First Time' of Osiris, which is believed long predated the Age of the Pyramids. Osiris is also Orion, and the shaft of the Great Pyramid is directed to Orion at the meridian. He postulated the idea that the Sphinx was/is a symbolic repository of all the great mysteries that have sprung from humankind's quest for knowledge and truth.

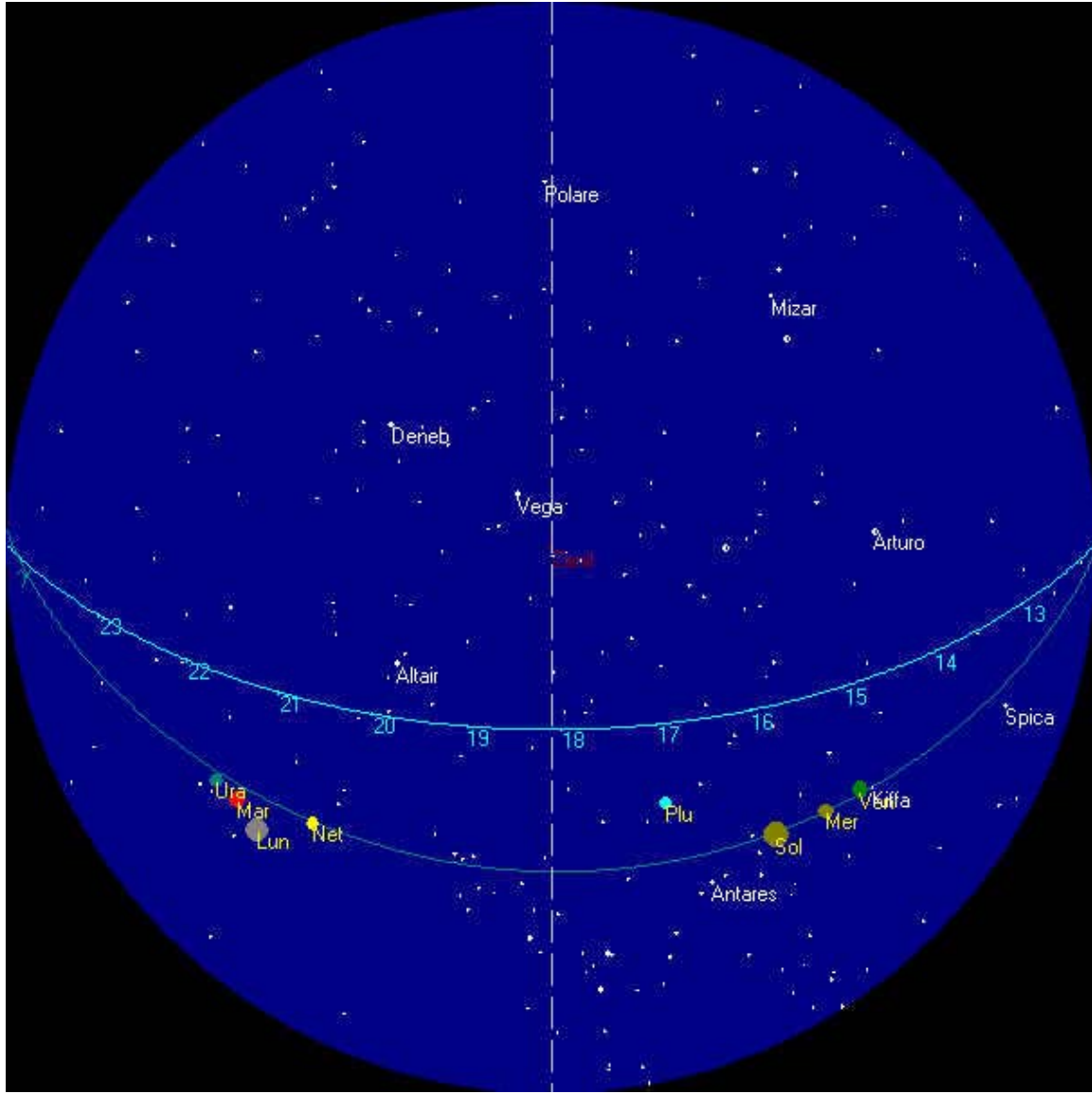
Cherry, in a moment of theatrical flair gave an impromptu performance at the Sphinx site. Her audience included a group of Japanese tourists, a group of English "New Age" seekers (also part of a tour), and some Egyptian schoolchildren, and the Site guards. She sang acappella, the old ballad "O Tell Me Why", with exaggerated accompanying hand gestures...somehow it was appropriate, and she received an appreciative round of applause.

»

Ong, Mark-o and Sammy went off in another direction for the afternoon... the Temple of Ramses II built in honor of the local deity (Thoth), known as the god of Wisdom and Knowledge.

We all returned from our tourist jaunts at nearly the same time and had tea-time together to exchange observations. Another message from Bruno Grugeryvic was delivered at this time. It was basically a confirmation of our invitation to the show tomorrow and also a request to participate, should we feel moved by the "Improvisational Muse".

Steve-o Ness Notebook Cairo, Egypt November, 2001



sky over Cairo on November 21st, 2001

Fifths and fourths are the most complex stable intervals; major and minor thirds are relatively blending but unstable; major seconds and minor sevenths, along with major sixths, are rather more tense but somewhat compatible; and minor seconds, major sevenths, and tritones, often along with minor sixths, are regarded as strong discords.

[illegible]

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly November 17, 2001, Cairo, Egypt

Spent a glorious day entrenched in romantic notions and the allure of the ancient Egyptians. The Sphinx was much more interesting and mysterious than I remember her to be. Of course, when one is young, many things pass one by. I am sure I was more interested in men then and the wonders of the ancient world served merely as a backdrop for my hormonally driven escapades! This time, I saw and felt the great captivating magic of the inscrutable one!

In the evening, after dinner, we all took a taxi out towards Saqqaura and stopped near the Step Pyramid, the oldest pyramid in Egypt, built by Djoser, second king of the 3rd dynasty! The purpose of this night-time visit was to view the Leonid meteor shower. We wandered somewhat away from where our driver stopped. All the while he kept a suspicious eye on us. Our noctambulation took us to a sort of bluff where behind us the lights of Cairo were somewhat dimmed and we could see the starry heavens better. It was a fantastic experience. Many, many shooting stars... They appeared with rapid frequency and we, like children, continually pointing and exclaiming... "there's one!...there's one!"...even our taxi-man (who followed us) got into the act. Ong had with him a flask of some exotic liquor he had picked up during the day, which gave the experience a wonderful kind of intimate yet ritualistic overtone. The sharing of the flask, the surprise of Nature's wonders, the glamour of the Old Kingdom...All quite Fabulous!

Sammy Klewis: Some Anagrams written on back of a hotel napkin

"Jazz Abduction"

Jazz Cat Bid Uno/

Can Jazz OutBid/

CIA DNA Buzz Jot/

Odic Jazz Bantu/

Boa Jazz Induct/

But No Acid Jazz/

A Buzz Cad Joint/

Cain Doubt Jazz/

A Dijon Cat Buzz/

A Jazz Cubit Nod

Journal of Fito Day Cairo, Egypt November 18, 2001

Received a message from Jaff Seijas, confirming his arrival. There are also messages from Lovely Darling and Madame Sonja! The two of them ran into each other in Paris at Le Dome Café and as they chatted over a glass of wine, hatched a plan to come and visit us! Wow! If I thought we attracted attention now...wait until those two ladies arrive! I emailed back giving details of Hotel and also sending on news of Jaff's travels plans...perhaps they can synchronize their watches?...

♪

I went down with little Magdalena today, who causes a flurry of excitement whenever she is seen. I stopped to talk with one of the Hotel Managers and during our conversation I heard a mild clamor behind me. Corgi-girl had seen a piano in the pool-side lounge and that is as irresistible as a chewy-bone to her. She had followed her musical instincts and hopped up on the piano bench. A small crowd of amused tourists had gathered around to watch her performance in astonishment. I was almost sure I recognized a somewhat confused version of "Mood Indigo"...who knows?

♪

2 a.m.:

It's late but I want to jot down a few memories of the evening.

We arrived at the Cairo Jazz Club located at 26th of July Street, Mohandessin. A pretty classy joint and also fairly packed with people. Bruno looked great and was genuinely happy to see us. We were seated up close to the stage and sat talking and drinking for awhile. I had not met Asraft Terek before (though familiar with his music) and found him quite charming.

Cherry was in rare form. Before we left the Hotel, she called my room and asked me to come help her get her dress zipped up...but when I entered I found her serving my underwear joke of the day before back up to me. There she stood in "the Sparkly" ones. It was pretty funny. I really can't believe those two pair of silly undies have stayed with us all these years (well over a quarter of a century now!)...Naturally I went and donned the "Red-Ones"...so our little private joke (as well as good-luck charms) would be complete. Cherry outdid herself in another way however. She had fabricated a fantastical headdress that was straight out of ancient Egypt's fashionable vogues. It gave her the look of a Princess and was, despite its outrageous dramatic effects, really quite stunning.

Steve-o too, had wrapped his usually gloved invisible hands in gauze, and with his dazzling blue hair was a match for any Pharonic Beau Brummel.



Cherry Gollogoly's Egyptain Headress

The show was just the best. Bruno and Asraft were sensational as a duo...playing off one another's talents but never eclipsing each other. After the first set, Bruno offered a few words of welcome to the audience and graciously introduced me and my fellow ensemble-mates. He then requested I join him for a number. This was half-expected and I accepted without too much prodding. I grabbed Cherry's hand and pulled her out onto the stage with me. I had thought to bring my Lapis Sax and pulled it out of my coat pocket for the occasion. Bruno accompanied me on his trumpet as we started up with a slow and interesting improv of Cherry's song "In Egypt With No Underwear". There was some applause from the audience, so I gathered we had some fans among them. About three or four minutes into the piece Cherry stepped forward, now bathed in the soft turquoise lights of the stage. I don't believe I ever heard her sing so beautifully. Her voice was positively spellbinding and her story-telling powers at their zenith. Even though "In Egypt With No Underwear" is an abstract lyric, she somehow managed to infuse the words with tantalizing emotions. It was an amazing delivery. The patrons of the club went wild with appreciation and applause. I will never forget her performance or her beauty as she stood motionless in her costume, with raised arms at the finale of her song.

Diary of Cherry Gollogoly November 19, 2001 Cairo, Egypt

A Fed-Ex packet arrived this morning at our hotel... sent by Madame Sonja. Inside was a letter (smudged and dirty) addressed to me. Sent some time ago and in care of Madame Sonja at Chateau Vebond, the scrawled and faint handwriting was unmistakably Kat Trowell's. The envelope contained a brief note written by Kat. It simply read:

"Cherry,

Here is your damned scrap of paper back. You took my voice away, but something dark and irresolvable has taken my soul.

– Kat T."

Like a bad omen, the strange scrap of paper that had been found at Sammy Klewis' Farm in Missouri and had caused me such grief fell to floor from the envelope. I did not touch it. I called the room service and asked for some one to come up and take some trash away. In this way I disposed of the cursed fragment.

At first I felt somewhat depressed, and considering Kat Trowell's current condition, I was genuinely concerned for her well-being. Then I realized I was not blame. A strange and unsettling series of circumstances had been shared by the two of us and that is All. Neither of us is responsible for one another's present situations. I truly believe this.

But, it would be calloused of me not to try and help Kat. I resolve that when I return to the New York City I will try and seek her out in whatever dark and desperate places she may be hiding.

An Email from Jaff Seijas November 19, 2001

Fito! OK! All travel plans re-arranged. I am meeting Madame Sonja and Lovely Darling in Paris. We are flying to Cairo on the 21st. Should arrive early evening. See you soon!
As ever Jaff!

Journal of Fito Day November 19, 2001 Cairo, Egypt

Wednesday the 21st will be the tenth Anniversary of the Fito Day Ensemble! Cherry has suggested an evening picnic at the Pyramids of Giza to mark the occasion. All are in accord. Madame Sonja, Lovely Darling, and Jaff Seijas will be with us as well.

Journal of Fito Day November 20, 2001 Cairo, Egypt

Today was one of the curious and interesting days in One's life when revelations of self-knowledge come through seemingly unrelated sources. After coffee and a brief conversation with Ong, I decided to spend the day in solitary pursuits. I had had wanted to go into town and buy some cards and small gifts for friends and family since Christmas is just around the corner. So, with that as my excuse to be a loner, I hopped in taxi and entered the vast quagmire of the ancient and new metropolis of Cairo. As I watched the passing sights, the radio played a song I have much heard since I have been in the city "Kbeiri El-Mazha Hayy" by Fairuz... the age old story of a girl's passion and anguish over Love's uncertainty. Kat Trowell came to mind and I wondered if she would ever be restored to any semblance of health. I made up my mind not to feel guilty about her condition and also not to feel that I must be anybody's "Father Confessor" or "Redeemer". There has been no real shame. I love Kat, as I love all my boon companions and that is all that can be offered in this world.

»

I had read about the Coptic Museum and picked that as my first stop. The Museum lies behind the walls of the famous Roman Fortress of Babylon in the Misr Al-Qadima. The area surrounding the museum is shared with six paramount, ancient Coptic Churches. Dating back between 5th and 8th century AD., the place holds the church of Abu Serga, the oldest in Egypt, raised above the cave in which the Holy Family sought refuge as they fled from Herodus' oppression to Egypt. I wandered through the rooms lost in thought and as I drank in the beauty of those Coptic manuscripts, the gilded and painted fragments rich with mystery, I felt a certain conviction course through my blood ...that Art is indeed a true record of man's Life journey. I felt strengthened and ennobled by this thought and hoped that the message would always serve me as a loadstar. Before my departure from the shimmering objects deluxe, I stopped in front of a sixth-century niche of Jesus being suckled by Mary, just as Isis had suckled Osiris three thousand years earlier...the final exclamation point which served to punctuate my insights.

»

As I ambled through the Ezbakaya Book Bazaar, lost in the records of a past both remote and near, turning pages of elegant script, or looking at old etchings, the image of Ong and Steve-o working on their fabulous instruments arose in my mind's eye. I fancied I saw their paper-work, their diagrams, notes and jottings all compiled into some beautiful book of the future and that some person like me shall one day hold that book in a bazaar like those stalls of the Ezbakaya and wonder at their secret content.

In the Khan el-Khalili Market place I paused for Red Kerkade juice, and savored fine tobacco from a Turkish nargila pipe. It amused me to fantasize the sudden appearance of Cherry Gollogoly. What if she found me languishing in this atmosphere, drink and pipe in hand...looking like some Rudolf Valentino wanna-be enshrined in exotica. How she would laugh...but then she would join me and perhaps entertain the patrons with a magnificent song that once sung would never be matched.

I left my fantasy behind and spent some time purchasing the gifts I had come for. Then I found myself riding in a taxi once again.

›

I simply picked a spot to de-taxi near the University of Cairo. After a bit of casual walking I found myself in front of Al Misri Attar House, an enticing Herbalist shop. Once inside I was intoxicated by all the many fragrances and soon found myself in an in-depth conversation with the proprietor who was pouring me a glass of tea and questioning me about any ailments I might have. I explained that I had no real problems but enjoyed the “science” of herbalism. He tried to sell me everything after that. I thought it might be fun to pick up some unusual tea and incense for tomorrow's anniversary picnic at the Pyramids and with that as a framework Mr. Eid went off to make some selections for me. While I waited a young boy came in and seated himself in the corner of the shop. He had a beautiful lute-like instrument with him, called a *gunibri*, I believe. The boy was quiet and had huge dark eyes; he was perhaps twelve years old. He began to play the *gunibri* at first haltingly and then in a controlled masterful way. My mind began to wander again and I thought I detected a similarity in the styles of the boy and Marko Moon. In fact his melody was not unlike certain passages of Marko's haunting piece “On Lake Shipp”. In the boy's eyes I suddenly saw the reflection of oldest friend in life...recalling our childhood days together when we first plucked on guitar strings and dreamed of being famous musicians. I was touched to the bottom of my heart and when the Attar, Mr. Eid returned tears had filled my eyes. I left the shop with some Yosef incense, a rare mix of scents that confers magical powers. How much more magical could anything be than the beauty of the sweet and simple music I just had heard?

›

I had a late lunch at a small café which was clearly frequented by students from the University. The maitre-d was also the waiter, the cook, and the owner. He was an animated character and sometimes he would smile and be gracious to his customers and to others he would be downright rude. He even escorted one fellow to the door by the shirt collar with some loud threats and decidedly rude hand gestures. He reminded me of Sammy Klewis in his demeanor. He shared all of Sammy's delightful sweetness, when he is good, and all of his curmudgeonly sassiness in his more sour aspect. I wondered if Sammy's mood swings were not directly related to his sense of rhythm...perhaps even the very source of his incredible ability to interpret the beat no matter how obtuse or abstract the score.

›

After lunch, I made one more stop quite by chance. I was on my way to hail yet another cab when I saw Ben Ezer's Temple. This is a Jewish Temple erected in the 6th Century AD. I walked inside since the doors were wide open. I sat down and rested for a bit and then noticed some people who were obvious tourists walk to the back of the temple. One of them pointed and I heard the words “Moses” and “Pharaoh's Daughter”. I walked back in that direction myself. In the back of the temple, there is a very deep well, where the coffers in which the infant Moses was placed by his mother, were reportedly found. I thought of the interesting overlapping of cultures and the consequences of the meeting of various ancient peoples. Then I thought of our Noah...who came to us a little boy and transformed before our very eyes into a full grown man...

Oh nothing is impossible and all stories have their origin in real life...

»

11:00 p.m.

Returned to the Hotel exhausted but fulfilled and enriched. As I lay on the bed with little Magdalena in my arms, it occurred to me that at one point during the day I had evoked the thought of each of member of the Fito Day Ensemble. I felt this was a special insight. After all, tomorrow is the celebration of our anniversary as a band...our own commemorative feast...close enough to the celebration of "Thanksgiving" and far more meaningful to me. I will always feel blessed after today. I was aware before that my life has been charmed, but now an expanded consciousness of Life's Beauty and Grace have been bestowed on me and I am truly walking among the Brothers of the Light!

Jaff Seijas Notebook Cairo, Egypt November 22, 2001

Finally a moment to pause and collect my thoughts. Yet, I am not sure I can ever be clear on what has happened. Indeed, what has happened???!!!

The day of travel, November 21st, was not the best. We were delayed in Paris, and did not arrive in Cairo until three hours after the scheduled landing time. Once there, the entry process was long and arduous. By the time we reached the Pyramid Park Resort Hotel, we were tired, aggravated, and need of drink. Then the encounter with the staff. Most of the fal-da-ral centered on me. The hotel manager and his bevy of attendants were utterly amazed at my resemblance to Fito Day. They couldn't believe he had a twin brother, and I was too tired to correct their misdirected perceptions. I was taken to Fito's room where they assumed I would want to stay as well. I was not sure if Fito had arranged this but the suite was large with two bedrooms and a sitting room and I was shown into my own sleeping quarters. Madame Sonja and Lovely Darling called me on the phone a few minutes later and asked where everybody was. At last I got the full story from the hotel manager. Fito and the others had waited for a while and then when the airport was phoned and information concerning our flight delay was given, the group had gone out. Only at that point, did the manager hand me an envelope containing a message from Cherry Gollogoly.

"Dears! So glad you are at last in the land of the Pharos with us! When we heard you would be delayed we went on ahead. The Hotel has car service to the Pyramids. Come out to the North East corner of Cheops. We'll be waiting for you. Hurry!

Love, Cherry"

Madame Sonja, and Lovely Darling both wanted to freshen up and I took the opportunity to do the same. Another hour passed before we were ready and it was already dark when we left the hotel in search of our friends.

The site was only about 3 kilometers from the resort and once we circumnavigated the evening tour groups on their way to the Lazar Light Show, we approached the area where Cherry had directed us. We did not, however see anybody. The driver drove us around the area a bit and began to get frustrated. We got out of the car and told him to wait. The Pyramids were spectacularly lighted and the whole scene was starting to take on a surreal quality.

Madame Sonja began to call out in her French accent "YooHoo Feetoo..." but still we heard or saw nothing. We stood facing one another in a sort of befuddled daze. It was dark and the stars were ablaze in their ancient glory. We resolved to have one more look. A few minutes later as we neared the Great Pyramid itself, we found the beginning of a mystery.

The rugs and throws were neatly placed on the ground... baskets of food, and wines sitting upon them. A stick of incense nearly burned out still gave off a trail of smoke. There was a camera, the famous lapis saxophone, a guitar, a stylish alligator handbag, and a black leather dog leash...but there were no people. Now we called out again and again for our friends, but there was no answer.

At that point, our driver returned with some guards and a couple of police. We explained why we had come, and asked them if *they* had not seen our friends earlier.

We were asked to return to the hotel, which we did reluctantly. All three of us began to worry now. The wildest speculations of criminal deeds, foul play and even terrorism ran through my mind.

We sat together in the lobby for awhile while the Egyptian police talked with the Hotel manager and I watched them suspiciously as they made phone calls from the front desk. We were told “not to worry” and to please go to our rooms. The Hotel manager told us that the authorities would return in the morning, assuring us that our friends would be found and that everything would be alright.

When I returned to Fito’s room I looked around a bit. There were some packages of souvenirs and some bags of what looked like potential gifts in the sitting room. In Fito’s bedroom his cello was propped against the wall. There were also some suitcases, a few notebooks, and his laptop computer, which was open and running with a screensaver of the “Jazz Abduction” album cover, which I had designed, glowing in the now eerie early hours of the morning. I was still too hyper to sleep. I took out a blank C.D. Rom and copied the contents of Fito’s Journal. I knew this was not totally on the up and up. I was sure Fito would not approve of me being so nosy. Yet, in the event that something unfortunate has happened to him and the others I feel justified in this act of meddling. After all, these are people I love and perhaps there would be some measure of clarity thrown upon future events through his journal entries.

At last I fell asleep on the couch and was awakened this morning by Lovely Darling who advised me to come down to the manager’s office. Lovely, and Madame Sonja looked troubled when I walked in and the policeman from last night, and another man, who introduced himself as Detective Alrashid both asked us all to sit down. A mild interrogation followed, but I never got the feeling that we were suspected of any treachery. We were told that our seven friends were officially considered “missing” as of this morning, and that everything within the power of the authorities would be done to find them.

We were in a state of shock and disbelief. I asked if there was anything I could do. Mr. Alrashid said there was nothing for me to do and that we would be kept informed. He asked that we remain in Cairo for three days.

Jaff Seijas Notebook November 25, 2001 Cairo Egypt

They are gone.

I have spent the last three days reviewing Fito Day's journal and I find no real clues that may shed light on the disappearance. Except for the mention of Werner Truckbydden's absence and the ransom note concerning the instruments, there is nothing that leads me to believe these two events have anything in common. Time will tell if there is some connection.

Fito's last entry of November 20th, deeply moved me. I feel privileged to have seen into his soul.

The Egyptian Authorities have returned the items that were left behind at the "anniversary picnic".

Madame Sonja has carefully packed Fito's Lapis Saxophone, and his cello. She has also packed some of Cherry's personal items, including her diary, and the alligator handbag (the contents of which were a small mirror, some lipstick and mascara, and a pair of panties made of sparkly material, and the original copy of her swansong "In Egypt with No Underwear"). Ong Nikas' salvaged possessions include his notebooks, a bundle of letters and photos, and a string of worry beads from his ancestral land of Crete.

Likewise, Sammy Klewis and Steve-o Ness also left behind, notebooks and journals.

Steve-o Ness' glove collection was also carefully wrapped by Madame Sonja.

Marko Moon had with him several scores of recent musical compositions that were sealed in plastic folders and these manuscripts, as well as his guitar, were also packed.

The selected items were all crated and sent on to Chateau Vebond where Madame Sonja Arneau has vouched safe their custodianship.

I have taken the camera that was left behind. I also have sent on the bag of gifts that I assume were meant for Fito's family. I also kept his watch to remind me of the mystery of Time.

Of Noah, there is absolutely nothing left behind.

The rest of the clothing and personal affects, including the passports were taken away by the police. I am not sure what is to become of those articles, but I am grateful that we were allowed to gather together those things we felt most important without question.

Lovely Darling leaves for America tomorrow. Madame Sonja will return to France. I have booked passage on the Queen Elizabeth II, sailing from Amsterdam on December 12th to Port Everglades, Florida. This will give me time to reflect and possibly recover some from the events that close out the year 2001 for me. I will go back to Amsterdam and stay in Fito's flat during these next two weeks and see if I can help his family in any way to organize his affairs.

Of course, there is always the hope that the "missing" will surface. That they will somehow be restored to our lives...but my inner voice urges me to accept the fact that they have moved on...but I also feel they have not been hurt, did not suffer and are somewhere making music.

Jaff Seijas Notebook December 1, 2001 75 Herengracht, Amsterdam, Holland

The wind blows furiously through the Herengracht. It's cold and Old Man Winter has finally come. As I sit in Fito Day's flat and look around at the trappings of a musician's life I am filled with a curious mixture of sadness and joy.

There have been no clues to surface and the "Missing Persons" are now considered "Dead".

My world feels permanently altered.

Mr. and Mrs. Day, Fito's parents, have given me carte-blanche supervision. They asked for no personal items, but I sent a small package to their London home, containing a few photographs of their son and a copy of the recent "Jazz Abduction" C.D...

Nani Hoover has taken over the distribution of miscellaneous household items and furniture.

No memorial services have been arranged. There are too many people from too many varied backgrounds involved. I have considered posting a few emails to different newspapers, music magazines, and "Flung Records" to notify the jazz world of the loss. I cannot, however, bring myself to act on that idea yet. Not only does it seem too soon, but also that I have given up hope; though I do believe in my heart of hearts that they have all gone on. Of course, the news will take care of itself without my interfering.

I will be ready to go home soon but I wonder if life will ever again make sense to me. Somehow I doubt it.

I had the roll of film from the left behind camera developed. Only a few of the roll of 32 shots had been exposed. I laughed and wept as I looked at the last photographs of my friends. These pictures will return to the USA with me and shall remain a constant beacon of light to remind me of the potential brilliance of spirits cleansed and elevated by Art!



Photographs (from top left to right) : Cherry Gollogoly ,Magdalena , and Ong Nikas, Fito Day , Marko Moon, Sammy Klewis,
& Steve-o Ness

EPILOUGE

Jaff Seijas / 75 Herengracht, Amsterdam, Holland Dec. 2, 2001

I woke up from the deepest sleep with confusion. I thought it was the shutters banging against the house in the wind that startled me. I saw that I was mistaken, though I had to pinch myself to make sure I was not still dreaming. Before me stood a luminous figure with classic wings spread out behind him. It was an Angel right out of the storybooks. As my eyes began to focus I saw that it was Noah.
He did not speak but I understood his thoughts clearly.

Noah:

“I have been recently among beloved terrestrials. I have walked as a human and felt their joys and suffered their woes. I am called Annessh, the Seraphim of the Celestial Choir... The Conductor of the Music of the Spheres...”

During influxes of great energy, when the worlds are awash with evolving creativity, many manifestations may occur... often described as miracles, supernatural events, or dispensations of enlightenment ...yet there is really nothing more natural. As Above, So Below...how true the old axiom! The everlasting force of Love reinvents itself constantly and lives within each cell and each speck of stardust.

Many times I have made the trip to gather together the hearts of my fellow incarnate spirits...to help through the times of flux...to inspire them with the music that lay hidden deep within. How surprising it always remains for me that spirits forget they are spirits. That when in the flesh mankind forgets his keys. That is the small and simple knowledge that unlocks the door of his soul’s memory...”

Annessh held his hands forth at this time and in them I saw a box of richly wrought ornamental gold. He lifted the lid and instructed me to look within.

I moved closer and when I stared into the open box.

Before me, in a vision that seemed more real than the small confines of Fito’s bedroom on a windy night in Amsterdam, I saw the desert sands of Giza. I saw the pyramids rising in their ancient solitude and strength...I saw the Egyptian night purple-black...the Pleiades sparkled at the zenith...I saw the merry troupe of players...Fito, Cherry, Noah, Ong, Marko, Sammy, Steve-o and the little dog...the picnic spread upon the rugs...

I heard their laughter and their voices...

Then from the apex of the Great Pyramid I heard a sound...a great hum...a huge vibration... The players were suddenly standing...all facing the monument...The hum continued to increase in volume...Noah was lifted from the surface and seemed to fly to the Pyramid’s crown...He then shone forth exactly as I have seen him here tonight as the Seraphim Annessh ...There was music now...that came forward and then receded ...I thought I could discern the strains of pieces I knew...I heard some fragments of “IN Egypt With No Underwear”, and “Body and Soul”, “On Lake Shipp”, and “The Krenek Thing”...but all diffused and blended and oh so beautiful to my ears...

Steve-o was the first to levitate...he held his invisible hands up and then in a flicker the rest of his body dematerialized...then one by one the other’s followed suit...their

energies radiated in streams toward the figure of Annesh and formed into a ball of white light which entered into the heart of the Seraphim. The little Magdalena became a hieroglyph of the guardian Hermes manifested as a dog...and secured itself to a ring which shone from the hand of Annesh...How I knew these things I cannot say...but know and see I did...

The lid closed down upon the golden box, the form of Annesh fragmented into disappearing particles...and I was left standing in the dark bedroom.

I climbed back into the bed and pulled the covers up around my chin. I was overcome with awe...but elated. I knew what I had been privileged to behold was the truth of the matter. I knew that my companions had indeed justified their life-long search and commitment to their personal visions which was now truly Holy and would live on in the pure and eternal world of Art!

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